DECEMBER, 1927

PRICE 25 CENTS

Screenland

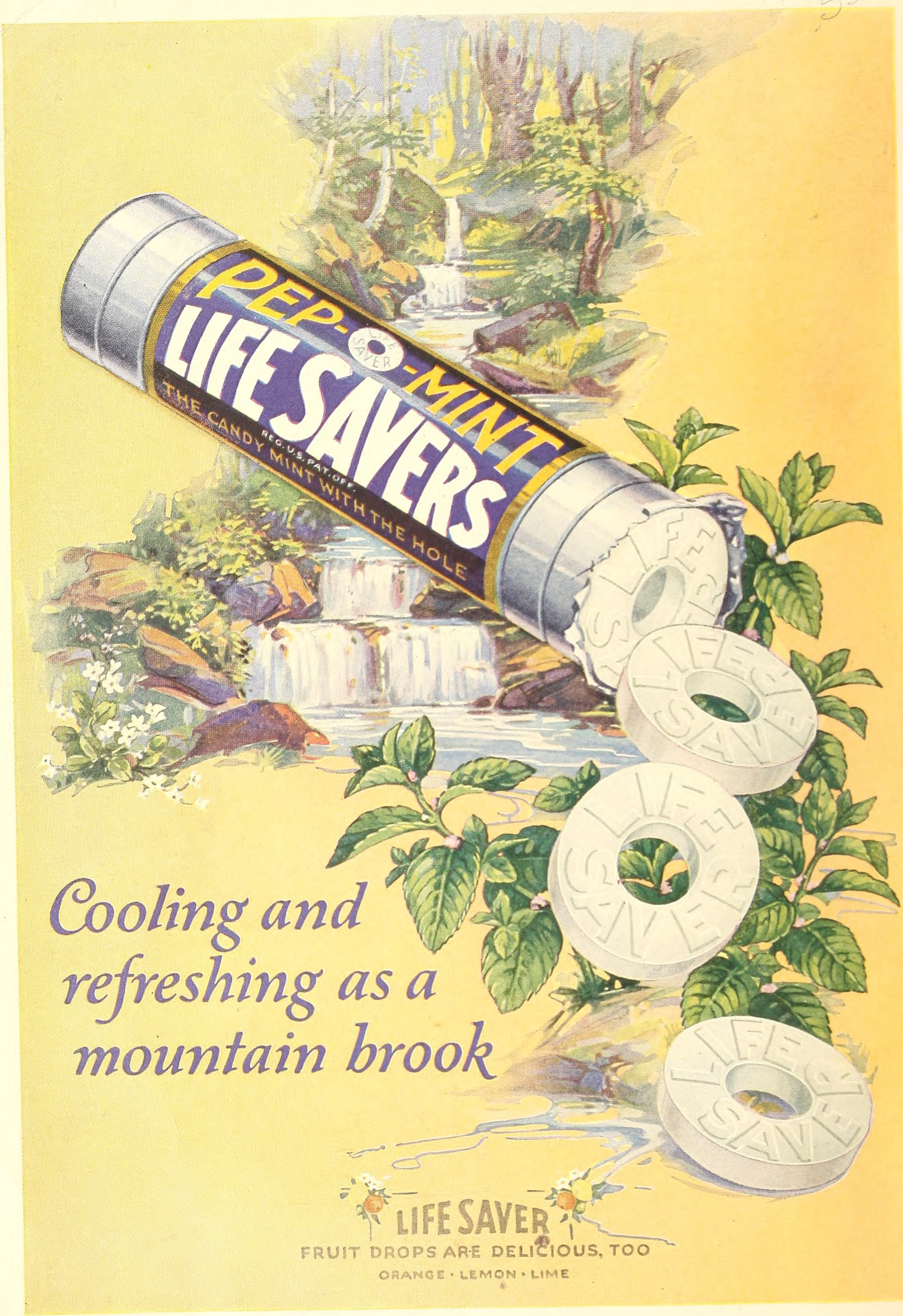
Vol 16 No 2

LYA DE PUTTI

Painted by Anita Parkhurst

NOV 16 1927

PN1993
S35


PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
Cooling and
refreshing as a
mountain brook
LIFE SAVER
FRUIT DROPS ARE DELICIOUS, TOO
ORANGE • LEMON • LIME

Pat 14
2883
4849

They'll Make Your Heart Beat Faster with Life, Laughter, Love, Tears *and* Thrills



Rod La Rocque in "The Fighting Eagle"; a Donald Crisp production. Conan Doyle's immortal "Brigadier Gerard" brought to life in tears and laughter.

Jetta Goudal in "The Forbidden Woman"; Remember "White Gold"? Here's a picture even more sensational, blazing with the fire of the most exotic personality of the screen. Directed by Paul Stein.



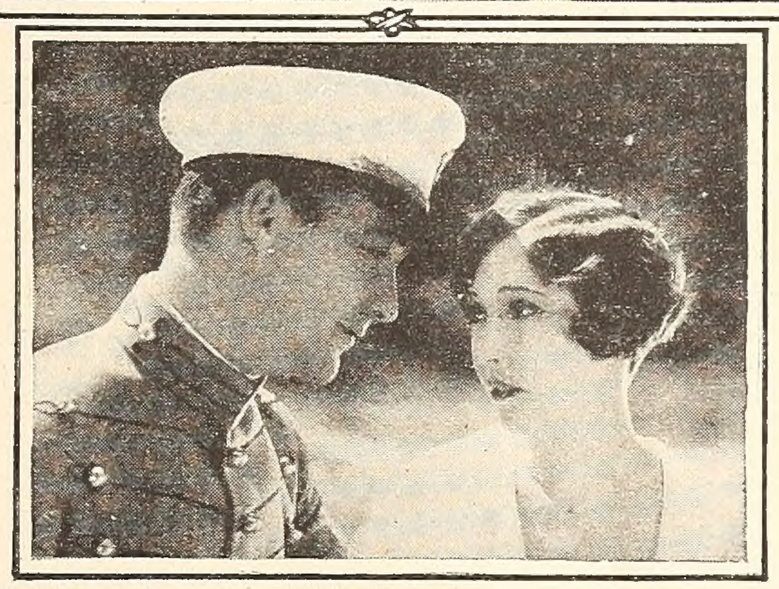


Vera Reynolds in "The Main Event"; love, laughs and thrills in a story of flying fists and throbbing hearts. Directed by William K. Howard.

Marie Prevost in "On to Reno"; directed by James Cruze. A very modern question handled in a masterly and very modern manner. A laughable satire on legal polygamy.

Leatrice Joy in "The Angel of Broadway"; directed by Lois Weber. The real New York, but a side that does not show on the surface.







William Boyd in "Dress Parade"; a Donald Crisp production. A West Point story, made in West Point, at last! A story by a West Pointer, a brilliant colorful picture, made at West Point, with the cooperation of the U. S. Military Academy, the first feature so made. All the romance of the most romantic spot in America.

Even the titles are alluring!

Take the tropic fire of Jetta Goudal; the romantic personality of Rod La Rocque; the magnetic modernism of Marie Prevost; the lovely lure of Leatrice Joy; the masculine strength and charm of William Boyd and the dainty winsomeness of Vera Reynolds—

Add the amazing power of a staff of directors, which includes James Cruze, Lois Weber, Donald Crisp, Wm. de Mille, William K. Howard, Frank Urson, Paul Sloane, Paul Stein, Rupert Julian, Elmer Clifton, Erle Kenton and E. Mason Hopper—

With the supervision of Cecil B. De Mille, the man who has personally directed *fifty* great pictures, without one failure—

And you know that these pictures—not just "to be produced," but actually *made* right now, and tested—are the very cream of *your* motion picture entertainment for this season!

—And these are only a few of the fine pictures that are being made in the De Mille Studios!

See them and be convinced. Watch for the Pathe Rooster.

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.

35 West 45th Street, New York

De Mille Studio Pictures—Pathe News—Pathe Westerns—Patheserials—Pathecomedies

Member Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America—Will H. Hays, President.
Foreign Distributors: Producers International Corporation—Wm. M. Vogel, President.

OCT 29 1927

©Cl B756635



¶ *Lya de Putti the girl on the cover is Universal's star for* Midnight Rose *and* Buck Privates.

¶ SCREENLAND *is published on the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.*

SCREENLAND

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

December, 1927 *"The Spirit of the Movies"* VOL. XVI, No. 2

Eliot Keen, *Editor*

CONTENTS *for* DECEMBER

COVER — *Lya de Putti.* Painted by Anita Parkhurst

ASK ME — *An Answer Page of Information.* By Miss Vee Dee 4

SCREEN NEWS FROM BROADWAY 6

BOOKS FOR FANS. *The Home of Ramona.* By Mabel Livingstone 8

WHAT'S DOING IN TIMES SQUARE. By Helen Ludlam 10

RICHARD BARTHELMESS — *Portrait by Cesare* . . 12

HONOR PAGE — Richard Barthelmess 13

EDITORIAL. By Eliot Keen 14

SOME GOOD BITS 15

OLD STUFF. By Delight Evans 16

THAT SOUTH SEA COMPLEX. By George Mitchell 18

TIMES DO NOT CHANGE. By Rob Wagner . . 20

HIS MAIL COMES FROM THE ODD CORNERS OF EARTH. By Paul Thompson 22

CONTEST WINNERS 24

MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL 25

GRETA GARBO — *A Portrait* 26

MARY PICKFORD — *A Portrait* 27

RENEE ADOREE — *A Portrait* 28

A DAUGHTER OF THE SAWDUST. By Katherine Albert 29

ARLEN. By Blake McVeigh 30

OUR OWN POLO FOUR 32

MAKING WYOMING. By Kitty Hubert 34

JOSEPH P. KENNEDY'S CHRISTMAS GUEST. By Rosa Reilly 36

LOIS MORAN'S GIFT. By Jeannette Sauer . . . 38

GILDA GRAY SCHOLARSHIP OFFER 40

REVIEWS. By Delight Evans 42

ON BEBE'S BEACH. By Grace Kingsley . . . 46

THE NEW FUR COATS 48

NEW SCREEN PLAYS REVIEWED. By Rosa Reilly 50

LOIS WILSON'S FAD. By Corinne Arkins . . . 52

LEILA HYAMS — *A Portrait* 53

ESTHER RALSTON — *A Portrait* 54

ALLENE RAY — *A Portrait* 55

LUCILLA MENDEZ — *A Portrait* 56

THE STAGE COACH. By Morrie Ryskind . . . 57

PRE-SHOWING OF FEATURE FILMS 58

CHATTER FROM HOLLYWOOD. By Martin Martin 66

THEY SAY. By Marion of Hollywood 70

Walter G. Springer, *Publisher*

Magazine Builders, Inc., at 49 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

Walter G. Springer, President; E. E. Adams, Secretary and Treasurer; Vincent M. Rabuffo, Advertising Manager; E. P. Frenz, Circulation Manager. Copyright 1927. Trade Mark registered. Single copies 25c.; subscription price, United States and Canada, $2.50 a year, foreign, $3.50. Entered as second-class matter, November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Long Island City, N. Y. Permission to reprint material must be secured from the publishers. General Executive and Editorial Offices at 49 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Advertising Representatives: Middle Class Group, Inc., 171 Madison Avenue, New York City; 608 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois; 611 South Coronado St., Los Angeles, California.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

Printed in United States of America Roto-Color Giles Printing Co., New York, N. Y.



the new idea in pictures

¶ There was a time when all anyone asked of a motion picture was that it provide a reasonable amount of entertainment for an odd hour or two. And in this, as most of you know, Paramount Pictures have always excelled. ¶ Now we live in a new world, a world of breathless happenings, intense excitement, overnight changes. Life takes on a new aspect, a speedier tempo. Entertainment alone is not enough. A new, eager public cries out for the daring, the different—for new ideas, colorful themes, fast moving stories. ¶ Paramount is ready, with the new idea in motion pictures. With stories drawn from the crucible of *life*, inspired by an age that knows no equal for beauty, color, drama. ¶ See them you must, if you would keep pace with life. ¶ ¶ ¶

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."

Paramount Pictures

Paramount Famous Lasky Corp., Adolph Zukor, Pres.,
Paramount Bldg., New York City





Take Off Some Fat

Reduce your overweight.

Don't do it by abnormal exercise or diet. Such results are hard, dangerous and transient. Do it in the easy, pleasant way.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. They are based on many years of scientific research, and they act to correct the cause.

Marmola is the modern, scientific help. It has been used for 20 years. Countless users have told others about its results and its benefits. Now people are using, as a result, a very large amount.

In every circle you can see what Marmola is now doing. Slender figures are now common, obesity is rare

If exercise and diet seem oppressive, try the Marmola way which millions now employ. Watch the results. Watch the weight come down, the vitality increase. You will be amazed and delighted at the results Marmola brings. Then tell others—that is all we ask. Ask now for a box of Marmola.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

WARRANTED ADVERTISING

Every advertisement submitted for publication in SCREENLAND *is accepted subject to investigation. To assist* SCREENLAND *in keeping its advertising columns clean, readers are invited to inform the Advertising Department of* SCREENLAND *of any instance that implies a lack of good faith on the part of an advertiser.*

Write the Words for a Song

WE COMPOSE MUSIC Our Composer Wrote Many Song Hits

MONARCH MUSIC COMPANY

236 West 55th Street Dept. 178 NEW YORK

An Answer Page of Information,
Address: MISS VEE DEE
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE
49 West 45th Street
New York City



Thelma Todd, the beautiful enigma next in The Gay Defender.

ASK ME

MRS. *A. B. Jr. of Cleveland.* We will see what can be done about that dog. Dog of the sheriff—blood-hound dog—Tom Mix, what did you do with that dog? The last we saw of him was in *The Last Trail.* So if you want a picture of him—not Tom's but the dog, try writing to Publicity Dept., William Fox Studios, Hollywood, Cal., asking if they can supply you with a still of the dog. Good old dawg!

A Constant Reader. You say Clara Bow was born on August 8, 1905. All the Clara fans, please take note. Many thanks for the information.

A Globe-Trotter from Fla. Paging Dolores Costello! Is she real, or is she an angel? You are sure she is both. A truer word was never spoken by the world's most lonely man. "Alone and dreaming of her—of dreams that can never come true." And with a few more goblets of champagne put away—you want me to agree with you. That's easy—I mean, I believe everything you say about the lovely Dolores. She is in the very early twenties, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her latest film is *The College Widow.*

Yours Truly of Portland, Ore. Here is my hand and consider yours well shaken. I haven't recovered from a shock I had, on reading a request for one hundred and thirty-nine addresses, and then, bless your heart, here comes your modest request for just three! John Barrymore can be reached at United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Clara Bow, Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Dolores Costello, Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Just Warren, from Michigan. So you will be "on deck" with more questions, will you? Look out! don't "hit the deck," that's not what the deck is for. You prepare me for the worst and then don't want me to laugh—why, that is what I get paid for, ha-ha! You can write to Douglas Fairbanks at United Artists Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Billie Dove, Edna Murphy and Ken Maynard at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Marion Nixon, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.



A Reader. There are others who miss Gaston Glass—no, he has not dropped out of sight—but I can't give you his working address for he is free-lancing now. He uses his real name. Gaston was born and educated in France. He has dark hair and brown eyes. Is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 160 pounds.

Iowa Movie Fan. As one fan to another, I'm always glad to oblige—sure, I'm a fan. Search the world over, you'll never find a more devoted one. Ed (Hoot) Gibson was born in Tekamah, Nebr., in 1892. He has light hair and blue eyes, measures 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 160 pounds. Tim McCoy was born in Saginaw, Mich., and is the son of an army officer. He has fair hair and blue eyes. He is just under 6 feet and weighs 170 pounds. He is married and has three interesting children.

Clifton, Shawnee, Okla. Yes, a five pound box of candy would please me a lot, to look at, of course; but to be able to reply to all the requests for your answers to appear in the next issue—well, that would please me more than anything I know of—unless it would be two, five pound boxes of the afore-said sweet. Write to Alice Terry, William Haines and Ramon Novarro at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Billie Dove is at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. William Powell, Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

A Ronald Colman Admirer. You have a way with you, haven't you? You ask me, then along comes the answer from your most charming self. Well, I'll put in my oar with a few answers—Splash-splash! Ronald Colman was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, in 1891. He is 5 feet

(*Continued on page* 102)

WILLIAM FOX *presents*

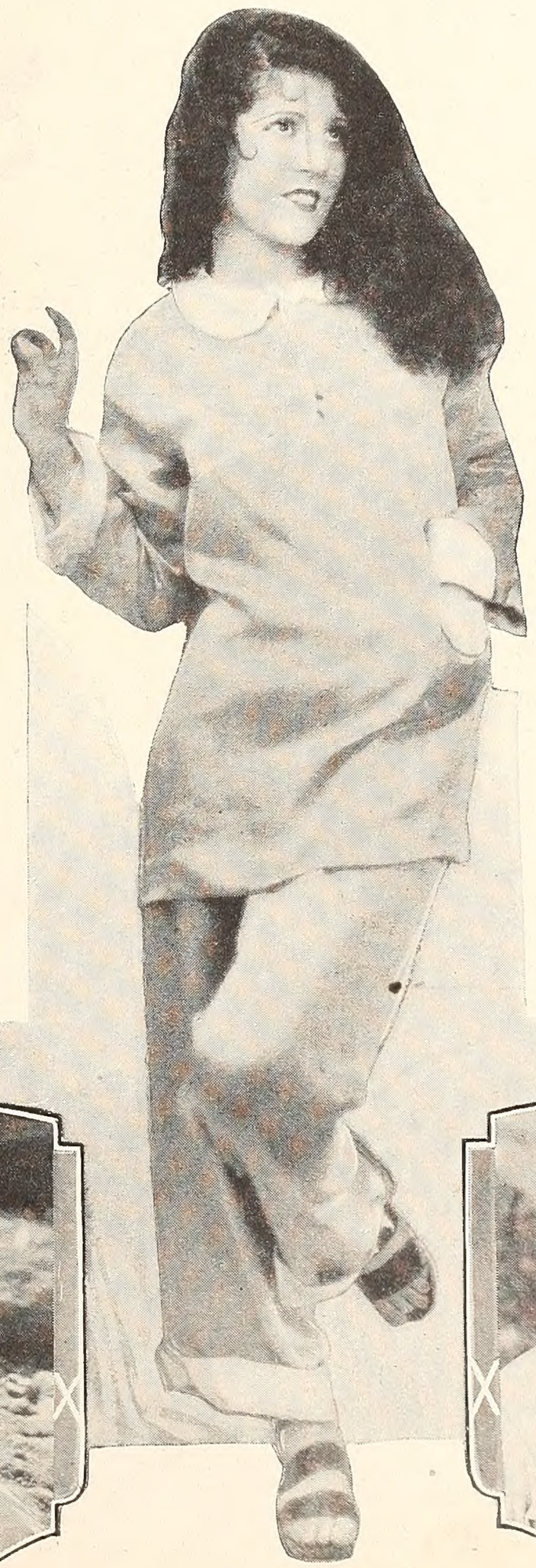
PAJAMAS

with OLIVE BORDEN

LAWRENCE GRAY *and* JERRY MILEY

PAJAMAS is the intimate story of a modern girl who was never tamed until love burned into her heart—a scintillating comedy-drama with the ravishing Olive Borden in the featured role. From the home of a member of a millionaire colony on Long Island to the wilds of Canada is a long jump, but Olive Borden and Lawrence Gray make it via aeroplane, finishing their thrilling journey with a parachute drop into the tops of the trees. Miss Borden, best remembered for her exceptional work in "3 Bad Men" and "The Joy Girl," gives the most convincing performance of her career in this picture.

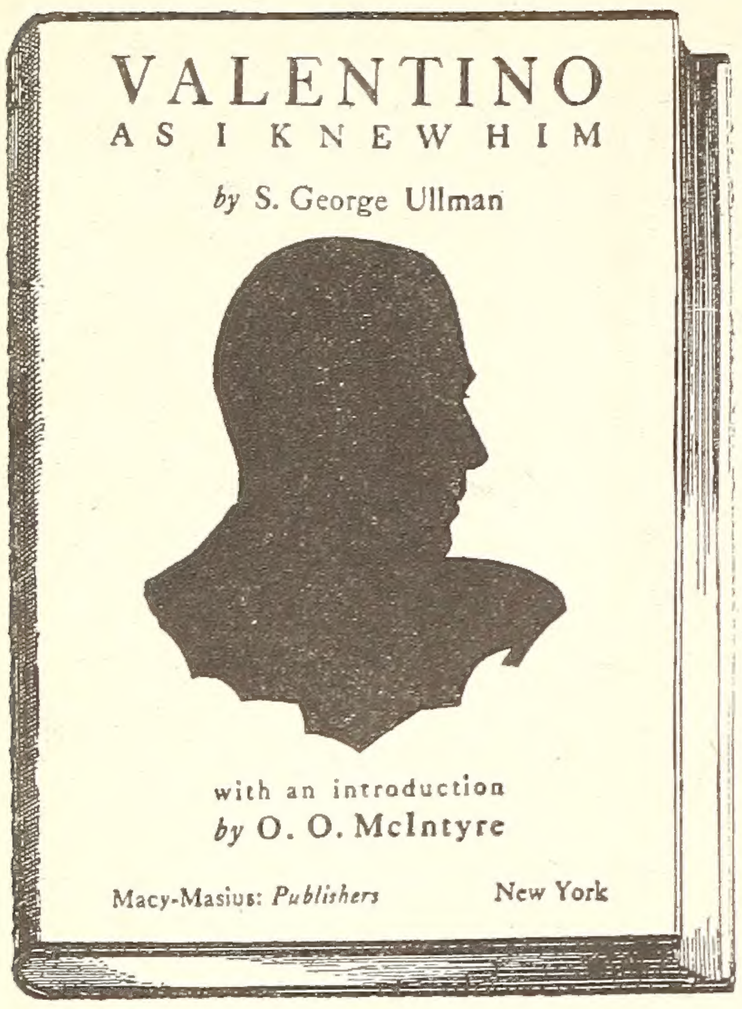
Dramatic sequences were photographed in the country adjacent to Lake Louise and at Moraine Lake in the Canadian Rockies near the Sovereign of the Selkirks, Sir Donald, a Cyclopean pyramid of rock and ice nearly eleven thousand feet high. Glaciers, towering peaks and entrancing valleys provide a setting of unequalled natural beauty.



PAJAMAS was directed by J.G. Blystone, the comedy genius responsible for "Ankles Preferred" and "The Family Upstairs." It is based upon the story by William Conselman, noted cartoonist, and is a worthy picture to follow such recent William Fox sensational successes as "What Price Glory" and "7th Heaven."







THIS human document by the intimate friend of the lovable Valentino is being offered by SCREENLAND, probably for the last time.

Eminent critics speak of this book as "almost a divine portrayal of one of the greatest adventurests of the screen."

There were many things said and written about Valentino in the last few years of his life, and after his death, that did him great injustice. This book has been written primarily for the purpose of setting at rest those rumors.

Offered by SCREENLAND at $2.00 prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada.

SCREENLAND Book Department, Desk 5
49 West 45th Street, New York City.

For the enclosed $2.00 please send me a copy of "Valentino as I Knew Him".

Name .....

Address .....



Anne Cornwall, of the Christie Comedies, comes down the chimney.

NEW YORK has been showing her most radiant face for Harold Lloyd and company. Never has there been such perfect weather for film purposes—well, hardly ever. And Harold has been so royally treated by New Yorkers that he has issued a statement of thanks, via the newspapers. "Wherever we worked we met with the greatest consideration," said Harold. "The crowds seemed to appreciate the fact that they could help me by remaining well within the camera 'lines,' and not once did they let their interest in the proceedings handicap my work. In fact, when we were shooting in the Grand Central Station, all the onlookers aided by holding off the unsuspecting bystanders who might have ruined a scene by inadvertently stepping before the camera. New York is a great place!"

The Lloyds have taken a huge apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, in the eighties, so that baby Mildred Gloria can have her daily outing across the street in Central Park. And maybe she doesn't attract attention! 'There's Harold Lloyd's little girl!' is the whisper; and pretty soon Gloria and her nurse are completely surrounded by admiring fans. All the adulation hasn't turned her pretty little head. She's as unspoiled as her dad.

* * *

The Student Prince and its great big beautiful electric sign brought out the usual crowds of the fans and the famous Major Bowes, manager of Metro-Goldwyn's Capitol Theatre, was present with his wife, Margaret Illington, formerly well-known on the stage. Harry Reichenbach escorted the blonde Justine Johnstone; and there were the genial Holbrook Blinn, Harry Hirshfield, the cartoonist, creator of Abie the Agent, and the usual delegation of newspaper and magazine writers.

* * *

Just like George O'Brien—to put off his return from Europe long enough to miss the Broadway premier of *Sunrise*, in which he co-stars with Janet Gaynor. George is a modest violet among male stars. He simply won't let himself be lionized. Says there's no truth to the rumor that he's leaving the management of Mr. Fox, for whom he has been playing so long.

There were some celebrities in the audience at the *Sunrise* opening, however. William Fox himself greeted his friends, and we spotted Fannie Brice, the famous musical comedy star, Vivien Segal, Hugo Riesenfeld, and Peggy Kelly.

* * *

Remember Margaret Morris, pretty little leading lady in several Paramount westerns? Well, Margaret is in the east now, playing in a serial for Pathe, opposite Donald Reed—yes, the same handsome young man you saw with Colleen Moore in *Naughty but Nice*. A good team.

* * *

Natacha Rambova, the former Mrs. Valentino, is among those present in the cast of a Broadway play called *Creoles*. Natacha's brunette beauty is seen to greater advantage behind the footlights than on the screen—she admits that she likes the stage better because she doesn't screen so well! Helen Chandler is the heroine of the same play, and why some smart movie producer doesn't star Helen is more than we can see.

* * *

Ben Lyon is back from Germany, where he made a picture which First National will release over here. While Ben was in Berlin, rumors flew thick and fast that he and Marilynn Miller, sojourning in Paris the while, weren't going to get engaged after all. After all what? After Miss Miller's divorce from Jack Pickford. But then Ben came back, and Miss Miller returned later. And just before Ben left for Hollywood to make pictures there, we heard that the engagement was on again. Legally, Marilynn is still Mrs. Pickford, however. What to do, what to do!

* * *

Hal Roach, daddy of Our Gang, came to town. He's the young producer of the famous kid comedies, who started Harold Lloyd on the road to fame. Herbert Brenon paid us a visit, too. His first independent production, *Sorrell and Son*, is ready for release. Mr. Brenon may be borrowed from United Artists by Metro-Goldwyn to direct Lon Chaney in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*.

* * *

That little Jewel, Betty, sailed for England to play the lead in one picture for

(*Continued on page* 99)



THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

THE world gasped when Robert Hichens'
FAMOUS novel first appeared.
THIS daring love story is
NOW on the screen, filmed by
THE master director Rex Ingram
IN the dreamlands of the East.
IT comes to you direct from its
SENSATIONAL Broadway run at
THE Embassy Theatre, New York.

REX INGRAM'S
Production, with
ALICE TERRY and
IVAN PETROVICH
by
Robert Hichens
Scenario by
Willis Goldbeck
Directed by
REX INGRAM

A
METRO-GOLDWYN
PICTURE

Win $50.00 to pay those Christmas bills!

Just answer
GRETA GARBO'S
five questions

"I AM always amazed to find how much the public knows about pictures and picture people. Sometimes it seems that the public knows more about what is going on in the studios than those of us who work here in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios every day.

"If you are one of those with sharp eyes and retentive memories, try your hand at these five questions. To the writer of the best set of answers from a woman, I will send a check for $50.00 and a fan I carry in my forthcoming production "The Divine Woman". The writer of the best set of answers from a man will receive a check for $50.00 and the cane used by Lars Hansen in the same picture. For the fifty next best answers, I have autographed copies of my favorite photograph.

Cordially yours,
Greta Garbo"

Greta Garbo's Five Questions!

1 Of which M-G-M star is it said "He rides like the wind and ropes like a fool?"

2 What do you think of M-G-M's News reel? Name three points of superiority (in not over 100 words).

3 From what sign of the Zodiac does M-G-M's trade mark derive its name?

4 Name five mechanical tricks in picture making — for instance "The Close-Up"

5 What is M-G-M's "Screen Forecast"? (Your local Theatre manager can help you answer this.)

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by December 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winner of Slogan Contest for September
PAUL PACKARD
The Press
Cleveland, Ohio

Autographed pictures have been sent to the next 50 prize winners.



a secret worth thousands of dollars to every woman —Doraldina's "Allura." Gives the delicate **natural** color of healthful youth **without showing the slightest trace of the artificial.** Almost unbelievable in its marvelous effect. Not a beauty treatment, cream, lotion, soap, powder, compress or mask. Nothing to wear or take. Used by many of the most prominent stage and screen stars. The most marvelous discovery of recent years.

Doraldina opens the door for you to **beauty of skin.** This should not be confused with ordinary cosmetics. Here is something new and different. Fill in and mail coupon for her booklet which gives complete details. Then be prepared for the most surprising information you have ever read on how to attain beauty.

Attractive Standard Boudoir Jar $5.

Doraldina

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Doraldina, 5623 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.:

Please send me, **without cost,** your booklet, which fully explains your secret of a beautiful complexion. If demonstration jar is wanted, enclose $1.00.

FAIR AUBURN DARK

Name_____

Address_____

City or Town_____ State_____

Check coupon above indicating complexion.

GRAY HAIR

IS NOT NECESSARY

You are only as old as you look!



Wm. J. Brandt's LIQUID EAU DE HENNA Hair Color Restorer

will cover hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it all. No pack. No mess.

You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

ANYONE CAN PUT IT ON

It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling—nothing takes it off.

You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots. You don't have to fuss around for a week. You get the color right away.

Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. **Does not interfere with permanent waving.**

Full directions enclosed. Order through your dealer or from us. State color desired: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn. Cash with order, $2.50. C.O.D. $2.77.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO.

Dept. 665-S 112 East 23rd St., New York



Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid, BLACK or BROWN, *75c at your dealer's or* direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Liquid Form



Solid Form



REDUCE Learn the secret of how to Take Off excess weight in a natural way. Reducing chart with full instructions specially priced for short time. **25c**

CUENDET, Dept. 2, Box 737, Vernon, Calif.



Dolores Del Rio as Ramona, the beautiful heroine of Old California's most stirring romance.

The Home of Ramona

By Mabel Livingstone

No story could have a more familiar name or a more romantic appeal for the American people than 'Ramona,' the famous and beloved novel by Helen Hunt Jackson, which will be produced for the screen by Inspiration Pictures and Edwin Carewe and in which Dolores Del Rio will be starred.

Ramona has been translated into nearly every civilized language. It was published in 1884 and is still one of the most popular classics in the public library. Tourists visit all the places in sunny California which claim any sort of historical reminiscence of the charming heroine of the old Mission days in the Southwest. Camulos Ranch is the most noted landmark. It is situated in the beautiful Santa Clara valley, about forty-five miles from Los Angeles. The ranch house, which is undoubtedly the finest specimen of old Spanish times of California, is almost entirely hidden in a mass of shrubbery, orange and almond trees. The house is low with a wide veranda on three sides of the inner court and a still broader one across the entire front which looks towards the South. Close by is the quaint little chapel where those who could not find room inside knelt outside the door and in the garden walks to pray.

As is generally understood, practically every incident in the story has fact for its foundation and the minutest detail of the home of the Morenos is described with great beauty and accuracy. Yet Helen Hunt Jackson only spent two short hours at Camulos. Her memory was remarkable and the descriptive powers which she displayed in Ramona have seldom been surpassed.

The Atlantic Monthly says of the author that she is "a Murillo in literature" and that the story of Ramona is one of the most artistic creations of American literature. We are indebted to Mrs. Jackson for a deeper and better understanding of the Mission Indians, whose quiet, peace-loving ways she so sympathetically and dramatically portrayed.

The Californians honor the name of Helen Hunt Jackson and every year a great Ramona festival is staged, reviving the old memories of the romantic history and development of the State.

Edwin Carewe whose rare insight and understanding were responsible for the masterful direction of Tolstoy's Resurrection, will direct Ramona, which is the second of the Inspiration-Carewe productions, and neither time, trouble nor expense will be spared to make the photoplay version of Ramona a faithful representation of the original story.

"I did not write 'Ramona,'" Helen Hunt Jackson once said. "It was written through me. My lifeblood went into it."

In the summer of 1884, while in her Colorado home, Mrs. Jackson's leg was fractured by a fall. Her health was rapidly failing when she returned to San Francisco the following year. Emily Dickinson with whom an ardent friendship persisted ever since, as little girls, they played "beneath the syringas," wrote asking anxiously in reference to the fall: "Dear friend: Can you walk?" The simple and significant reply was: "Dear friend: I can fly."

Helen Hunt Jackson died August 12, 1885. The last poem she wrote was left unfinished and yet nothing could more fittingly express her noble nature, her unconquerable spirit—

"Ah, well! friend Death, good friend thou art!
I shall be free when thou art thru—
Take all there is, take hand, take heart,
There must be somewhere work to do!"



When I Rose to my Feet I Turned to Stone

–But Now I Can Hold an Audience of Thousands Spell-Bound!!!

"WHAT do *you* think about it, Warren?" I rose to my feet and turned to stone. You could hear a pin drop. Everyone's eyes were glued on me. I stood there in dumb agony. I could utter only a few rambling words. Finally I slumped into my seat.

Yet I had prepared for this opportunity for weeks. I had some valuable suggestions to make that meant considerable money saved for the firm. This was my BIG chance to show them that I had brains, ability and was important to them in a higher capacity than my present position. I had failed miserably.

In the midst of these harried reflections, I realized that Dickens was talking. Gradually I found myself intent on what he was saying. He talked clearly, with poise and direct firmness. He knew what he wanted to say and said it in a way that impressed everyone there. He had nothing startling to say, in fact, my suggestions were of a good deal more actual value than his. But when he sat down, flushed and satisfied, a thunder clap of hearty applause filled the room.

A few days later I saw Dickens come out of the boss' office, grinning from ear to ear. There was only one way to interpret that grin. It meant a substantial promotion. My heart sank. I had been with the firm a long while. He had just entered a short time ago. I saw him pass my office—hesitate a few seconds and the next thing I knew he had a chair hunched close to mine and was talking to me in a low, excited voice.

"Warren, I know what's the matter with you. You had more to say at the conference the other day, than *I* did. But *you're scared of your own voice.* Two months ago, *I* was even worse than you. *I* couldn't even carry on a civil conversation with *one* person, let alone stand up in front of a lot of people. How did I change?" . . . Then he told me his secret . . . And to-day I laugh at the memory of that awful experience.

20 Minutes a Day Shows You

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to address board meetings
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write splendid letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self confidence and poise
How to acquire a magnetic, winning personality

In 20 Minutes a Day

I learned how to think on my feet and how to express my thoughts clearly, logically with compelling, direct force. NOW I can sway an audience of one—or thousands. I am no longer self-conscious. I have learned how to forget my audience completely and concentrate on what I am saying. I can make others think as I do and carry out my suggestions. I have a new inner power and self confidence. I have talked before the same men who witnessed my timid stage fright at that conference, many times since then. I have held them spell-bound — breathless. They have showered me with applause and compliments on my eloquence. I have received rapid, worthwhile promotions—more than I dared hope for. Not only that, but socially, I used to be a hopeless bore. Now I am a leader in my lodge and realize that my company is sought after and enjoyed by both men and women, wherever I meet them. *Before* I was always on the side-lines. Now I find myself the *center* of things.

But the best part of it all was the amazingly easy, simple way I accomplished all this by merely giving 20 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, to this most fascinating subject.

* * *

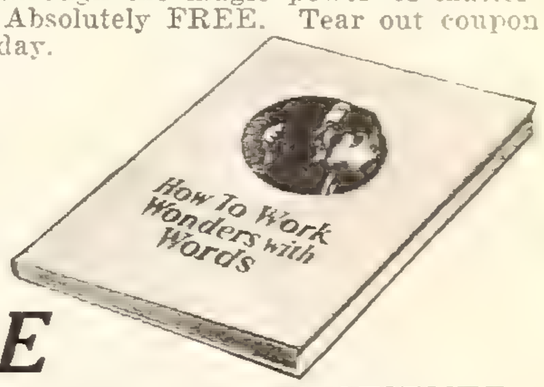
There is no "special ability" or gift needed to become a fluent, forceful speaker. *Everyone* is born with the power of convincing speech. You, too, can overcome self-consciousness, timidity, stage-fright, shyness—*any* handicaps that prevent you from using this hidden power. You, too, can easily learn how to put yourself across—be decisive, definite, magnetic and make yourself a leader. It is this magic power of forceful speech that will win you salary increases, advancements in business and social recognition and popularity.

Send For This Unique Book

This entirely new method of training is fully described in a very interesting, informative booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words.* It is now FREE. It tells you how to overcome your handicaps and develop and bring out your priceless, natural gift, in only 20 minutes a day, at home. This amazing booklet shows you how thousands have jumped from obscure, underpaid jobs into high-paying positions and social prominence—making their lives a brilliant success.

It shows how *you,* too, can gain the things you crave—salary raises, success—popularity—leadership—through the magic power of masterful speech. Absolutely FREE. Tear out coupon and mail today.

Now Sent FREE



NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 6329 Chicago, Ill.

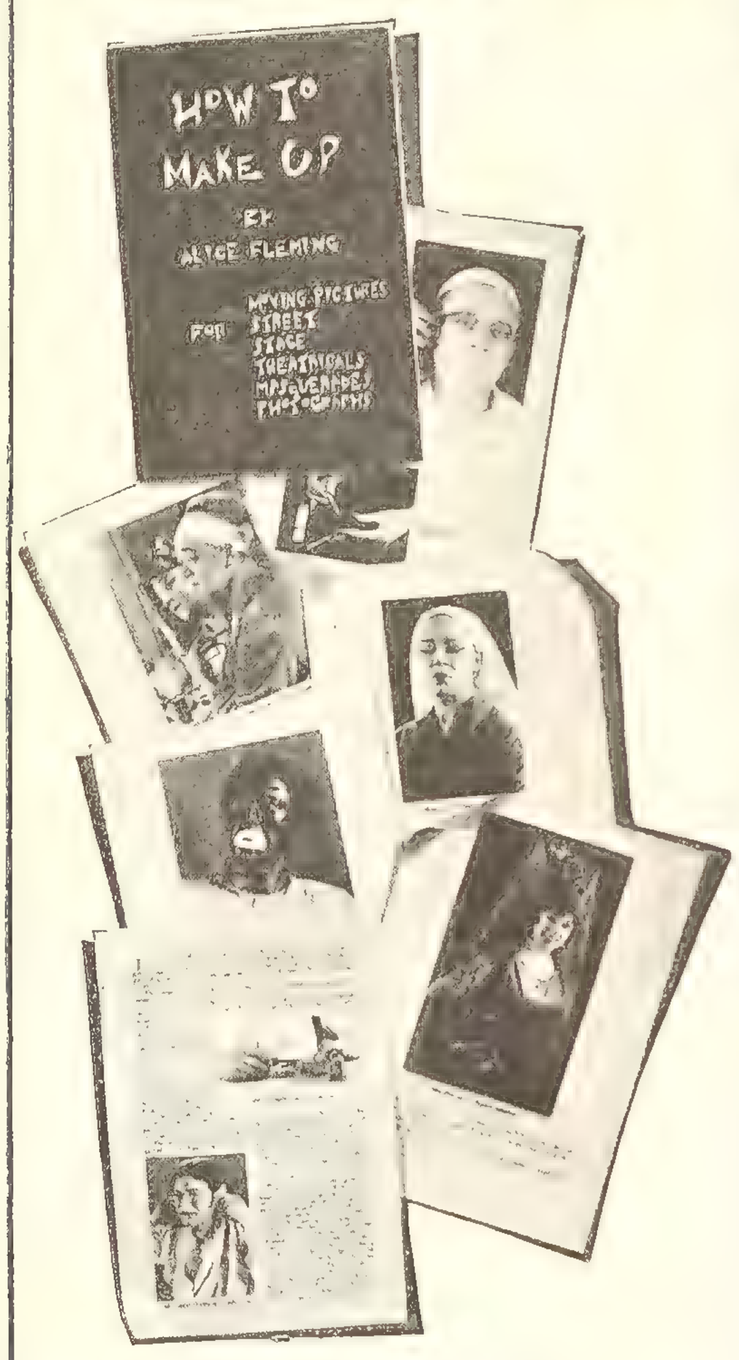
NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE,
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 6329, Chicago, Illinois.
Please send me my copy of your inspiring FREE booklet *How to Work Wonders With Words*, and complete information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking. No obligation.
Name .....
Address .....
City..... State .....

DO YOU KNOW

WHY SCREEN STARS APPEAR BEAUTIFUL?

THEY KNOW

HOW TO MAKE UP



THIS BOOK
CONTAINS
50 Descriptive Illustrations
and
Complete Make-up Instructions

FOR MOVING PICTURES STREET STAGE PHOTOGRAPH

If you desire one of these fascinating books, send $1.00 with your name and address to

ALICE FLEMING DRAMATIC SCHOOL
Suite S-1 Make-up Dept.
1819 Broadway New York

WHAT'S DOING IN TIMES SQUARE

By Helen Ludlam



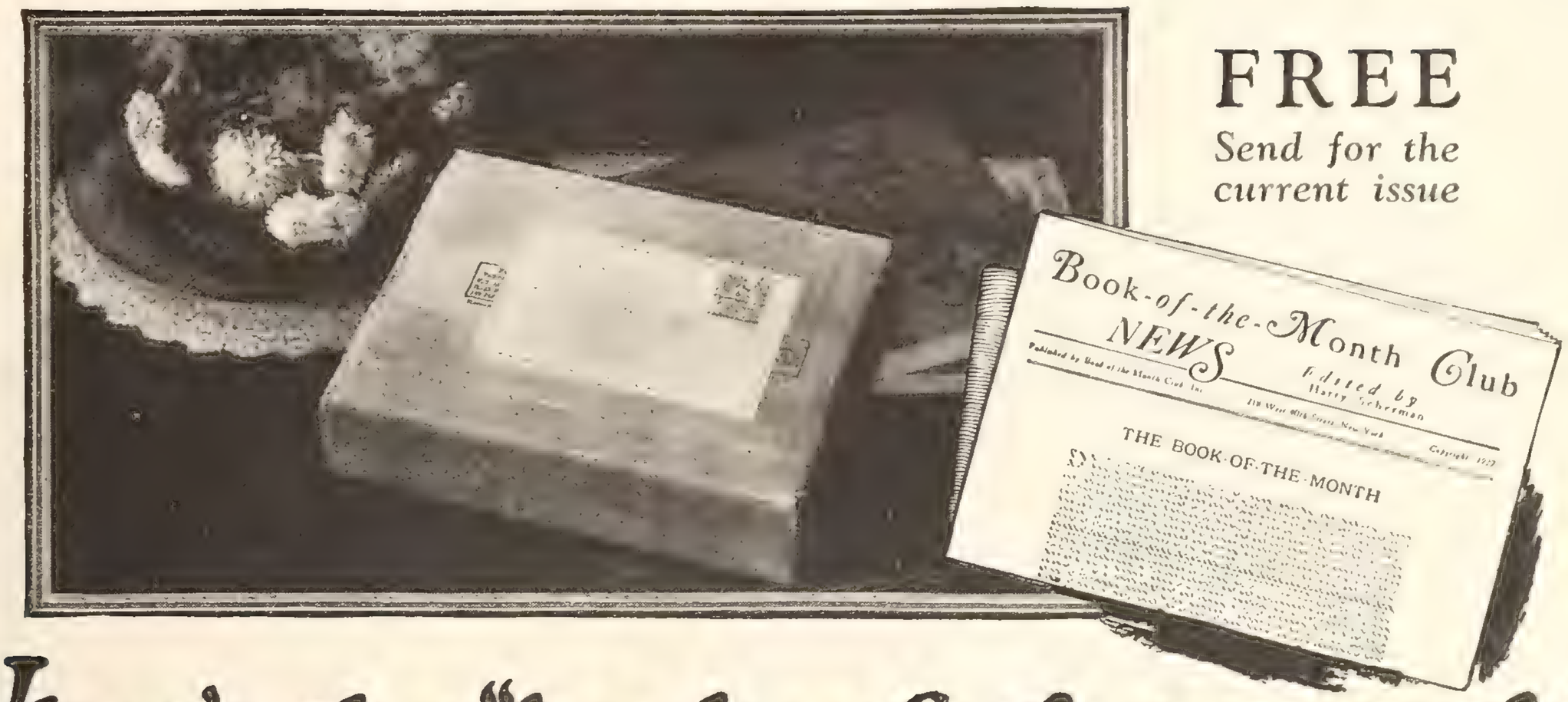
Bessie Love visits New York and shows Broadway her new airplane dance with Joseph Striker.

LIKE New York's changing skyline, nothing ever remains the same in Times Square. Innovations constantly are crowding in on the street that in the old days was lovingly referred to by the Thespians as 'The Rialto.' The latest innovation was possibly a result of the bitter complaints launched by wretched dramatic critics who willy nilly must see every picture, or a part of it, every week, and as one reviewer put it he 'had to carry a brief case to accomodate the number of passes necessary to get into all the gosh darn theatres.' The above mentioned innovation is a golden key sent out by Glen Allvine, Director of Publicity of the Colony Theatre which Universal has just taken over, renovated and made a generally cheering place to be. The history of the key is this. The reviewer is given a blank key which he takes to Tiffany and Company along with his own door key, automobile, or safety deposit box key. Tiffany models the pure gold key into the shape desired by the reviewer. On one side is engraved the name of the reviewer, on the other the words, 'Pass key to Colony Theatre.' Thus the reviewer has only to show his own door key, which he must carry anyway, and is therefore free of excess baggage. A very kindly and thoughtful idea we say. Roxy did a similar thing at the opening of his theatre. His 'open sesame' was a golden pencil with the name of the reviewer engraved upon it. Which is very nice, too, because every reviewer must have a pencil and it's very smart to have a pure gold one. Now if the other companies would think up other necessities and have them made into passes the reviewers' world would hold a little more of heaven.

The season is getting to be fast and furious what with an important opening every week and some of the long looked for program pictures innundating Broadway. Al Jolson, the one and only, made his bow on the screen in *The Jazz Singer* at the Warner Theatre this week and it took the combined forces of a baker's dozen of policemen to get Al and other celebrities into the theatre at all. It was finally managed between cheers, curses and cameras. The over-worked press agent and photographer found it almost impossible to get a shot at Lew Cody. Every time they got him placed some admirer would break through the ranks and run directly up to him in order to get a good look. One enterprising youngster sang out 'That's Cody all right,' and fortwith ran underneath a burly policeman's arm outstretched to stop her.

The opening of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Student Prince* at the Astor Theatre was shorn of the usual number of celebrities owing to the Big Fight in Chicago which happened the night before. But the enormous sunlight arcs—three of 'em—played

(*Continued on page* 98)



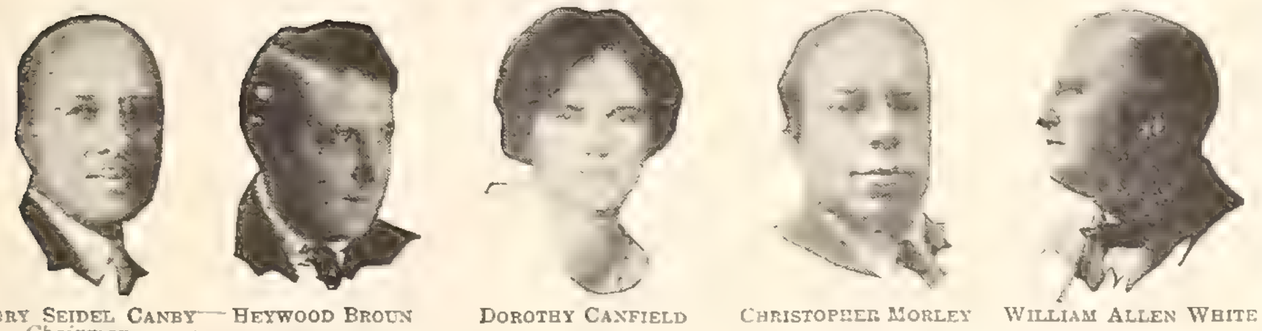
FREE

Send for the current issue

What's the "book-of-the-month" this month ~ and why?

Let us send you—free—the current issue of the Book-of-the-Month Club News

THIS is a fascinating little publication, part of the service given by the Book-of-the-Month Club to its subscribers. Send for the current issue. Learn what book the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club selected, this month, as the "book-of-the-month." It is a very remarkable work, and is described at length, giving the interesting reasons why the judges chose it. ⁂ Read also the extremely illuminating reports upon other new and important books, just out. ⁂ Over forty thousand of the most notable people in the country, judicious and perspicacious readers like yourself, now use the service of the Book-of-the-Month Club to make sure they will "keep up with the best new books." *It absolutely prevents you from missing the new books you are anxious to read.* You can't overlook or forget them, as you now do so frequently. And you have *a guarantee of satisfaction with every book you take.* ⁂ Yet this service, unique and convenient though it is, does not cost you one cent. *You pay only for the books you take,* and the same price as if you got them from the publisher himself—by mail. You owe it to yourself at least to find out what this unique service does for you. Mail the coupon below. The current issue of the *News* will be sent to you, absolutely without any obligation, and also complete information as to the many conveniences you receive without any cost to you.



HENRY SEIDEL CANBY—*Chairman* HEYWOOD BROUN DOROTHY CANFIELD CHRISTOPHER MORLEY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE SELECTING COMMITTEE OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. 71-M
218 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y.

Please send me without cost, the current issue of the Book-of-the-Month Club News, and also tell me how your service operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe.

Name ----------

Address ----------

City ---------- State ----------



Richard Barthelmess

DRAWN BY CESARE

OCT 29 1927

Honor Page

DECEMBER, 1927



¶ Dick and his daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess, in Hollywood.

Richard Barthelmess, Poet

¶ H you boy with the cleft chin and the dark eyes or mystery, who never can grow up. You are our poet, our day-dreaming, charming, irresponsible boy. Your pictures have been terrible but did you lose one single friend? No! *The Patent Leather Kid* found them all back again.

Best Christmas wishes to you and the charming fianceé. And when, Dick, you look into the eyes of the wise little daughter remember there are ten million fans who will back her love for you.



George Bancroft and Clive Brook in Underworld *work out some ancient truths.*

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT in PICTURES

An Editorial by Eliot Keen

IN *Underworld,* that excellent picture, we found great pleasure. It is thrilling, real and thought giving. Bancroft won you and hasn't Clive Brook been fine lately?

This drama of crooks and gangsters, of dives and down-and-outs was contrived by a clever writer, Ben Hecht, with Von Sternberg directing. In order that you should like 'Bull,' the thief, played by Bancroft, he was endowed with the priceless gift of unselfish generosity. 'Nobody helps me,' he says, 'I help other people.'

His moral sense may have been as crooked as his own fifty cent pieces but he walked the straight way to your affection and ours, a path-way as old as Christmas. 'I help other people.'

SOME GOOD "BITS"

THAT YOU MUSTN'T MISS

A PICTURE is only as good as its bits and sometimes an excellent bit will put a picture over. For example the unforgettable tango dance of Rudolph Valentino in *The Four Horsemen*. There are some good bits in the current pictures.

After the name of the director has been forgotten, after the title has slipped from memory still there will glow warmly in your heart some minor scene, which was minted from true genius.



¶ *In* The Student Prince *Ramon Novarro and Jean Hersholt mingle with the flagons, and never has there been screened a more convincing sequence. It is one of those bits blossoming with laughter and with the dew of tears.*



¶ *In* The Drop Kick *Richard Barthelmess and Barbara Kent achieve perfection. "I don't mind kissing," says she, "when it's you?"*



¶ *In* What Price Glory *Victor McLaglen and Dolores Del Rio discuss muscular development. You'll never forget it.*



¶ *In* Sunrise *Murnau has a bit where George O'Brien walks alone through a long sequence which is remarkable photographically and which also lends an appreciable sincerity to the spirit of the rendezvous.*



¶ *In* A Gentleman From Paris *Adolphe Menjou and Nicholas Soussanin touch a note of sincerity rarely equaled.*

"OLD The





¶ *Claire Windsor is crazy about underclothes and makes her own but that's hardly an eccentricity.*

A GENIUS is anybody who can get away with anything—any time, anywhere, anyhow—without being pinched. A Genius can stay out late, scatter ashes on the parlor rug, make faces at his mother-in-law, be rude to his children, wear white spats, and everybody exclaims: "Isn't he cute?"

But just let John Smith try it, and see what happens. People will say, "Oh, John's just a darned fool!" and they will be right. A Genius can have several wives, including his own, and fight it out in the papers without losing prestige. But when John makes a little slip such as buying his new stenographer a double chocolate, folks raise their eyebrows and say that John is old enough to know better. What passes as the eccentricities of Genius on Broadway or Hollywood Boulevard may be regarded as just plain cuckoo on Main Street. Everybody can't be a Genius, which is just as well.

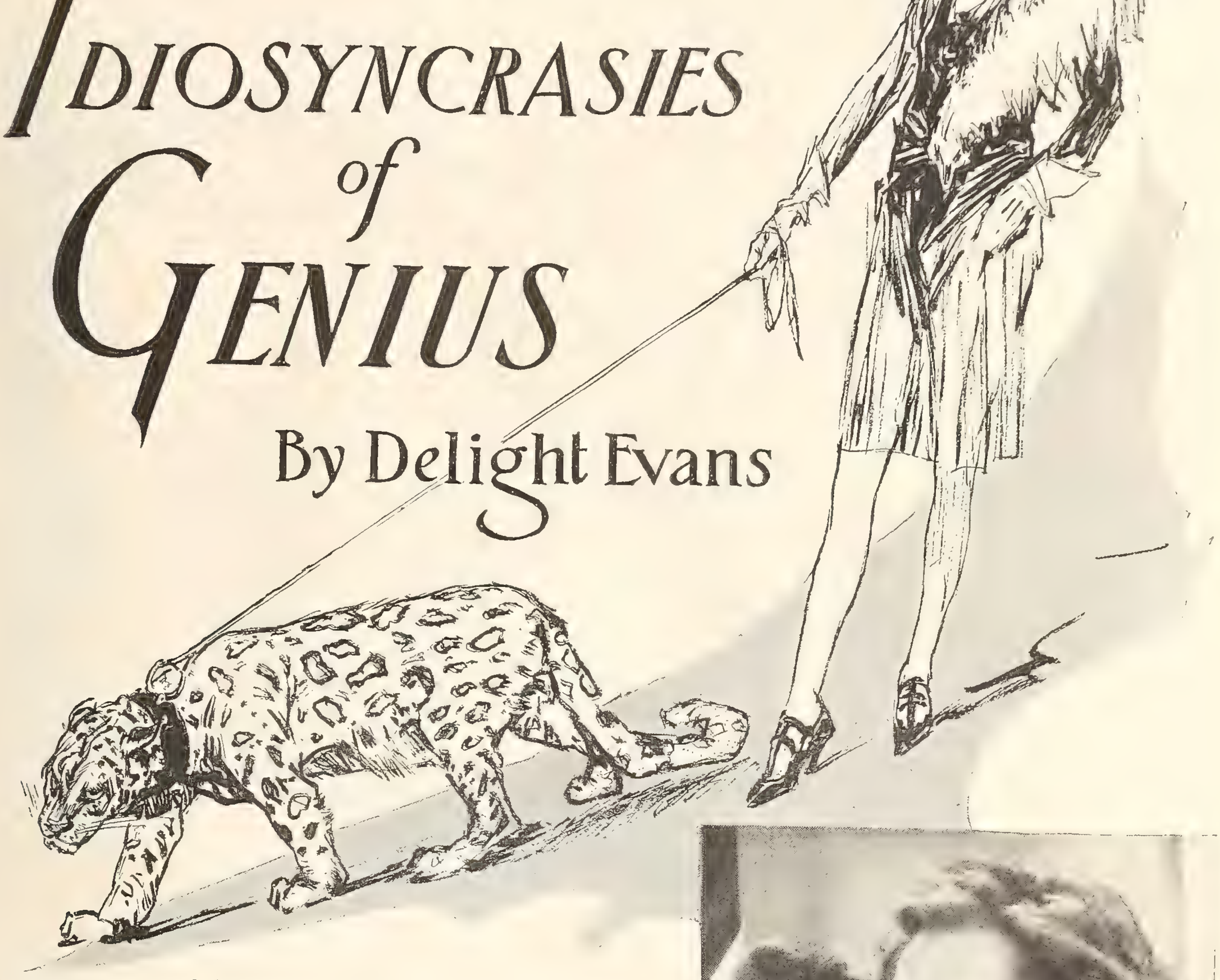
Genius is the infinite capacity for giving me a pain—but there's something exciting about it. You never know which way a Genius is going to jump. Once upon a time you could tell a Genius by looking at him. In the good old days, a genius wore lavender shirts, or lead a leopard on a leash, or smoked perfumed cigarettes, or had a diamond in his front tooth. At the very least, a genius used to be known by his long hair and flowing ties. But now geniuses dress just about like everybody else, only maybe a little more so. They lead normal lives, have their hair cut regularly, and six days out of seven behave

¶ *Charlie Chaplin in* The Circus *which we will all see someday. His generosities have been misinterpreted, his angers magnified until he stands our only 100% genius.*

"STUFF"

IDIOSYNCRASIES of GENIUS

By Delight Evans



Once on a time a turbulent temperament dallied with leopards to advertise her talents, but those days are gone forever.

like human beings. They are geniuses on the side, so to speak. They save their idiosyncrasies for occasions where they will do the most good. Just another case of what the movies are doing for humanity.

The films are full of geniuses. Every other director has a touch of genius. Every comedian or two has the mark of genius in his acting. The studios are swarming with it. Even Rin Tin Tin has the bark of genius in his work. I never saw anything like it. And not a flowing tie or open collar in the lot.

A Genius can do as he pleases. Take Harold Lloyd, for instance. Harold has a Great Dane dog—probably the greatest Dane of them all. The kind of dog that belongs in the great open spaces which are none too big for it, either. Now Harold likes nothing better than to let his dog race into the drawing-

(Cont. on page 84)



Eleanor Boardman as a genius does the unusual on the set and lets it go at that.



The movies inherited John Barrymore from the legit and got the monkey thrown in.

That South Sea Complex



¶ *All Broadway tried to crowd into* Hula *at the Paramount Theatre requiring a special 'Midnite' show.*

¶ *Clara Bow and a sapphire sea! Try that on your archipelago.*

¶ *Clara Bow and* **Arnold Kent** *in* Hula. *The grass skirt burst into bloom.*

By George Mitchell

¶ *It's the reason why you like Jack London and Aloma and the make believe worlds of the screen.*

DOWN in the South Seas, which, if you will consult your blood pressure lies in 50 Lassitude and 50 Lounge-a-tude, there are little groups of islands lying lazily on their backs, lagooning all over the neighboring antipodes, if that's what you call 'em.

Any Islandographer of your acquaintance will, when questioned, tell you that on these islands there is much pulchritude, there is also a turpitude. But let us not get too far above our heads. This is not to be a sex story.

Let us begin all over again and see if we can't keep women out of it.

Down in the South Seas, there is a group of girls . . . I mean islands, where languor and lassitude hold constant volup . . . tut-tut . . . On these islands, I am told, there are to be found the most seductively beautiful girls . . .

There I go again. Let's gird our loins and crush out this sex complex.

Speaking of complexes, do you know that four out of every five of us in addition to having to buy lots and lots of Listerine, get our wires all crossed up every four or five times a day?

Any Wire-Doctor knows that your entire inner works are all tingled over with countless wires. As



¶ *Do you remember Anita Stewart in* Never the Twain Shall Meet? *A picture that nearly turned her fans into beach combers.*

I understand it, our whole inner man or auditorium as you may call it, looks like a piano.

Well, when one or more of these countless wires gets crossed with some of its mates, it's called a crossed wire or complex and one of these complexes, in fact the *major picadillo* as it is called, is the South Sea Island Complex.

As it was explained to me, this wire crosses you somewhere in the Equine or Horse Sense belt, midway between the Nomad and the Arab zodiacs.

Of course, this is all too scientific for you to fathom. But I'll try to tell you in plain words, because it's a very important and a very serious matter. You could get all sorts of things from ignorance of this vital complex, but why frighten you?

When you get this complex, I understand it plays the very devil with you. It's something like the Bottle Imp in Stevenson's story of that name. Maybe you remember how the little imp would ooze up out of the bottle in clouds of blue vapor and scare you into a cocked-eye? Well as nearly as I can make it out this zodiac or equinoctial or whatever it is, will squirm up like the Bottle Imp, or better still like a hook worm and suggest all kind of radical ideas to you. When it gets you into that lazy, indolent or adolescent state of being in which you don't care half a whoop, it will whisper the most seductive things into your ear.

"Life," for instance it will tell you, "Life is made for song and laughter. You'll be a long time dead, old Cherry Stone. Don't be a worm," and such alluring advice as that.

(*Continued on page 74*)

¶ Rain *becomes* Sadie Thompson *and Gloria is letting herself go to where lazy palm trees bend over atolls of romance.*

Times DO NOT in Hollywood



¶ *Extras have been breaking in, stories have been sold, stars have been turned into millionaires ever since I can remember.*

¶ *Fay Wray who will be the talk of the town when* The Wedding March *appears.*



¶ *Dorothy Arzner once was unimportant, now she's a great director.*



Two men stood on a busy corner in Hollywood gesticulating wildly and pointing to the various high buildings around them. "Oscar," I said to Patsy Ruth Miller's father who was walking with me, "I'll bet those fellows are had-a-chancers." As we passed them one was saying: "Ten years ago I had a chance to buy that corner for——" I won the bet. Hollywood is full of had-a-chancers. Ten years hence they will be pulling the same old hoke, for there are as many chances today as ever.

The same is true of motion pictures. Their growth has been quite—if not more—phenomenal than Los Angeles real estate, but the chances of success are not all gone by any means. Standing on the sidelines, as I have, from the very birth of this despised 'game' to its growth into the greatest of the world's arts, I have seen its countless failures and noted its outstanding triumphs, and it has been my observation that none of its artistic successes have been accidental. Work and a fine spirit have pushed them up. Work and a fine spirit are pushing others up and will continue to do so in the future.

I well recall a little black-eyed girl on the Sennett lot by the name of Swanson. She wasn't sensationally beau-

CHANGE

By Rob Wagner



¶ *Esther Ralston's work in* Fashions For Women *helped Dorothy Arzner a lot, but her years in the cutting room insured her succe[illegible].*



¶ *Martha Sleeper halfway to the top and still climbing.*



¶ *Ethel Doherty once typist now a successful scenarist.*



¶ *Old Father Time is the best elevator boy in Hollywood. He takes them up and he brings them down and Rob Wagner has seen many players make the trip.*

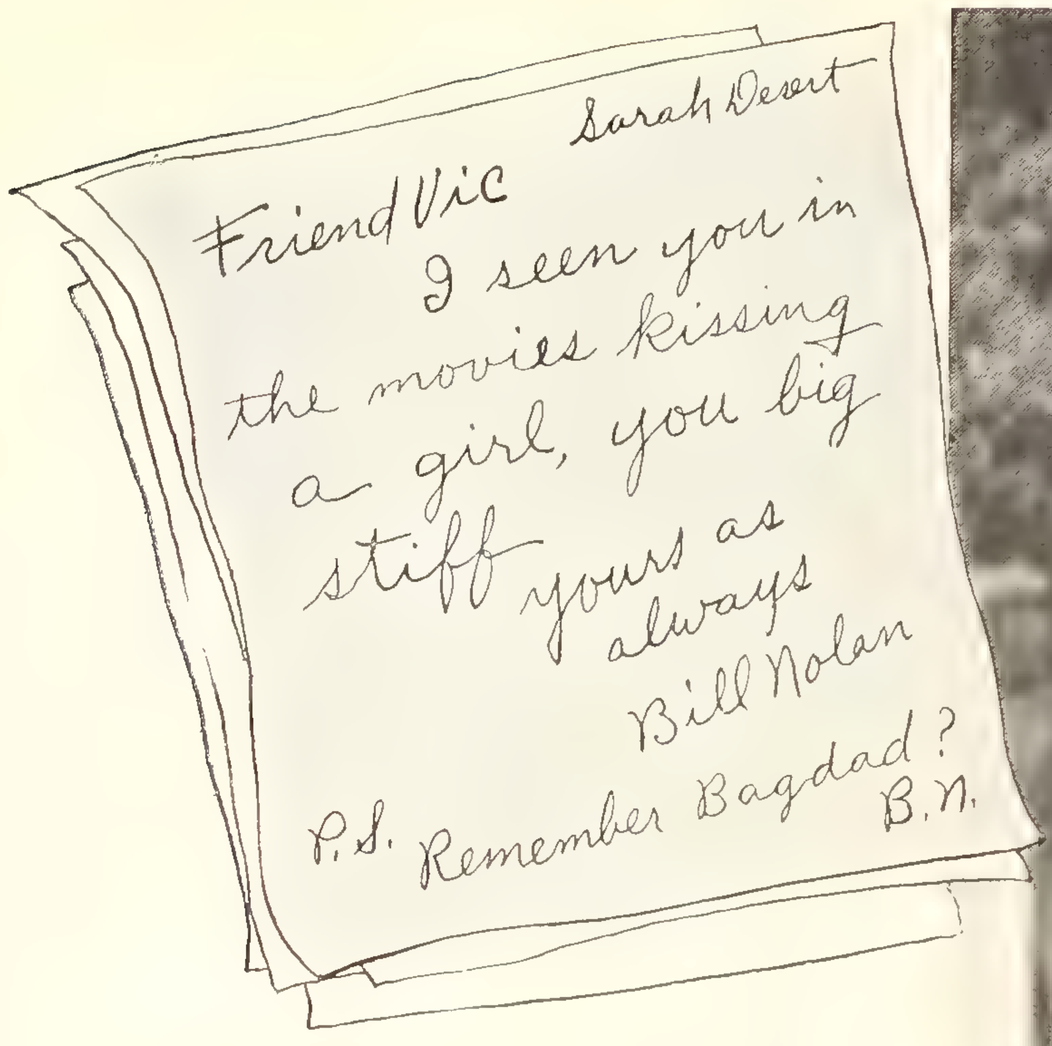


¶ *Louise's Long's typewriter belongs to another beginner now.*

tiful either in face or figure. In fact she wasn't considered good enough for a 'bathie.' But she had a fine spirit and was willing to work and so after years of water-stuff, paste, and hard bumps, she landed among the stars.

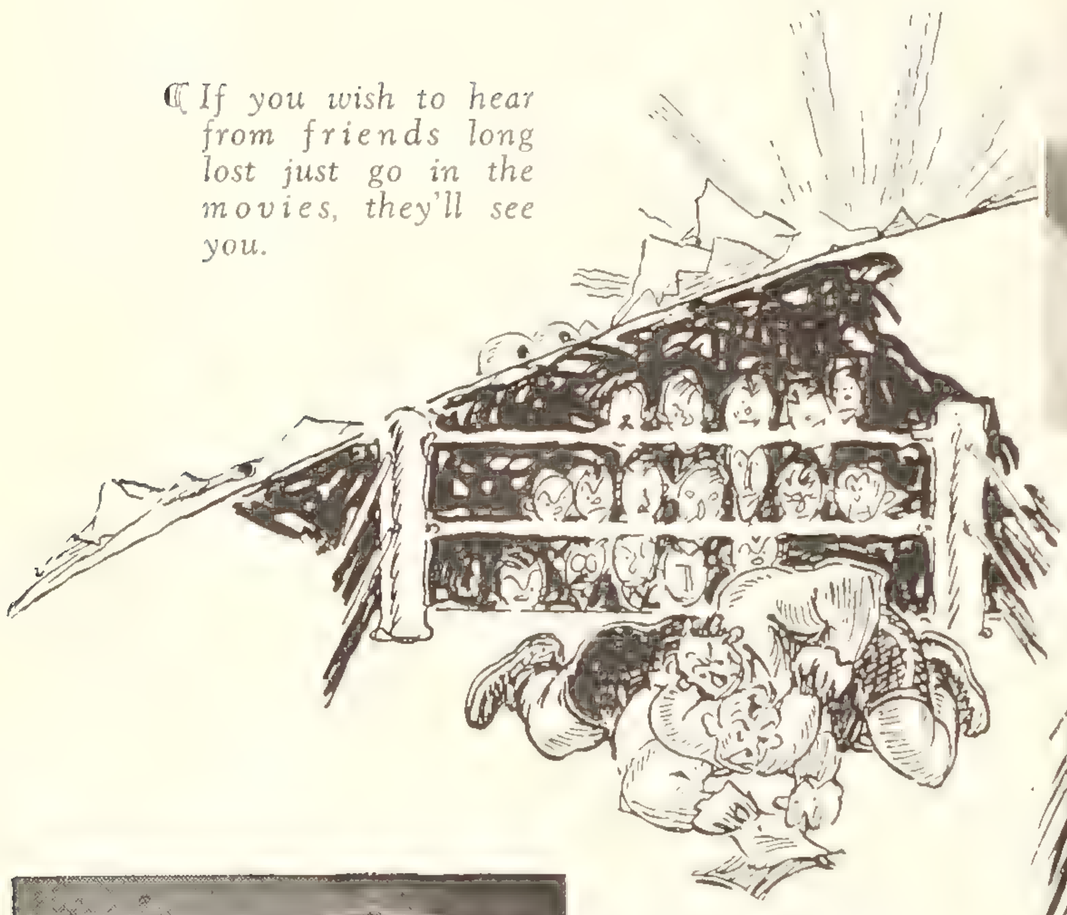
Yesterday on the Metro lot I saw a little extra girl, amazingly like Gloria in looks, who, while the other girls sat around and chewed gum, and told how they'd never had a chance, got permission to sneak away from the set so that she could watch Greta Garbo enacting a very difficult emotional scene. The assistant director told me that she never missed an opportunity to study the technic of successful actresses. Of course she'll be heard from. She'll know her ladder when she begins climbing.

We were putting on some plays at the Writers' Club and needed two girls to stand at the side of the stage and shift the cards for the various acts. Not much of a job, I'll admit. (Cont. on page 101)





¶ *If you wish to hear from friends long lost just go in the movies, they'll see you.*





¶ *Wrestlers write to their old friend and the frozen north sends Victor McLaglen friendly salutations.*



¶ *Victor McLaglen in his big hit What Price Glory.*

IF you have misplaced a friend in Darkest Africa or lost contact with a few dozen fighting men in many climes how can you renew the ties of never-to-be-forgotten friendship, how reach friends who are the nomads of earth, happy-go-lucky, here today and gone tomorrow?

"Easy," Victor McLaglen would tell you, "go into the movies."

The omnipresent screen will track them down each one, and out of their many far hiding places will come their greetings of remembrance.

Rarely indeed does it happen that the player in real life has lived the life of the character he is called upon to portray on the screen. Yet this is true of Victor McLaglen, the Captain Flagg of the screen version of *What Price Glory*. He *is* the man Maxwell Anderson and Lawrence Stallings created for their world war play, the hard-boiled captain of marines who wages (*Cont. on page* 88)

His MAIL comes from the ODD CORNERS of the Earth



¶ *The Victor McLaglens arrive.*

By *Paul Thompson*



¶ *As the Toreador in* Carmen *and above in* Winds of Chance.

¶ *"Dear Victor: Cairo is no great shakes these days. I saw your movie.*
Lieut. B. F. Pinkerton.

The Brilliant Contest Winners

¶ *You never know your luck. Try everything.*

The Halperin-Kane Mentality Contest Winner is

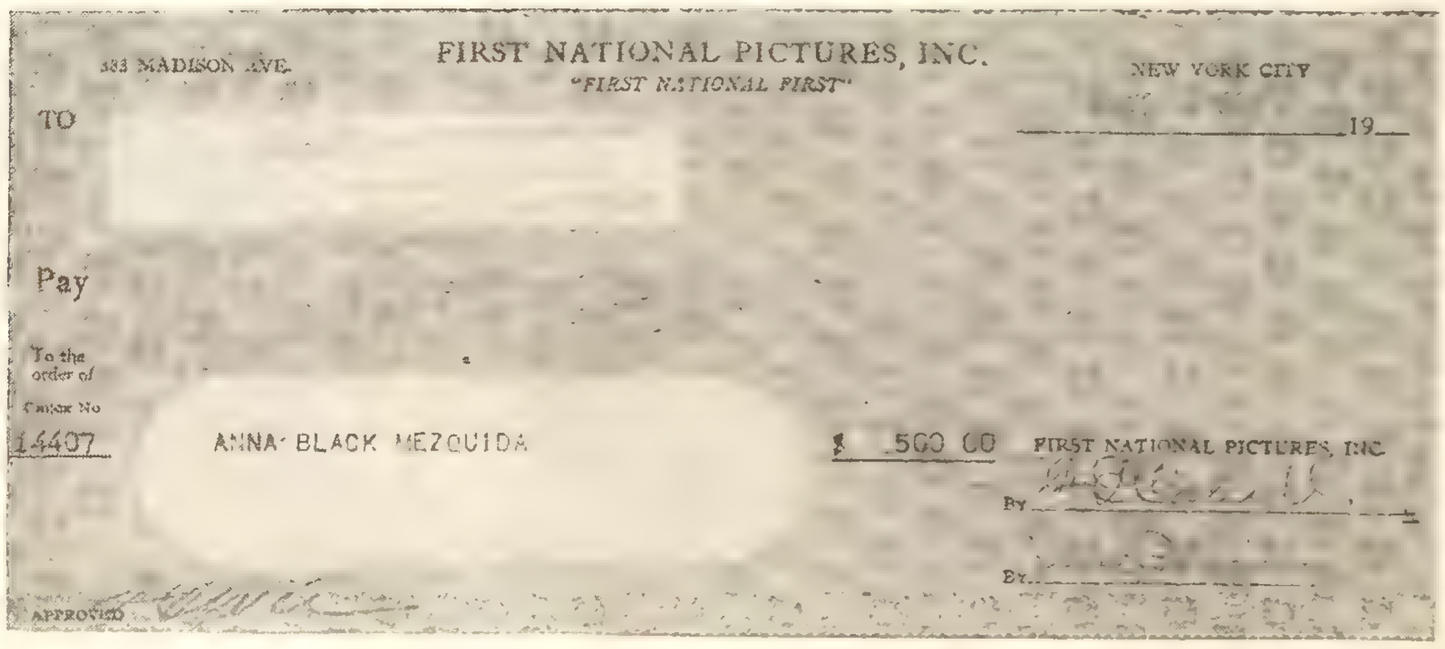
Miss Anna Blake Mezquida

969 Pine St., San Francisco, California

The Edna Marion Radio set was won by

Mr. C. H. Baker

59 West 46th St., New York City



¶ *Photograph of the check for Five Hundred dollars ($500) sent to Miss Mezquida. She chose the cash rather than to take a chance on a movie part.*

THERE were six questions to be answered in the Mentality Contest. We print the first question and the winning answer sent in by Miss Mezquida.

There were two questions asked in the Edna Marion Contest and the winning answer to the first question also follows.

Question: If a girl goes to a party with a young man and meets another more appealing to her, should she stick to the first or should she try to attract the second?

Answer: What an unfortunate situation for our heroine! However, there is only one possible answer.

A girl owes a duty to her escort which she cannot escape. The young man who takes her to a party is in a way of speaking her host, and she is his guest, and every law of good breeding demands that she show him the courtesy of a guest to a host. She has no right to make him feel that she has accepted his services merely for convenience and that at the first opportunity she is eager to leave him for another. No selfish interest in someone else can excuse such rudeness.

A girl's first obligation is to the man who has accompanied her, and that also obligates her not to act as though she were accepting his attentions grudgingly, with eyes and thought all for the other man. Out and out neglect would be more pardonable than a martyred civility. If you are going to do a gracious act, do it graciously. If you are going to do a generous thing, do it generously.

But even with this, the case is not hopeless from the girl's standpoint. No girl is expected to cling every instant to her escort. If courtesy demands that she show him attention, it also exacts from her a certain detachment which permits her escort the freedom of seeking the society of other women for a time. The girl may then seek her opportunity with the other man. She may have but a single dance with him perhaps, or a few moments conversation following the introduction. But if she is a true daughter of Eve she ought to be able to arouse his interest sufficiently in that brief time to make him want to see more of her. If she has made so little impression that he is utterly indifferent to her, she has small hope of winning anything from him later that would be worth while.

One other element enters into the situation: the exact status of the girl's relationship with the first man. If he is simply a friend, or her companion of the evening, and she has not encouraged him in serious intentions towards her, she is free, apart from the courtesy she owes him as her escort, to accept and attract other attention when opportunity offers. But if she is engaged to the first man, or if there is an understanding between them, or if she herself has deliberately led him on, then she should forget the other man, or be honest with the first one and tell him frankly that there is another who interests her. It is then his place to hold her if he can. A certain type of girl may find good sport in collecting scalps, but the tomahawk, like the boomerang, sometimes strikes home, and the girl may find that her many conquests have cost her the one real love that would bring a lasting happiness.

Mr. Baker's winning answer to the first question in the Radio Contest, What kind of comedy do you like best? Why?

Answering Question 1: Ever since the first days of Chaplin and the Sid Drews I have liked those comedies which deal with the everyday average problems of life—courtship, marriage, marital troubles and lovers' quarrels, all the mixture of joy and sorrow and humor which makes life worth bothering about anyway. But in such comedies I much prefer those of character acting ability to those of situation only. Let me try to explain: Harold Lloyd in his best comedies usually depends entirely on extravagant ideas and trick practical types of humor to get his laughs. He and his directors are a marvel at it—but to me it merely involves time to think out sequences of crazy happenings, and little credit for acting given to any member of his casts.

Chaplin in the old days did not have all the huge equipments and studio staffs at his disposal, yet his business had a combination of laughs and tears that had made him the comedy idol of millions the world over. He, of course, depended a great deal upon the practical sort of humor but also was second to none in wringing your heart by his acting in the same second that he was making your sides ache from laughing. To illustrate briefly; a man who puts the loose egg in the unsuspecting father-in-law's hat makes an audience laugh when the unsuspecting old devil claps it down on his head—practical humor, but not anything involving acting ability. Give Harry Langdon the same idea and not only does the audience laugh at the father-in-law being messed up but Harry tears out your heart by his expressions during the moment when the hat is being raised to be put on. His expression is half pity, half joy, half a wild looking around for an avenue of escape when the storm breaks. I firmly believe that if motion picture producers would realize this one fact there would be less horrors released under the name of comedies; the best form of humor, the funniest, the most lasting and the most appealing, is that which while funny also has a hint of tears. Charlie Chaplin's much over-rated *Kid* shows this point. There is always the audience in certain sections that will practically laugh itself to death at seeing someone sit on a tack or fall downstairs, but the average American audience is now so picture-wise, and so critical; the reviewers so much more able to judge than years back—that it takes a good comedy to make a hit nowadays, and the ones that do have most of the things I like and mention here.

The Halperin-Kane contest aroused more interest than any contest ever held in SCREENLAND. The answers were all intelligent and for the most part well thought out. The Edna Marion contest also attracted worth while comments.



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

MILTON SILLS

in

The Valley of the Giants

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves.

JOHN MILTON



LOVE and Greta Garbo! Can you wait? It isn't that the languorous siren brings a new *kind* of loving, it's just that she has so much of the original brand.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

SCREENLAND



MARY PICKFORD, though the one and only queen of the moving picture world, enslaves the rest of us by her beauty. *My Best Girl* comes soon.

SCREENLAND



RENEE ADOREE happily back again with John Gilbert making *The Cossacks* and doing for Russia what she did for France.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

A Daughter of the SAWDUST

¶ *Renee Adoree has brought the loyal spirit of the Circus to the screen.*

By Katherine Albert



¶ *Renee Adoree's joyous smile reveals the warm, understanding heart that prompts it.*

¶ *Renee's Melisande in 'The Big Parade' will never be forgotten.*

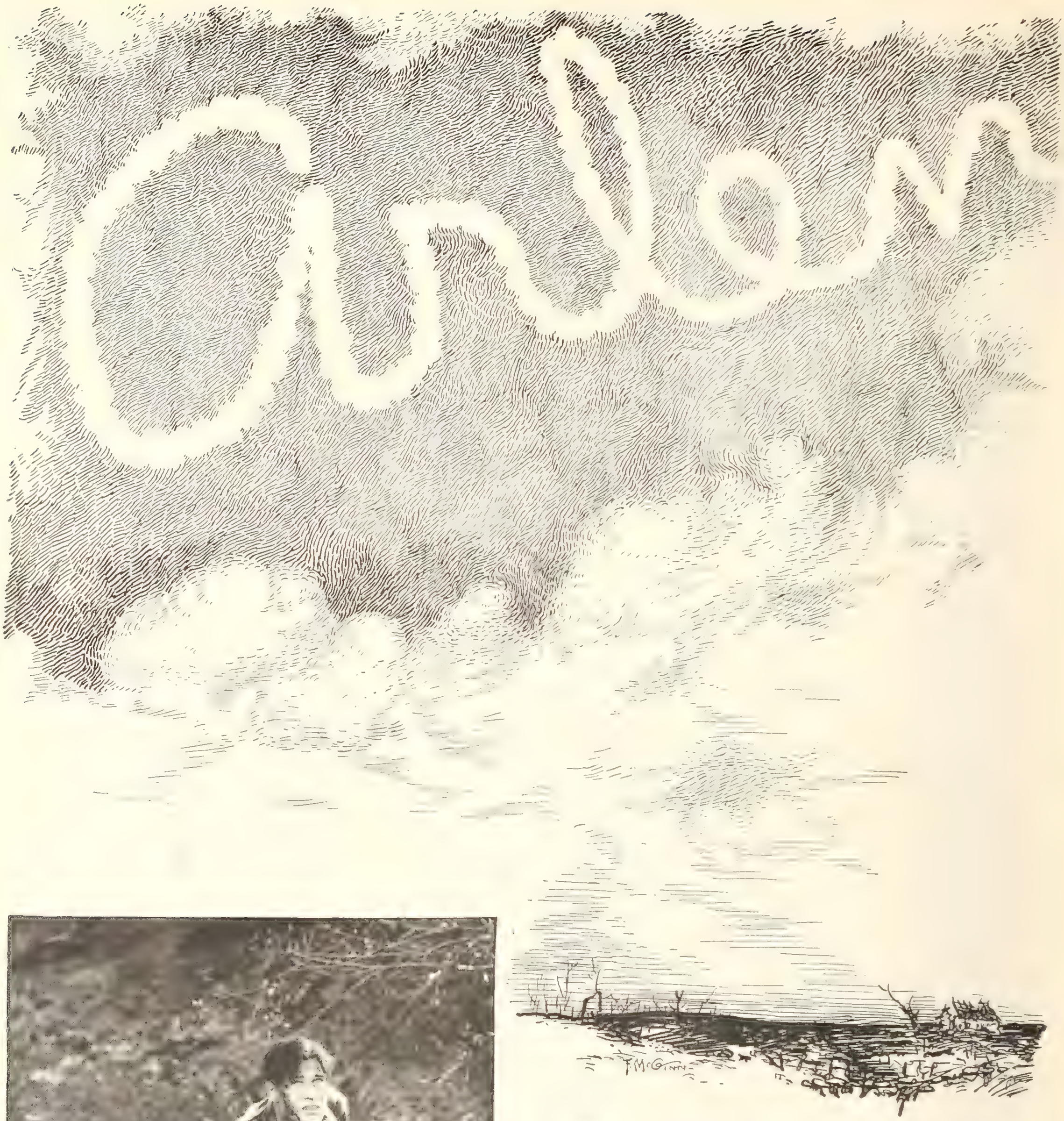
WONDER if it would be possible to write a story about Renee Adoree without mentioning the fact that her father was a famous circus clown in France, that she was literally born of the circus, and that she was dancing on a stage in Brussels when news of the German invasion came which forced her to escape on a freight train into England.

You see it isn't possible. These things are woven into the pattern of Renee's life and you simply must tell about them. Well, it's off my chest now in the first paragraph and we can get on to the real Renee.



I've never read a story about la Adoree that satisfied me. I'm not sure that I can knock out one myself. You see Renee defies the

(Cont. on page 82)





¶ The dramatic sequence in Wings *where the wounded aviator finds himself inside the enemy lines.*

COURAGE is a requisite to screen stardom that you don't hear much about. Not that plenty of the big strong men of the cinema, and the frail little starlets haven't exhibited plenty of that highly praised ingredient of character, for they have. But the boy of boys in all Hollywood who deserves the red badge of courage, in the opinion of his numerous friends, is Richard Arlen.

The bald facts about Mr. Arlen at the present time are these: After playing one of the principal roles in *Wings*, Paramount's big aviation spectacle, Arlen played leads in *Rolled Stockings*, *Figures Don't Lie* and other films. Not so long ago Jesse L. Lasky is reported to have informed Arlen publicly that his future holds as much promise as that of any man in pictures. Paramount is grooming Arlen for stardom. And he has won the girl of his dreams, Jobyna Ralston. Events seem to be shaping themselves





¶Richard Arlen has written his name across the sky of the movies, indelibly and unforgetably.

By Blake McVeigh



¶Richard Arlen is Jobyna Ralston's husband but that doesn't prevent his being our most idolized he-man.

very well indeed for him.

But how he did it makes another story. It is a narrative replete with incidents of struggle, risks, disappointment, and poverty. Chances are that not even in Hollywood, that community of envious souls, would many begrudge Arlen his richly earned fame.

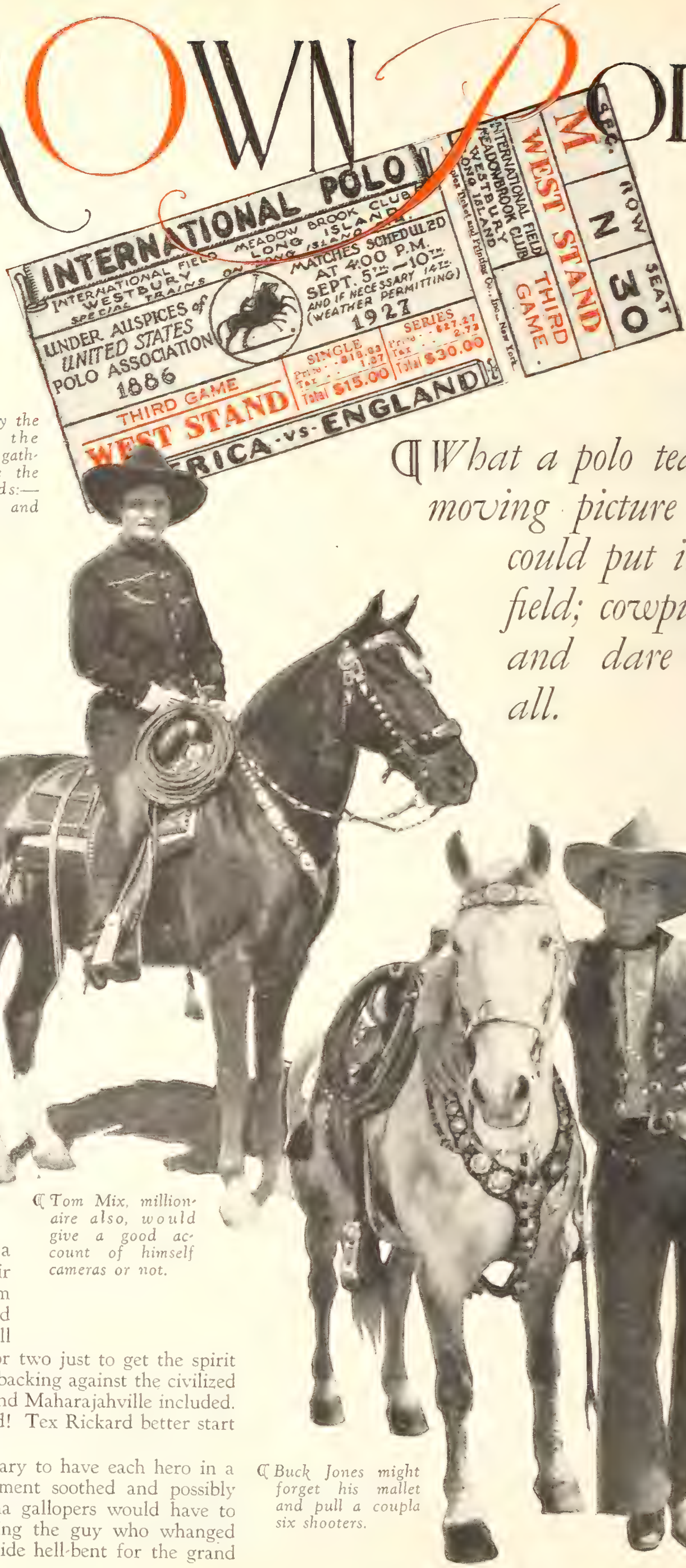
Briefly, courage played its mighty factor in the young man's rise when, as one of the heroic American aces in *Wings* he was in the air for 150 hours. This would be a long time even for straight flying, but Arlen spent those 150 interminable hours in stunt flying such as only the most daredevil aviators would undertake.

Arlen has been in pictures five years. When he reached Los Angeles he had only twenty-two dollars, a limited wardrobe and his determination.

The 'I knew him whens' will have plenty of tales to tell about Arlen back in those gloomy days when he was just a young man trying to get along in the studios, but probably no story can equal the account he himself relates of subsisting for three weeks on fourteen cents a day (*Cont. on page* 76)

¶A real aviator in the real war, Richard Arlen gives his screen role in Wings the reality of performance that can only come from searing memories.

OUR OWN POLO



¶ *At Westbury the nabobs of the horsey set gathered to see the blue bloods:— both ponies and riders.*

¶ *What a polo team the moving picture riders could put into the field; cowpunchers and dare devils all.*

WHEN the '4 o'clock' puts down its tea cup and comes ashore from the palatial yacht it is for Society's only game — Polo. A strange transformation takes place when its scions bestride a polo pony and you have only to see Watson Webb 'riding off' an Englishman to realize that blue blood can develop brutality today as well as in the days of Bunker Hill.

In this grand old country of opportunity why shouldn't an aristocrat have a chance? Why shouldn't we of the pictures give the high-hats a hand? Let's popularize their croquet game for them. If Tom Mix, Ken Maynard, Fred Thompson and Bill Hart will organize and play a chukker or two just to get the spirit of the sequence they have our backing against the civilized or uncivilized world of India and Maharajahville included. And would they draw a crowd! Tex Rickard better start on the stadium right away.

It would probably be necessary to have each hero in a close-up to keep the temperament soothed and possibly at each goal our trusty cinema gallopers would have to be humored a little, say, letting the guy who whanged the little while ball through, ride hell-bent for the grand

¶ *Tom Mix, millionaire also, would give a good account of himself cameras or not.*

¶ *Buck Jones might forget his mallet and pull a coupla six shooters.*

"4"



¶ *Deveraux Milburn, Malcolm Stevenson, Thomas Hitchcock and J. Watson Webb played for America and won. Tommy at the right is good enough for pictures.*

tand, seize a sub-deb Vanderbilt or a Whitney of the Younger Set and ride over and jump into Long Island Sound.

All these little touches would however only add zest and pep to a game which, while standing well in Bombay, is looked upon without enthusiasm by the baseball rooters of the Bronx.

Do not gather from these remarks that our American Polo Team is not worthy of our loyal affection and pride. In fact if Tommy Hitchcock will sign to do a series of two reel 'Easterns' with the same zippy-rip-riding, hell-hooting ponies that he tore up the Westbury Polo field with, we'll guarantee to produce some pictures that will prove to be *whams* and Bezukas.



¶ *Tim McCoy would put a graceful gesture on the fat ear chubber.*



¶ *Gary Cooper might carry Betty Jewel with him just to make it more even.*



¶ *Lazy cloud-shadows slip over the foothills as the wagon train creeps forward to put Wyoming on the map.*





¶ *Dorothy Sebastian and Tim McCoy supply a love interest triumphant in color 'midst the desert's arid wastes.*

¶ *Dorothy Sebastian as the charming settler and disturber.*

WHEN we stepped off the train at Lander, Wyoming, Dorothy Sebastian thought it was the set. So did I, but it developed that it wasn't a set at all, it was the town itself.

There are two thousand people in Lander. I fancy they live in houses like other people but during the day they inhabit the main street to spin yarns and whittle and spit—say, Karl Dane could take lessons from the men in that town! I believe in the movies after seeing Lander.

Although they're boarded up, the saloons are still there. The little shacks that hug the ground are old and western. There are but two new buildings in the town, the Nobel Hotel, where we stopped and the movie palace, where they show western films. Outside of this modernity has kept its hand off Lander.

Don't make any mistakes, Dorothy and I were not in Lander on pleasure—but it turned out to be a pleasure trip—almost. Dorothy was sent up to play the lead in Tim McCoy's new picture *Wyoming*. I tagged along on the location to tell SCREENLAND readers all about it. There were about 40 of us all together. Tim McCoy had gone on ahead for a rest at his ranch. We came up with Van Dyke, the director and the rest of the crew.

It has been McCoy's dream to film his pictures in Wyoming. Knowing and loving the Indians as he does, he has felt cramped in working with them at the studios. For the old Indians, those who speak no English, will not leave the reservations and it is with these that McCoy is so much at home. It is these red men he wants to bring to the screen.

It is twenty-seven miles from Lander to the Indian reservation. The company worked there every day. Dorothy and I know what an alarm clock sounds like at five A. M. Believe it or not, gentle reader, that is the hour at which we arose every day for three weeks!

The first day's work was a revelation to me. I remember

MAKING "WYOMING"

¶Tim McCoy makes a 'Western' and Dorothy Sebastian makes a hit.

By Kitty Hubert



¶Tim McCoy and Chief Goes-In-the-Lodge who adds a picturesque bit of frontier atmosphere to the picture.

that back in Hollywood Tim McCoy had told me that Indians had a sense of humor and I, naturally, put this down to Tim's ability to say the interesting thing.

I first saw—when we got to the reservation—Tim standing talking sign language to Goes-in-the-Lodge, a chief of some hundred winters. When Tim talks sign language it's a poem. He is grace personified.

The women seemed more morose than the men, creeping out of their little houses to watch us furtively.

They all worked in the picture and McCoy proved himself a genius with them.

Dorothy found another affinity with the Indians. She was born and reared in Birmingham, Alabama, as you know and her lackadaisical manner caused no end of amusement. Immediately that a scene was finished we discovered that the Indians lost no time in squatting on the ground. Even if they had only a few minutes to rest they took it big. 'Here's right where I belong,' Dorothy said. 'Why aren't there more Indians at the studio so that we wouldn't have to work so hard? They know how to relax and I certainly love that.'

While the company worked—and how they worked!—I wandered around that fascinating (Cont. on page 100)

Joseph P. Kennedy *and*

¶John F. Moynihan of Tulsa, Oklahoma won the job offered by Mr. Kennedy in the F B O Publicity Department and has come to New York.



¶ *Joseph P. Kennedy, President of F. B. O. Pictures, and John F. Moynihan who has gone to work at the job offered through* SCREENLAND. *The young man takes the first step up quite seriously and Mr. Kennedy seems to enjoy the experience of giving a helping hand.*

ONCE upon a *time* — why it must have been over two centuries ago—there was a famine in the brave old country of Erin. All summer long there had been no food—no potatoes at all. Staunch hearts and strong backs could bear the hunger and pain during the warm, heat-laden days. But when the autumn came, and the winter, with long dripping nights and short dripping days—and when even the night before Christmas came—and in the leaky, thatched roof cottage there wasn't a single shilling to buy a stick of bright-striped candy or a bright yellow orange for a single one of his nine children, the father, Padraig, was beside himself.

"Wisha, thin, what shall I do?" the troubled man cried and wrung his knotted, work-worn hands.

And just then in walked his wife, Maureen. She had been over to the church the whole afternoon. Helping to fix the Manger and the Shepherds and the Animals for the little tableaux of the Christ Child which was always placed before the altar on Chirstmas Day.

"Be lookin' now," said she, "at what I found right here at the dure near the small, little bush of Christmas roses."

She held a half-penny in her hand. "The roses are after bloomin' even with the bit of frost that struck them yesterday mornin'. So sure, it must be the good sign, then."

"Shall I be taking the copper up to the village," the father asked

His Christmas Guest

¶The great thing about having the Christmas Spirit is applying it today and every day to everyday life.

By Rosa Reilly

eagerly, "and buying the bit of sup for the childer?"

Maureen shook her head. "Go over to the church, instid, and get a blessed Christmas candle to set in the window this night."

"But the childer—they have the great hunger on them."

"Never you mind them," replied she, "do as I say, and all will be well this blessed night."

"Whirra! ye'd better have let the Master take the childer along to the Big House that time whin he wanted to," said the father, for the moment thinking only of the hungry little stomachs he could not feed.

"Arrah Padraig. Ye don't mean it surely. 'Tis only the fear in ye that's talkin'. The Blessed Lord sent us our childer and with us they will stay. Go ye now, darlin', and get the candles as I said. Ye will see, all will be well."

Uncertainly the father went up the slippery road to the thin-spired church. Candles were candles. But food was food. And his wrecked stomach had known no touch of bread nor broth these two days past.

Down in the cottage, the mother gathered her children around her.

"We'll be sayin' the Rosary now," said she. "We'll be saying the Rosary (Cont. on page 80)



¶*The smiling and proud Mrs. John F. Moynihan and little Pat all the way from Tulsa as Mr. Kennedy's guests, just because he would not have the little family broken up. Not a bad kind of a man to work for.*

Lois Moran offers You



¶ *The girl who fooled them. They thought she had no sex appeal until the undergrads picked her as their ideal parking companion.*



Little Lady Lois

By *Jeannette Sauer*

IT was preordained that Lois Moran should act. When a little girl reaches her fifth birthday and mimics everyone about her—when she shows a preference for balancing on one toe to pampering her dolls,—then, the chances are that she will eventually substitute the three R's of art Rhythm, Rhapsody and Rhetoric for the three R's of or'nary learning.

Lois, however, acquired both. Her education was developed along slightly different lines to other young girls. She went to boarding school when she was six, because her mother believed that mingling freely with other youngsters would develop poise. And at ten, when most young girls are preparing for higher education away from the maternal hearth, Lois was brought home. From then on, her studies in art, music and dancing received the whole-hearted attention of a wise little mother.

¶ *Lois in the evening wrap she sent to* SCREENLAND *to be given away.*

There is an unmistakable stamp of refinement about Lois Moran, due, no doubt, to her gentle rearing. At the same time she is as spirited and enthusiastic as any college freshman. She is a frank contradiction. Her film roles in the

this CHRISTMAS WRAP



Ever since Stella Dallas *you have wanted to write to Lois Moran and here's your chance.*

¶ *The best letter about Lois Moran will win the beautiful evening wrap. Best letter means the most entertaining and most sincere expression of your own thoughts.*

Lois Moran has played in many pictures among them *Stella Dallas, The Whirlwind of Youth,* and *The Irresistible Lover.* She has just finished *Publicity Madness* at the Fox Studio.

Address—LOIS MORAN
Screenland Contest Dept.
49 West 45th St.
New York City.

Contest closes December 15, 1927

¶ *The gift wrap of heavy white crepe embossed with silver thread is trimmed with ostrich feathers and would be just the thing for a Senior Hop.*

past two years have led people to regard her as 'the sweet girl of the movies.' When Samuel Goldwyn selected Lois to play the child Laurel in *Stella Dallas* the whole movie colony was astounded. Here was a little 'unknown' receiving one of the movie 'plums' of the year.

The story spread that Mr. Goldwyn had met Miss Moran, quite by accident, while touring France and had chosen her for the part of Laurel because she typified all that was wholesome, sweet and unsophisticated. The word 'unsophisticated' and Lois Moran became synonymous. As a matter of fact Lois had already appeared in two French movies and the one Samuel Goldwyn had viewed in a tiny French cinema house, was a war film featuring Lois as a harrassed young mother. Beneath the curly black wig and trying French make-up, the producer sensed the extreme youth and appeal of the player and subsequently made a search for her.

According to Noah Webster, 'unsophisticated' means lack of worldliness. Lois at fifteen (her age when she affixed her signature to the Stella Dallas contract) was, naturally, unworldly. During the past three years, as a movie star, she has rubbed shoulders with the great, and near great, and yet it hasn't robbed her of her most exquisite possession,—an indefinable, naive charm that attracts everyone to her.

Lois has portrayed so many demure, sweet girls on the screen, that even those about her have overlooked the fact that she possesses something more vital and compelling than the obvious, physical attraction dubbed 'it.' One motion picture director, who admires her acting ability immensely and foresees a great future for her in pictures, recently declared that Lois definitely lacked 'sex appeal.' Sex-appeal, according to the knowing ones, is an all important asset for financial success on the screen. That Lois has prospered in her brief movie career, no one can deny. And take a canvass of your gentlemen friends some day making a mental note of the 'ayes' and 'nos' of Lois' appeal. When the score-card is tallied, you will undoubtedly find that demure Miss Moran has captured all the masculine votes!

Possibly it is her fresh charm, her unassuming, reticent manner, or the understanding light in her sea-blue eyes that attracts men and women alike to this eighteen year old child. There must be something—just as intangible and interesting as that overworked word 'it'—that make her the toast of several universities . . .

GILDA GRAY, DANCER *and* PROUD of *IT*

¶ *So she offers this contest, the winner of which will receive a Ned Wayburn Dance Scholarship with fares and living expenses.*



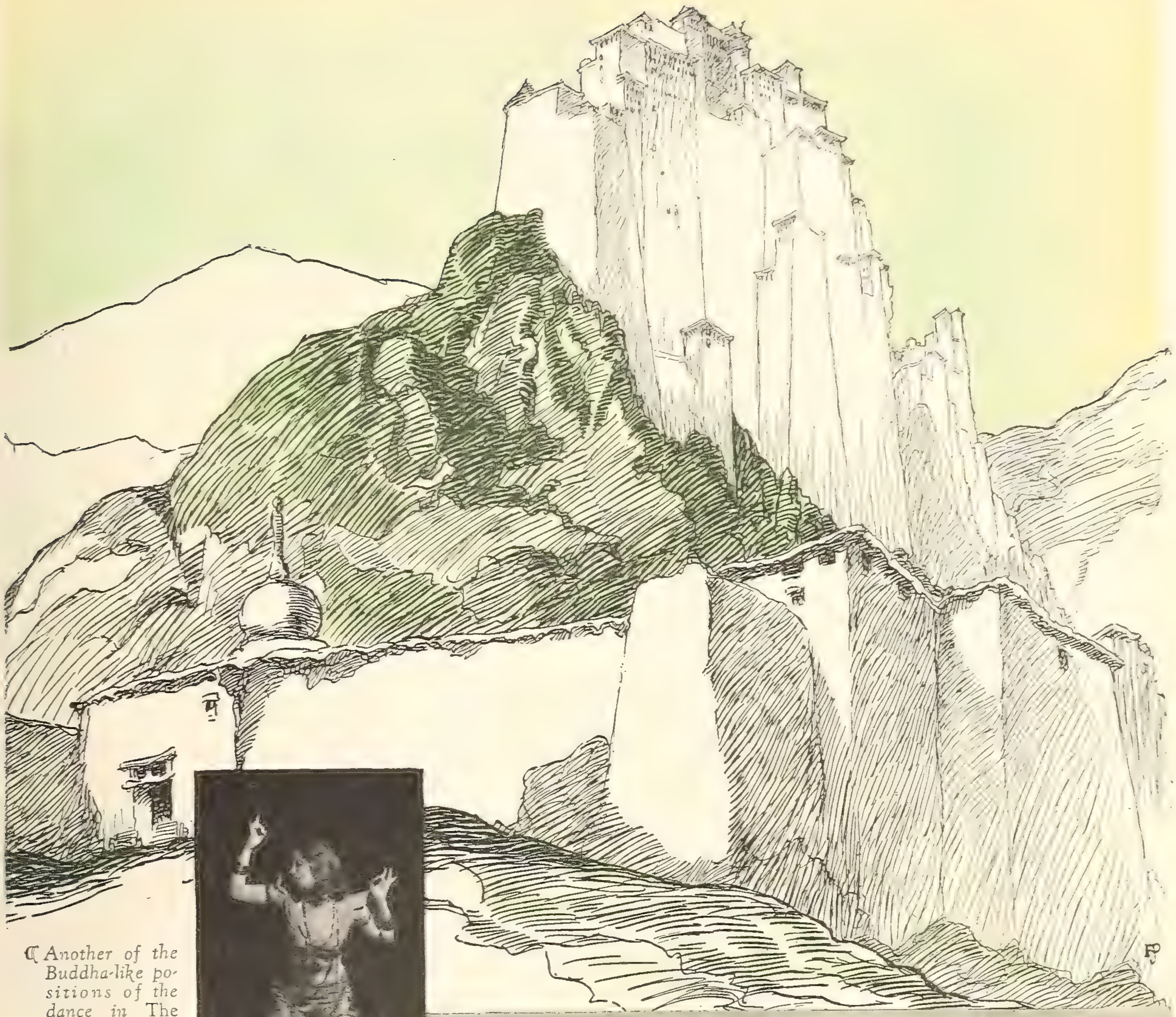
¶ *Drawn from the wonderful set used in* The Devil Dancer *designed by Willy Pogany.*

THE road to fame and fortune, will you dare it? If you feel willing to face the days of work and stoutheartedly withstand disappointment and weariness, there is no better way than to go dancing forward to your goal.

Gilda Gray offers a scholarship in Ned Wayburn's wonderful dancing school, where there are over a thousand girls studying and rehearsing. Board and room for the winner will be secured through the Y. W. C. A. if desired.

This Gilda Gray scholarship will be awarded to the girl whose letter shows her to be most eligible, and whose photograph *taken in a bathing suit shows greatest dance possibilities.*

¶ *In* The Devil Dancer *Gilda Gray reveals the estatic joy she feels for rythmic motion.*



¶ *Another of the Buddha-like positions of the dance in* The Devil Dancer.

State your age, weight and experience if any.

Write your name and address on the back of each picture.

If you want the picture returned you must send a stamped and addressed envelope.

The winner of this contest will be given a part after she finishes the Ned Wayburn course of training if she makes good, and from then on she will be self-supporting. Should she for any reason not qualify her fare home will be furnished.

Address—GILDA GRAY
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City
Contest closes December 15, 1927



DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS



¶ Delight Evans has so wisely distributed laurel wreaths of praise and hurled javelins of criticism in her reviews that we are printing her picture—we are so proud of her.

¶ What Price Censors?

CARMEN



¶ Don Alvarado and Dolores Del Rio

THE new fall model of *Carmen* is now on display. Step right up and take a look. Take several looks. This new Carmen is the snappiest so far. She makes all those other Carmens of opera and screen look like so many Elsie Dinsmores. She's the Tobasco Kid, this Spanish sweetie, and there's no bull about that, either.

The original story of Carmen is around somewhere; but Director Raoul Walsh and his talented troupe have dressed it up and given it some place to go. *The Loves of Carmen* is a modern version, with humorous touches—oh, there are all sorts of touches in this picture. At times you suspect that Mr. Walsh and his actors are kidding the old girl; but Carmen can stand it; she's stood a lot already; and she'll probably thank Mr. Walsh for the nice street-car ride. For after all, it's been a long time since she was such a red-hot number. Dolores Del Rio plays the great big little cigarette and castenet girl of old Spain. She makes ciggies and matches—especially matches. Don Jose—played by another Don, Alvarado—is crazy for Carmen but she can't see him. Instead, she sets her heart on a hard-boiled toreador, Escamillo—in private life Captain Flagg—no, no—Victor McLaglen. Vic wears a different uniform but he'll always be just Capt. Flagg to me. He and Miss Del Rio make a great team. Dolores just lets herself go as Carmen. Her Charmaine was a country girl compared to this fiery daughter of Castile. And speaking of soap—some of the love scenes are far from being ninety-nine per cent pure. What Price censors?

¶ The softer side of Spanish romance

ROSE of the GOLDEN WEST



¶ Gilbert Roland and Mary Astor

YOUNG men won't need to be urged to go west after seeing this picture. Neither will young women. Mary Astor plays a California maid of long ago—in the days when the Spanish had missions; while Gilbert Roland plays the best damn' caballero in all the sun-kissed state. Just in case some of Rosita's and Juan's descendants may be romping around out there, the Chamber of Commerce had better prepare for a bumper crop of tourists this winter. *Rose of the Golden West* is the best little advertisement California ever had.

George Fitzmaurice has made a beautiful picture. It's not pretentious; just charming. It shows the softer side of Spanish romance, in contrast to the peppery *Carmen;* and it's a much more restful way to spend an evening. All about a plot to do away with the ingratiating Spanish overlord, General Romero, played by Montagu Love, so that California may be free of foreign supervision—but intrigue and politics are only the background for a delightful young-love affair between Mary and Gilbert. Mary never looked so beautiful—and never was so seductive. In fact, I can't remember her as ever being seductive before. But thanks to the Fitzmaurice direction, she blossoms into an early-American beauty. Roland, all boyish bravado and naive swagger, will amuse you; at the same time you'll like him better than ever. Montagu Love has a real part, and about time, too. As the dictator who is so bored with politics that he welcomes a change in administration with open arms, even turning his daughter over to his would-be assassin, Mr. Love shows that all he needs to prove his worth as a fine actor is a chance. Gustav von Seyffertitz and Flora Finch

add to the interest. *Rose of the Golden West* is prettier than any of those postcards that enthusiastic visitors send back from the Golden State, and you won't have to read any of those messages wishing that you were there.

¶ A nightmare that becomes a radiant picture



¶ Janet Gaynor

SUNRISE



¶ George O'Brien

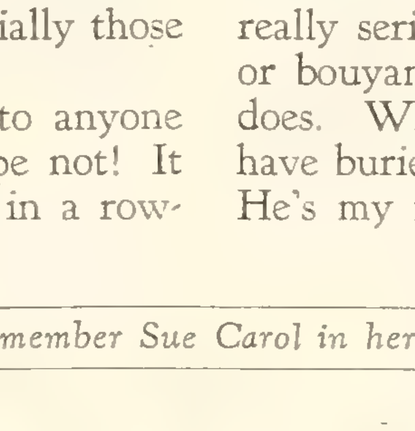
GET up and see this *Sunrise*, you lazy things. Even if you never saw one before in your life, don't miss this. It's that F. W. Murnau picture you have been hearing so much about—the director's first with the 'Made in America' label. It's a weird and fascinating picture. If you're all for sweetness and light you may think you are having a nightmare instead of seeing the sun rise. The first of it, particularly, rather resembles a bad dream. But then a human note is sounded, and *Sunrise* changes its tempo and becomes a radiant picture.

It's Sudermann's *Song of Two Humans* sung in a minor key by Murnau. That is, Murnau starts to wail a mournful melody; but American strains creep in; and pretty soon he is crooning what sounds suspiciously like a Rhapsody in Boo-hoo. The result is an artistic mixture which will probably please almost everybody, except those sad birds who think that Art must have an unhappy ending. *Sunrise* is not the perfect picture that the same director's *Last Laugh* was; but Mr. Murnau can still be the last one to guffaw if he wants to. Because he has more imagination than any other director; he is a master of lights and shadows. Wake up, you sleepy-heads; here's a new school of direction. Rub those eyes and take a good look at some of the scenes in *Sunrise*, especially those mist effects. You'll see lots of 'em this winter.

Sunrise is an account of what might happen to anyone —according to the caption. Well, I should hope not! It may be a lesson to young wives never to go out in a rowboat with their own husbands, unless they want another *American Tragedy*. Janet Gaynor plays a peasant wife, George O'Brien the husband who has fallen for a fast dame from the city—(Margaret Livingstone.) Margaret has been putting bad thoughts in George's head, and finally has the bright idea that a good way out of all their difficulties would be for George to take Janet out for a boat ride and then rock the boat. Yes, I know it sounds funny. That's the trouble with *Sunrise*. You don't believe it could really happen to anyone you know. And it's supposed to be about you—and me—and our next-door neighbors. Maybe we don't know our own strength. Anyway, it doesn't seem real to me—just a bad dream that Mr. Murnau had one night and decided to turn into a picture. Janet and George are so lovable, so human that they show up their surroundings. And it isn't that the two youngsters don't do good work. They do. Some of you may think that Miss Gaynor may not be equal to the role of the peasant wife. Others—like me—may think that the role isn't equal to Janet. She looks the sweet, placid wife with a deep-rooted love and loyalty for her erring husband; but neither Murnau's direction nor the demands of the role call forth the intense emotions of Diane. O'Brien fares better. It's his first really serious part. He can't depend upon bulging biceps or bouyant smile; he must act his way through. And he does. What other popular young actor—Irish, too—could have buried his own personality as George does in *Sunrise*? He's my favorite actor this month.

¶ You'll remember Sue Carol in her harem suit

SOFT CUSHIONS



¶ Douglas McLean

IT's the little things that count. For instance, that little thing, Sue Carol. What would *Soft Cushions* be without Sue carolling around. You may find a few genuinely amusing moments in Douglas MacLean's latest comedy, but you'll carry away memories of Miss Carol in her harem suit. There isn't much of it, but what there is is good. The same can be said of Sue. Doug discovered this split-pint soubrette, so we can forgive him for this somewhat tedious burlesque of the other Doug's *Thief of Bagdad*. It should have been awfully funny, but something slipped up somewhere—perhaps on one of those soft cushions. Doug grins his way through the oriental travesty, occasionally exhibiting a flash of real comedy. He's an engaging thief who wins the beautiful dancing-girl away from the Sultan—no small achievement—even stopping to pull the Sultan's sacred beard. Well, there's something about Douglas you'll like. And it's Sue Carol this time.

¶ Lubitsch has outdone himself in this beautiful picture.

THE STUDENT PRINCE

Real Beer

OH Heidelberg, oh, Heidelberg—thy sons will ne'er forget—or thy daughters, either. Not as long as Ramon Novarro plays that darling Stew-dent Prince, and all those handsome boys of the Corps Saxonia pound their steins on the table. I'm just being flippant to hide my tears, folks. I loved *The Student Prince,* and so will you, though you may not be a fool and admit it. I know it's sentimental, and faded, and flowery; but as Ernest Lubitsch has directed it, and Ramon, Norma, and Jean Hersholt and the rest have acted it, the picture will linger long in your memory. And oh, that beer! So near, and yet so far.



¶ Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer.

Just when you think that mythical kingdom princes are absolutely out-of-date, and you couldn't face another one to save your life, or his, so help you, along comes Novarro —and to think I never really liked him before! As Karl Heinrich he is simply beautiful, that's all. The appealing prince who finds freedom for a few brief months before he is called to the service of his country is one of the most charming characters in screen fiction. Wally Reid played him years ago. Ramon plays him now—and only these two *could* play him. Novarro is just the right mixture of boyish eagerness and pathos. And you know how few of our boys can be boyish without an effort. Norma Shearer is a quaint Kathi, who wins the prince's heart—and not just because she serves such excellent beer, either. Jean Hersholt almost steals the picture as Karl Heinrich's tutor, the genial, Dr. Juttner. But then Jean's gentlemanly larceny is an old story. Every Hersholt characterization is perfect; that's all there is to it. And of course Dr. Juttner is the sort of thing Hersholt does better than anybody else. His scenes with Novarro are just as lovely as those between the hero and the heroine—just as touching, just as tender. Altogether, Lubitsch has outdone himself in *The Student Prince.* Lubitsch—the gay, the sophisticated—hasn't grown old. He is so young that he can take his tongue out of his cheek and give us pure, unadulterated Romance—as delicate, as fragile, as beautiful as the screen has ever seen. He hasn't forgotten the comedy, either; he's put in several sly digs at his own German customs. He and von Stroheim never make mistakes. What is it about these Germans? 'With a stein on the table, and a good song ringing clear—!'

¶ Another Cinderella Story

The AMERICAN BEAUTY

ROSES are red, violets are blue; sugar is sweet, and so is Billie Dove. But Billie's brand of sweetness is bearable. Even in a part like *The American Beauty,* you can't help liking the girl. By any other name this would be as sweet. It might have been called 'How She Caught the Train—and How.' There's a chase which will doubtless go down in screen history as the most exciting ever staged —in the opinion of the male portion of the audience, anyway. It's a race between Time and Billie Dove, object, matrimony with Lloyd Hughes. Billie wins—but not before she has us gasping. She has left a party in a Spanish shawl—that's all, just a shawl—to catch a train which will take her, and Lloyd, to Paradise. She catches the train, and probably a cold; while



¶ Lloyd Hughes and Billie Dove.

the gents in the audience try to catch their breaths. Billie is a vision as she races through Grand Central Station; she dashes through the gates and her shawl falls off. Oh, porter—ice-water, please! Five men have fainted.

It's another Cinderella story, with Billie playing a food-checker with high ambitions to crash the gates of society. Walter McGrail accepts her at her face value, and Billie is getting away with her role of society debuntante in great shape, I'll say so, when Margaret Livingstone reveals her as an imposter. Hisses for Margaret; she's causing too much trouble this month. A swell actress, though. Billie decides to end her masquerade; she loved poor Lloyd Hughes all the time—a way First National heroines have. And who can blame them?

¶ Dick is in College at last

THE DROP KICK

THERE'LL be few kicks coming on Dick Barthelmess' latest—except that drop kick that wins the game for Alma Mater, or whatever her name is. It's about time Dick went to college. Almost every star of consequence has graduated lately. And of course it's no surprise to see that Richard is the idol of his class, the champ dropkicker and a wow with the sorority sisters. It's a good part for Dick and he makes the most of it.

There are as many girls as in the average musical comedy, which won't make anybody mad. There's Alberta Vaughn, and Barbara Kent, and Dorothy Revier, and Hedda Hopper. Beg pardon—Hedda plays Richard's

mother. But she's the prettiest girl in the cast all the same. She's too young to play anybody's mother, really, except her own small son's; and you can't help thinking what a lovely leading lady she would have made. Still, she upsets all the traditions of movie motherhood by being a good scout. She's young, spirited, handsome, and wears smart clothes. No cane and a cap for Hedda. She's sympathetic and snatches her son right out of the jaws of the vamp. Dorothy Revier is the vamp, and maybe it wasn't her fault but she out-bares Theda, and gives the proceedings a touch of uncalled-for comedy. *The Drop Kick* might have been a very good picture. As it is, what with the girls, and Richard, and all, it's entertaining enough, especially in these days of racoon coats and chrysanthemums. I declare if *The Drop Kick* doesn't make me feel almost collegiate myself!

¶ Ronnie in a dual role and Vilma in a backless gown

THE MAGIC FLAME

THE Magic Flame won't burn anybody up. There's nothing very fiery about it. Maybe I expect too much when I see Ronald and Vilma billed together. Well, I didn't get it, anyway.

To begin with, casting Ronald Colman as a clown isn't my idea of fun. There's nothing clownish about Ronald. He belongs in shaggy tweeds, you know, with a pipe, and dogs, striding over the—the moors, or whatever it is that Englishmen stride over. Colman is England—at least the England of story-books; he's stern, shy, quixotic. In other words, he's just swell. Of course, he's such a good actor that he is perfectly capable in this dual role business of a clown and a dastardly count; but no wonder he seemed to walk through it, looking awfully bored. It bored me too, Ronnie. I wish Mr. Goldwyn would discover some nice fresh rosy-cheeked boy and hire him to make love to Miss Banky, and give Colman a chance to do a little serious acting. *The Magic Flame* is a lucky break for the beautiful Banky. It shows her in a circus girl's ballet skirts, and a long, slinky, backless gown. It is filled with gorgeous close-ups of her. And while I like to look at Vilma as much as anybody—except, perhaps, Rod La Rocque—I hate to see Ronald just standing around waiting to be called on to do his stuff and seize the girl and give her a good smack. That's all he has to do in this, it seemed to me—darn it! Always a best man! But better luck next time, Ronald.

¶ Clara is just the cut-up every tourist longs to meet

HULA

GILDA GRAY isn't the only girl with a grass skirt and a wicked wiggle—not by a couple of blades. Look at Clara Bow. Oh, go on—look at Clara. It won't hurt you, and that's what she's here for. Paramount put her in *Hula* just to soothe your eyes. You're *supposed* to look at her; she'll be hurt if you don't. Cupid's Bow does it again in *Hula,* as a little cutie down in Honolulu where the ukeleles come from. Clara practically goes native as Hula. She's just the cut-up that every tourist hopes to run across in Hawaii where every girl is supposed to look so sweet, dressed up in her shredded-wheat. Well, leave it to Clara. She can, and she does. Victor Fleming has made lively, almost exciting entertainment out of a story as light as a hula-dancer's costume. Clara falls in love with Clive Brook, an interesting engineer who, however, happens to have a wife already. It's up to Clara to win him for herself, and this little feminine southwest mountie shows you how she always gets her man. Clara is wild and untamed—as you like her. No, she doesn't have to do any acting to speak of. And it's a shame, too, when you stop to think of it, because Miss Bow is a real, live actress when she gets started. But who wants to stop to think when Clara does her hula?

¶ Filled with the elixir of love

The CRYSTAL CUP

THE *Crystal Cup,* in case you don't know—I didn't—is just filled with the elixir of love. Gertrude Atherton says so, and Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall bear her out in this film version of the novel. My, what a liquid diet we're on! Beer, love, and kisses. Here Dorothy plays a man-hating maiden who turns into a man-eater before your very eyes. Dorothy, as Gita Carteret, is prejudiced against the stronger sex but they, as you might guess, are prejudiced in *her* favor. So although she wears a boyish hair-cut and a dinner jacket she can't scare 'em off—especially Jack and Rockcliffe Fellowes. She marries one of them—at a time. Before she makes up her mind to drink, drink out of that crystal cup, she shares sometimes interesting adventures with you; but mostly Gita's film existence is pretty dull. Dorothy does all she can to put it over, and she's so lovely she almost succeeds. Jack, Mr. Fellowes—good actor, isn't he—and pretty Jane Winton are able aids. But after it's all over you'll want something stronger in the way of refreshment than *The Crystal Cup* affords.

(*Continued on page 98*)



¶ The beach shack parties at Santa Monica set a high water mark for gaiety, only it isn't water.

By Grace Kingsley

On Bebe's Beach

¶ Edouard Raquello the Spanish dancer in The Girl from Rio, *he is winning a place through his personal charm.*

¶ Bebe Daniels has a beach house that is the rendezvous of the athletic set.

"OUTDOOR parties at the beach and on the ranches belonging to the stars are going to be the fashion all the year round," prophesied Patsy, as we sped down to Bebe Daniels' house with Syl Stokes, the young New York millionaire who is just going into pictures.

Bebe and her mother live in a big, beautiful Spanish house on the beach at Santa Monica, and Bebe was to give a big party that day. You can almost hop from Bebe's little Moorish veranda right into the ocean. I'm sure Charlie Paddock could do it in a couple of leaps.



¶ *What ho! Norma Shearer, Virginia Valli and Athol Shearer, Norma's sister. The Pacific is looking better since Cortez took an eyeful.*



¶ *Charles Farrell enjoys the quiet of the beach but more he enjoys knowing that* Seventh Heaven *is one of the most talked of pictures.*

We found Charlie Paddock there when we arrived, in fact. He wasn't in a bathing suit right then, but was playing ping-pong down in the basement with Matt Moore.

Bebe dashed out to greet us, and then dragged us into the basement where the ping-pong was going on, with Pauline Starke, Micky Neilan, Jack White and Blanche Sweet, looking on. Bebe was clad in her sensible one-piece bathing suit, with a gorgeously colored beach cape around her shoulders, and she looked lovely, with her sparkling brown eyes and her red cheeks. Bebe's feet are so pretty, as Patsy remarked, that somebody really ought to sculp them.

Patsy put on a bathing suit and splashed into the water with Kathryn Perry, Patricia Carron, and Owen Moore, who is Kathryn's husband, you know.

Pauline Starke and Jack White (Cont. on page 94)

The

¶ *The stars of movie heaven step before the camera for Screenland in their Jack Frost protectors.*



¶ *June Marlowe, all set for her location trip for* The Grip of the Yukon *in a stunning coat of natural pony and Alaskan seal.*



¶ *The Hollywood flappers envy Barbara Kent her snappy tan pony coat trimmed with scarlet leather.*

¶ *When Barbara Worth steps out in this gorgeous Japanese ermine wrap with collar and cuffs of natural kolinsky even the Hollywood sunshine blinks.*



ALMOST everybody can scare up a thrill for Christmas—it means snappy, healthy weather, furs, perfumes, violets, theatres and candle light. There is something bewitching about the late fall and Christmas atmosphere and every woman plans her wardrobe for this delightful season. The movie stars have a pretty complete fashion salon in Hollywood—they get the Paris fashions as soon as New York does, but just the same the girls can't resist jumping on the California Limited for a day of shopping in New York. And that isn't much of an exaggeration either. Louise

WOW FUR COATS



¶ *Seductive — that's what Mary Philbin is in her black karakul fur coat with white fox collar and cuffs that she flashed in her new picture* Surrender.

Brooks arrived Friday morning and left the following Monday. Estelle Taylor was here a week instead of the two originally planned. In that short space of time both girls started a string of errand boys running to the Hotel Ambassador, where they stopped, with hats, gowns, wraps, and lingerie.

Something very fetching about the fashions this year and I like the sudden dip of the bouffant skirt from the knee in front to the floor in back. At the opening of *The Jazz-Singer* Carmel Myers appeared in a shimmery, opalescent satin that barely cleared the floor in back—just enough to reveal the little gold heels of her French slippers. Louise Brooks made everyone gasp in





a Jacqueminot rose chiffon velvet with a tight bodice and very full skirt. Clusters of tiny pin tucks in sunburst effect appeared on either side of the waist. Her only ornament was a graceful corsage of rhinestones with spirals of the glittering stones to represent the tendrils of flowers dangling from it. Rhinestones, by the way, are replacing pearls as an accessory in the wardrobe of the smart woman this season. Another innovation is that the ornaments on necklaces are worn in the back instead of in front. That is to say the chain hangs down one's back.

¶ *Peppy little Barbara Kent sporting her youthful-looking fur coat of black and white karakul with collar and cuffs of white fox.*

New Screenplays

REVIEWED BY

Rosa Reilly



¶ *Big hearted Ralph Ince and Patsy Ruth Miller in* Shanghaied.

¶ *Irene Rich and Buster Collier in* The Desired Woman.



THE WINNING OAR

No film season would be complete unless George Walsh went intercollegiate and scored the winning touchdown, knocked a Frank Merriwell last-inning home run, or stroked the victorious crew for dear old Rutgers. And so George's campus contribution this season is *The Winning Oar*.

A little untimely, you might say, considering that the eight-oared shells have been put away in mothballs and that the boys who die for dear old Rutgers are doing it now on the football field.

But the boat race in *The Winning Oar* is only half the story. Knowing your celluloid spools as you do, you would say, off hand, that the hero of the boat race wins the girl. Now wouldn't you? Well, George wins the race but not the girl. This time the girl throws down the handsome lad who can hold hands for the ugly duckling who holds the mortgage on the family homestead. Yes sir, she marries Shylock, to save home and father.

George hangs up his oar, studies law and later hangs up his shingle as District Attorney. One day a husband is shot. Nothing unusual in that; they're even teaching college girls to shoot these days. But this particular husband is old Shylock himself. And George's former sweetheart is accused.

The class will now adjourn with me to the courtroom and we'll take up the story there. But I've promised not to tell what happened when the case was tried.

Old Shylock, by the way, believed that the husband's place is in the home. He neglected to say *whose* home. A trifling oversight. But that's about all he did overlook. You'll know what I mean when you see him play the gay Lothario—away from home.

CLANCY'S KOSHER WEDDING

In *Arabian Nights* the Sultan Schahriar, convinced of the faithlessness of women, had sworn to put to death each of his wives, after the first night. But the beautiful Sultana Scheherazade saved her white throat by diverting him with a story which she told him during a thousand and one nights. The story was about the locusts which came to the granary. 'And then,' Scheherazade went on, 'another locust came and took another grain of corn. And then another locust, and still another locust' . . . and so on far, far into the endless nights.

A thousand and one years ago, or was it only fifty months ago, Anne Nichols produced *Abie's Irish Rose*. And so, we hear on all sides, 'it seems there was an Irishman and a Jew.'

Which is perfect so far as I am concerned. Corn on the cob and low comedy are two things I've never had enough of. And *Abie's Irish Rose* did not begin to exhaust the mother lode of Irish-Jewish lore. And dozens of Abie's little sisters and brothers sprang up on the screen. And that is also perfect . . . But *Clancy's Kosher Wedding* is one of Abie's kid brothers dressed in short pants . . . But the pants have no seat. In fact, they have nothing at all. They are just a strip or two of ragged, poorly-spun material,—unworthy covering for Jew and Irishman alike.

THE DESIRED WOMAN

Hot sands!

Give me a picture about a military garrison in the desert, and I'm satisfied if the rest of the movie program is an educational epic of how the wack-wack bird treats its mother-in-law.

Anything can happen in a military garrison in the desert. Hearts ache. Men can be brutes, or gallant lovers. Arabs always menace. And never-failingly, there is a fierce love flaming under the sandy palms. These sun-stricken outposts are breeding spots for drama and all her tragic brood.



℄ *Charles Hutchison and Alice Calhoun in* Hidden Aces.

Irene Rich in *The Desired Woman* did not let me down in my fondness for desert stuff. Irene Rich is always lovely, most times pathetic—one of our rare picture patricians. Here she is the harassed wife of the cruel commander, William Russell. And she is beloved by the boy, Buster Collier.

The outpost is Heartbreak House. Age has a cruel memory. Youth has none. There is suffering; a court martial; a man goes mad. The fatal scene between the crazed officer, John Miljan, and Buster Collier, is a life-sized canvas of tragedy, superbly interpreted.

The Desired Woman is not a Sahara sister of *Desire Under the Elms,* but nevertheless it is a big theme strongly handled by a fine cast.

HIDDEN ACES

Hidden Aces sounds like Bret Harte and his boy friend, the Heathen Chinee. But it has nothing to do with poker, unless you believe, with the vaudeville monologist, that 'life is but a game of cards.'

The aces that are concealed in this case lie up the scenarist's sleeve, clever situations in a clever crook yarn. And unlike Captain Applejack's cards the scenarist's deck is not 'Aces, *all* aces', but is half filled with jokers. In fact, 'Hidden Jokers' might well be the title of the picture.

Usually when an emerald tiara or a pearl dog collar is in the plot, the story moves with all the heavy suspense of a Shubert musical comedy. But this time the 'jools' are handled by some very lightfingered comedy gentry.

And who do you think is the star in this right little, tight little movie play? None other than our old serial friend, Charles Hutchison. Yep, 'strue. Charles used to rescue gals from the clinging—I mean swinging—vine, hurdle railroad trains on his motorcycle, and vault over anything from a pinto to a pyramid. In *Hidden Aces* he leaps just as nimbly as ever, but over and through well timed melodramatic and comedy sequences. In an automobile chase at the finish Charles gets in some of his hair raising stunt performances.

Alice Calhoun and Barbara Tennent bring home the pulchritude for papa.

Hidden Aces has nothing to conceal. It's a fine picture very much according to Hoyle of Hollywood.

(*Continued on page* 100)



℄ *Tom Santschi, Donald Keith and Francis Ford in* The Cruise of the Hellion.



Lois Wilson's FAD

By Corinne Arkins

WHAT could be more restful than tea served in this early American drawing room? A room that breathes the very air of our fore-fathers! It was over the teacups that it had its resurrection.

Sitting in a tea-room, on a rather uncomfortable 'Grand Rapids' chair interviewing Miss Wilson, I asked her in just what atmosphere she enjoyed her tea hour best. Tilting back her pretty head she answered reflectively, as though she had actually transported herself back a century or two.

"Early American—and it rests one so. There is so much romance woven 'round this period—so much to dream about. Let me tell you about the living room in my house.

"Why I can just see the pretty 'Dames' with powdered wigs —spreading their graceful crinolines over the lovely Sheraton sofas and coquetting with gallant satin-kneed suitors. How I wish you could see it! The spinet——" (*Cont. on page* 78)



THE wallops of the Tunney-Dempsey fight shook all Hollywood and shook Leila Hyams right into *One Round Hogan.*

Photograph by Preston Duncan



IT takes a few years for a beauty to win recognition for her talents and Esther Ralston has qualified. She's in *Spotlight* next.

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

SCREENLAND



ALLENE RAY has many adventures and as many people worry over the weekly installments of them as there are shivers in Alaska. Next in *The Terrible People.*

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

SCREENLAND



LUCILLA MENDEZ is in *Chicago After Midnight*. The machine-gun bandits will doubtless surrender to her beauty as Hollywood has.

Photograph by Irving Chidnoff

What happened to part them is unrecorded history. Suffice to say that during the intervening years, rumor has had Pauline engaged first to Howard Hawkes, then a scenarist, now a director, and not so long ago to Donald Freeman, managing editor of Vanity Fair.

To say that Hollywood was surprised when Jack and Pauline took out a marriage license at San Francisco is to put it mildly. But it was the kind of surprise that the gossip-loving, match-making film colony likes. By the time the pair were wed a few days later, the story of their early engagement had been dug up and passed around. Yes, says Hollywood, Cupid can come back.

Two years ago, it seems to me, I went up to the Hollywood Hospital to see Cullen Landis, who was recuperating from an operation, and found there a red-haired girl, who lived up to the best traditions of what a girl with that color of hair is supposed to look like. She was Loca Hearne, and forthwith I wormed out of them the fact that they were engaged.

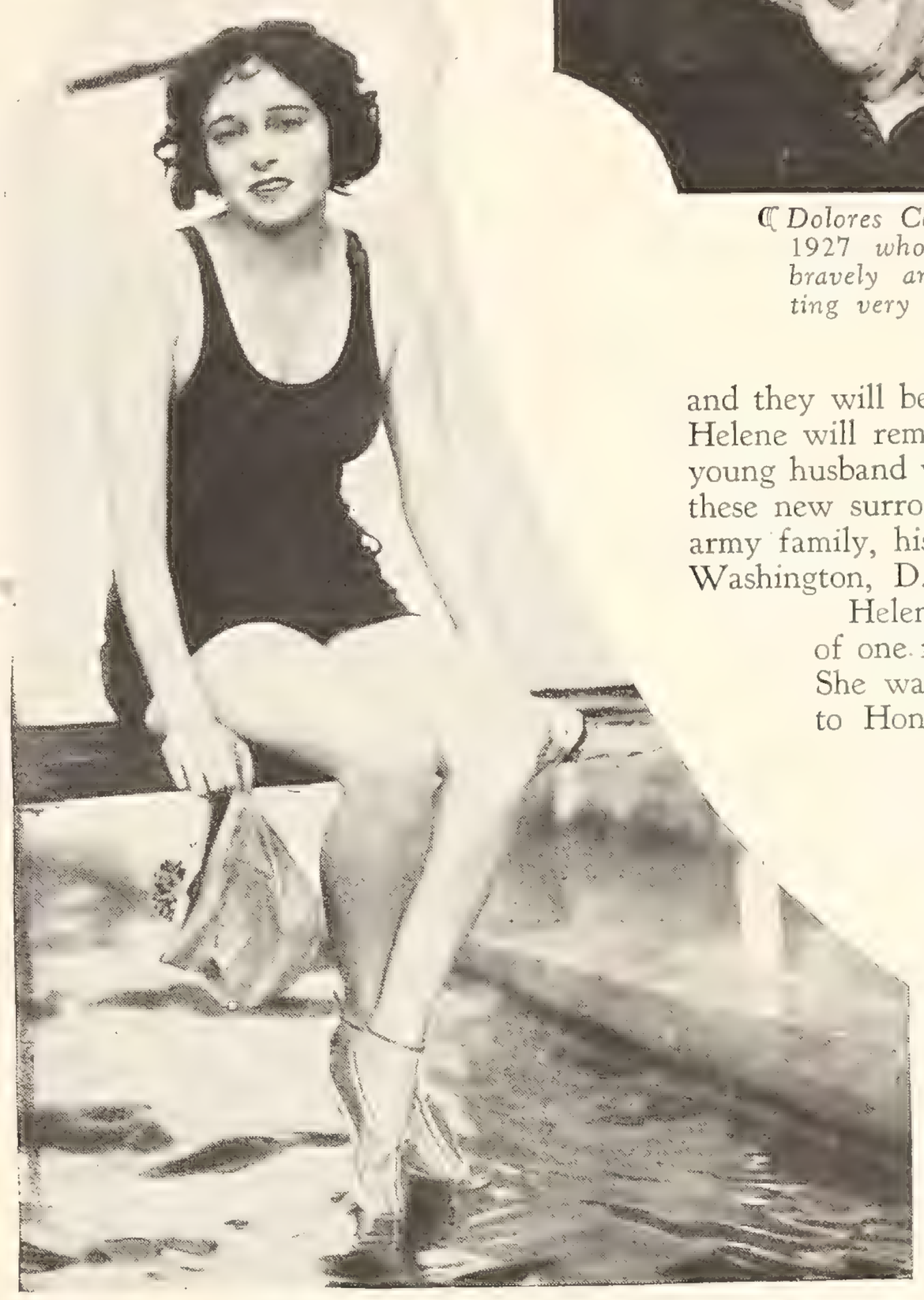
Unlike most long engagements, however, it resulted in a wedding. For contrast to their leisurely courtship, Cullen and Loca scorned to give the three days' notice required under the new law. Instead they motored to Tia Juana, Mexico, where the ceremony was performed with dispatch. They have a nice house now in Beverly Hills.

And two more couples, as I said, will be wed by the time you read this. They are Helene Costello and John Regan and Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements.

If ever a young man came a wooing, it was this same John Regan. To be sure he was a little late in starting. He had known Helene when she was a little girl back in Long Island. That was ten years ago. They met again when her mother took her East with sister, Dolores. She returned to California, he came to California. She said yes, the engagement was announced not a month back and they will be married within the week. Helene will remain on the screen and her young husband will find himself a niche in these new surroundings. He comes of an army family, his father being a colonel in Washington, D. C.



Dolores Costello and little 1927 who started out so bravely and now is getting very sleepy.



Corinne Griffith says 'Don't be so impatient. The new picture is coming along swimmingly.'



Jean Hersholt not only acts but makes everyone with him act too. It must be contagious.

Helene allows herself the luxury of one regret at this exciting time. She wanted a honeymoon voyage to Honolulu. (I cross myself to think of what seasickness of either party would do to a honeymoon.) But young Regan is to be broken in early to the bad features of being married to an actress under contract. Helene has to start a new picture within a week or so after her marriage. They'll get away somewhere though.

Since it will all be over by the time you read this, I will let you in on the surprise which Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements are planning to spring upon their friends in Hollywood.

Lest you don't know them I will say that they are two scenarists at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Let respectful silence reign because the scenarist is becoming a person of importance these days in Hollywood.

And unlike some scenarists, Florence and Colin are willing to spring one 'gag' before it is copyrighted. They are going to turn an ostensible housewarming into a marriage. A week ago they got the license. Tomorrow night a hundred guests are invited to a housewarming at Florence's new Beverly Hills home. As soon as they arrive, Florence will slip away

and change into a bridal gown. The minister will be spirited in. The first inkling which the guests will have will be the wedding march. Then the ceremony will take place. At least that is how the coup is planned. I hope it works. Only five people, including myself, know of the plan. A day and night intervene. Let's see; five times five is twenty-five and five times twenty-five is one hundred and twenty-five. It ought not to spread any further than that in twenty-four hours.



¶ *Richard Dix made up for* The Gay Defender.



¶ *Colleen Moore who can look the prettiest and the homeliest.*

It will be a relief when Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis, publicity man at Warner Brothers set the date for their wedding. Hal, like Helene Costello's young man, is suffering from being engaged to an actress under contract. He and Louise will be married as soon as she can escape from the camera.

At present she is working with Will Rogers in *The Texas Steer*. Allowing just about time for a marriage ceremony, she will then start on *Tillie's Punctured Romance* for Laskys. Being in the game himself, Hal knows how it is. Still he and Louise do deserve a better break than to be married one day and go to work the next.



¶ *Billy Dooley tries out some Christmas carols. Vera Steadman says the static is terrible.*

I may be stressing romance too much, but it would hardly do to overlook the engagement of Anna Q. Nilsson and her millionaire investment broker, Earnest J. Krause of Beverly Hills. Their wedding date is not even thought of yet. Anna Q. says she wants to be sure of herself this time. Perhaps here is a patient for Judge Lindsey.

Oh yes. Lena Malena, of Berlin, and Melbourne Spur, of Hollywood, admit without a great deal of urging that they are engaged. Lena is a comely player under contract to Cecil B. De Mille. She was a dancer and actress in Europe. And she's a fine swimmer in fresh water or salt.

Thereupon hangs a tale. Lena and Melbourne, who takes beautiful pictures, but who cannot swim, were rowing one day in the Catalina channel, made famous by Mr. Wrigley's swimming marathon. Melbourne lost an oar. Lena plunged in after it. She missed. There was a strong current. The channel is a big place and beyond it the ocean is a lot bigger. So Lena put over her shoulder a rope at the other end of which was the boat with her fiance in it. Then she started swimming for shallow water several miles away. A boat saved them but not until the plucky swimmer had been in the water for almost an hour. Can you blame Mr. Spur for aspiring to marry the girl?

Just one more word about the flurry caused in Hollywood by the reported engagement of F. Richard Jones, Doug Fairbank's director, and Lupe Velez, the irrepressible young Mexican girl who is making her first screen appearance opposite Doug in *The Gaucho*.

Lupe denied it and Jones denied it, but for twenty-four hours it was a sensation. Some are not sure yet they will not marry.

—o—

Despite the reticence of her family, it is known in Hollywood that Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, mother of Mary, Jack and Lottie is in a very serious condition at her Beverly Hills home. In fact Mary is so worried



¶ *Jane La Verne and Reginald Denny planning to strike Uncle Carl Laemmle for ice cream cones.*



that she and Douglas Fairbanks have moved from their home to that of her mothers where Mary spends day and night with Mrs. Pickford.

This was the reason Doug didn't go to the fight. At one time he and Joseph Schenck talked of chartering a car. This fell through when Doug declined to go if Mary couldn't go with him. Instead he went right to work on his new story, a sequel to *The Three Musketeers.* It is the subsequent work of Dumas, *Twenty Years After.*

—o—

It was sad for us all to learn this month that Diana Miller (Mrs. George Melford) lies critically ill in a nearby sanitarium where she has been for more than two months. Physicians are not sure that she will ever be able to return to the screen. It is too bad for she was one of the most beautiful girls who ever came to Hollywood.

Before her marriage to George Melford, the director, she appeared in several of his pictures which were made for Paramount. At present Melford is with Universal.

—o—

No one would think of connecting the facts that Patsy Ruth Miller started on a mountain location trip on the same day that a Los Angeles doctor decided to take a three weeks' vacation with his fishing rod.

And yet, if the doctor had not decided to take his vacation on that day, it is probable that Pat would have lost her life. For she was taken ill with a severe bronchitis the moment she arrived at Lone Pine. She had her makeup on, nevertheless, and was going out to work when the Los Angeles doctor happened to be introduced to her at the lodge where the company was staying.

He ordered her to bed and began to take heroic measures to ward off pneumonia, which almost surely would have been fatal in that altitude.

By the time that Oscar Miller, Pat's father, arrived, the crisis had been passed and as soon as she was able to be moved in a closed car. Pat was rushed to the railroad a hundred miles away and brought home.

F. B. O., the company for which she was making the picture, likes her so well, that they are using a double on the long shots at Lone Pine and will match up the shots with close-ups of Pat taken at Lake Arrowhead where the scenery is very similar.



¶ *Lena Malena a talented dancer from Germany and now a member of the De Mille Stock company.*

¶ *Mary Astor and her cute little wire haired terrier.*



¶ *Madge Bellamy in a tableau entitled 'Shoes and Flowers.'*

—o—

What more incongruous than the eminently proper Conrad Nagel cast in the role of a crook. Yet this is the case in a new Warner Brothers film and they like him. The chances are Nagel was never so pleased as to get away from the heroic type of pure young men whom he has played so long.

THEY SAY

by MARION of HOLLYWOOD



¶ *William Austin who has made a fortune being a bally ass. Not so asinine.*

LINDY is gone, the big fight is over, and now we can settle back to normal and get down to business again. Somehow or other, though, I muse a bit at the ghost of a chance that Hollywood has of ever keeping out of anything which matters much. First thing Jack Dempsey thinks of is 'getting back to Hollywood,' and even Lindy was the guest of about two-hundred of screenland's movie stars when he was here. The movies aren't out of anything for very long! Why, even this fellow O. O. McIntyre, who only left our happy camping grounds a few short days ago, can thank the movies for at least another constant reader. Maybe you've heard of a youth called Richard Dix? Well, Richard has been getting mail from some young lady who writes a very beautiful letter. In one of her notes she asks if Richard reads the words of friend O. O., and then she proceeds to say that O. O.'s stuff is very good and should be read. Now, every day, I read his wit, glance at his 'photograph' and announce to him that if it weren't for this good old movie game he would have at least one less booster to his name.

* * *

And before I go any further, I would like to try to settle up this beastly argument about our mutual boy-friend, young Rob Wagner. Maybe you read the wicked line insinuating that Rob is just a 'red-faced stiff,' and who can blame the lad if he objects to names like that? Neither am I upholding Rob for gently-like implying that Hobart Bosworth and Peter B. Kyne are not exactly Apollos, but you really cannot blame a man if he gets pretty much excited and forgets himself when he is called a 'red-faced stiff.' Especially it is so when you understand about Rob's nice wife and two fine boys, who never will be able to live it down or shake it off. If I were Rob, I'd absolutely leave that town of Beverly, and straightway take my household goods across the line to Hollywood, where men are men and mayors don't lose their jobs. Even Will Rogers knows that Beverly is just a sixth-rate place, at best, and certainly if a chap like K. C. B., whose kids



¶ *When Eve took the apple the snake is reported to have said, 'Leatrice you are a Joy forever.'*



¶ *Monte Banks and Toshiye Ichioka giving expression to thoughts of gladness.*

are always losing tooth-paste covers, can get away with calling a soft-skinned, handsome guy like Rob a 'big red-faced stiff,' all movie-land should up in arms and make it right by Little Nell 'ere roseate dawn slips quietly over the asphalt Boulevard.

* * *

Arguments, arguments! It's all we're having out this way right now. First, you remember, Al Rogell pulled in a great three-hundred pound fish; then up came Richard Dix and made us believe that he hooked one even larger, and next arrives that irresistible Chester Conklin, saying that he has caught a huge affair much larger than the other two. I wouldn't even dare mention who I think the champion fish-catcher is, and as for the best fish-story teller — well, I fear I'd never say a word if there was any chance of making a decision!



¶ Marion Davies shows Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh the studio. Just a few months ago he couldn't have crashed the gate unless he used his parachute. Now it's an honor to be near him.

* * *

"Just a minute, Mr. De Mille, please. I-I-I'd like to say a word or two to you if you can spare the time."

Mr. De Mille paused as he went to step into his roadster. One of the gardeners of his estate had stopped him.

"Certainly. Can I do anything for you?" was the answer of the man who spends a million just like falling off a log.

"I-I-I-I'd like to have you read a story I have written and see if you can possibly use it for a motion picture theme."

The rest is film history. The maker of *The King of Kings* read the story within a few days, and right this minute preparations are being made to produce the picture written by one of the men who cuts the film king's lawns.

So once again just let me say that life is pretty darn nice even if it's hard and rough in spots!



¶ Frankie Darro the youthful marvel at F. B. O.

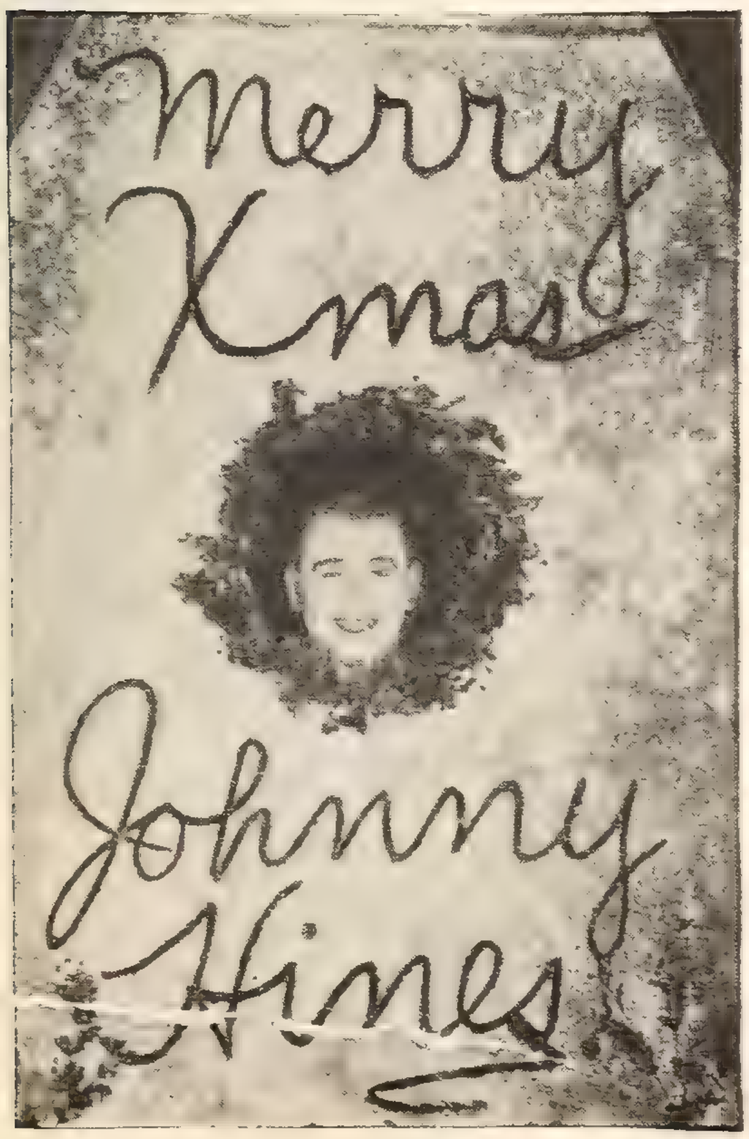


¶ Sally O'Neil showing the family resemblance to Molly O'Day her sister.

* * *

Mary Jo at last is satisfied, and Pinto sure has played in happy luck! You remember Mary Jo, I know, even though she's growing up to be a great big girl of six. Her Daddy's name is big Bill Desmond, and he has settled the momentous question of taking Mary Jo over to see Bill Hart's pinto pony. Yessir, he is going to build their house right side of Ponto's so that now Mary Jo can take her sugar to him every day. Not so bad to have a little girl climb up the fence every day, and with a tiny hand feed you nice sweet sugar, is it?

* * *



¶ Johnny Hines, carefree and gay, wishes you the same.

Bill Powell is a nervy, villing villain, all right! He takes the wicked prize, and should be thoroughly chastized. When Dick Barthelmess announced his engagement and coming

wedding, the first thing he did was to wire his pal Bill from New York and ask him to be best man at the ceremony. Bill, fooling as usual, wired back thusly and signed his tailor's name to the missive:

"William Powell has ordered cutaway for your wedding. Says he is to be best man. Cannot go ahead until you forward down payment on suit as fear Powell slippery villain."

Now what do you think of that? Dick says he knew immediately who was at the bottom of the whole thing, but Bill says that he thinks Dick wasn't so sure, because the next day someone in New York wired the tailor that Bill really isn't as bad as the movies make him look, and anyway, as a handsome hero in a new cutaway, he'd be a great walking ad for the tailor!

* * *

Another nice thing this month—little Bennie Markson, as we teasingly call him, pulled right out of the ranks of publicity men, settled down in a beautiful office with his name in gold letters on the door, and writing an original story for Adolphe Menjou's next starring picture! Not so bad, is it, and doesn't it look as if it pays to keep on plugging and plugging even if things do look slow in coming? I have met Ben many a time when he was discouraged and down-hearted and felt that the game wasn't anywhere near worth the candle, but hand it to him now because he stuck and then stuck some more until now the clouds have passed away and the sun is shining so hard he's getting a good old-fashioned sunburn. Life is such a great game after all!



Eulalie Jensen next in Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Few can hold a candle to her.*

* * *

Anyway, there's this about these folks who come to us from foreign lands:—they know what they want when they want it, and then after that, the best part of it is that they *get* it! This time I'm thinking about Maria Corda. With *Helen of Troy* one-third finished, Maria hasn't been able to find any musicians who can play the tunes she'd like to hear while she is going through her scenes. Do you think she tears her hair, flies into passions and makes everyone around quite miserable? I'll say that's farthest from her mind. After trying and trying to get an orchestra that knew her home-land songs, one morning a limousine rolled in through the studio gates onto her set, and out came a Victrola with



Lawrence Gray the always demanded lead. At work on The Patsy *with Marion Davies.*



Estelle Taylor played only one role the last year but it has kept Mrs. Dempsey on the front pages.

enough records to keep music going on the set to Maria's liking for a year or so! Not such a bad idea, was it? And pretty quick all Hollywood will know the folk-lore tunes of Maria's own home-land.

* * *

It's really an imposition to be paging Bill Tilden every month, but this time if he takes a trip to Hollywood I don't think he'll find his task so very, very irksome. Guess who's getting most excellent in the art of running round the tennis court? None other than the fair Gloria Swanson! I am informed by very good authority that it won't be long before our expert Ronald Colman will lose the moving picture tennis championship to our Gloria. Now do you think Bill Tilden will object to being paged again by us out here?

* * *

This month another beautiful romance takes us to the parson's study. It gives my romance-loving heart another thrill! By the time this is in print, Norma Shearer will be Mrs. Irving Thalberg, and old cupid



¶ *June Marlowe put some fur on her bathing suit and is all set for the winter.*



¶ *Harry Langdon trying to remember where he left his memory. Nope—Gone.*



¶ *Snookums and the doll that will pay for his 1928 lolly-pops.*

mess has felt the sting; Kathryn McQuire and George Landy are on their honeymoon; Pauline Starke has taken the fatal step; Anna Q. Nilsson has filed intentions and before long it looks as if there won't be many of us single spinsters left!

* * *

If Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thomson and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carewe are watching around for Mr. Oldman Stork to fly over their domains, business certainly is picking up for him this fall. I met him on the Boulevard the other day and he complained that things were *awful* slow. I reminded him of the heavy run he had some time back with young Mr. Sills, Mr. Hughes, Jr. and the like, but he said office rent in Hollywood is something fierce and if it hadn't been for this fall business picking up, he'd have had to move right out of Hollywood. So you see, maybe it's not such a bad thing that cupid's on the job so thoroughly this month!

* * *

Which reminds me of John Gilbert, Leatrice Joy and little Leatrice the second. You hear so many things around Hollywood, and perhaps there's nothing in the gossip that John Gilbert is spending a tremendous amount of time visiting Leatrice and their little Leatrice, but wouldn't it be the *swellest* thing if it were so and they should start right over from the first again? That baby al-

chalks up another victory for his bow and arrow skill. It certainly keeps us guessing every day as to where the next will light. Dick Barthel-



¶ Our Gang *is going in for football. You should see them tackle a steak.*

They Say—*Continued from page 73*

ways had a something in her eyes that makes you feel she's keeping from you loads and loads of things she'll never tell.

* * *

Granted that Sam Hardy is a peach of an actor, nevertheless someone really ought to turn good Samaritan and come to Hollywood to 'learn him' how to drive a car! Personally, I don't know now why Doug Junior didn't slip him into his own car and show the fellow how to come down Cahuenga Pass without burning up the brakes. Poor Sam! Picture him with his bright pink shirt, his loud tie and louder suit, trailing down the Pass with a thick cloud of smoke behind him and everyone pointing to his back with a "Say, your brakes are burning up!" Then along came Doug and did his best to help. Of course, I'm not putting this down as gospel, but folks do say as how a woman from a house near-by came out with a pitcher of water, took one look at Sam's bright shirt and tricky vest and rushed back in the house again! It's hard on Sam to know the truth, but he's a wonder when you see him all dressed up in pinks and greens and spats and stripes and patent-leather shoes.

* * *

I suppose Monty Banks has a lot of fun flashing his new fangled cane on all his friends. I have to admit, too, that it is a beauty and causes many admiring glances on the Boulevard. It looks like any other cane, except that all of a sudden, while you're looking at it, a light flashes out of its middle. Monty explained to me that he got it from Europe, that it is hollow, and in this hollow carries the battery that makes the spot-light.

He can be carrying it, simply press a button where the thumb catches hold, and presto, it's as if he had a regular flash-light in his hand. Some time he says I'm going to get to carry it down the Boulevard myself!

Maybe Tom Geraghty's chest didn't stick out when he unconcernedly announced to me that his gal Carmelita is so popular that she's playing in two pictures at once out here! Tom announced it very casually, of course, but you can't keep a good thing down, and I don't blame him the tiniest bit for being so proud of his black-eyed Carmelita. Carmelita has been playing a nice part with curly-locks Mary Pickford, and at the same time played a lead in a two-reel Sennett comedy. Tom's a pretty lucky fellow, what with two nice girls, the same charming wife of years gone by, and a fine young son just shipped away to college.

That South Sea Complex—*Continued from page 19*

Then, when it has you literally pinned down on the carpet, all but out, it croons to you, lilts to you, it purrs to you a maddening refrain that goes something like this:

"Come with me to the Southern Seas
And loll on a golden beach
Where the moon rides high
In a limpid sky
Like a full-blown Edam cheese.
Pack up a pair of mauve pyjamas
Come while the coming's good
Come old Prune
To a pink lagoon
And a beach full of red-hot mamas."

And this, as you may say is something of an invitation, isn't it? When you think of any such picture as this and compare it to the office, no matter how much you may be in love with your work, it's a temptation. Of course you'd like to go, but there's the little woman to think of and perhaps a child or children. You don't have to be a deep-minded fellow to realize that you couldn't take them on any such party. And you realize just as smartly that taking them with you wouldn't get you anywhere but into what is known as hot water.

Life is like that a lot. Here you are with a perfectly normal inclination to quit work and go to the South Sea Islands where there is no work to be done but no visible means to get there. Think of a group of islands where there isn't any work and no one to do it. Perfect!

But the South Sea Islands are far away. Life is like that a lot. The reddest apples are usually up on the top of wabbly, treacherous branches. Everything worth having is just out of reach. I often think Life is made difficult just so a lot of epigramists can stick their hands into their vests, strike a pose and get off a lot of recitation stuff like: "Anything worth having is worth working for," or "May the Best Man Win."

"Well," you'll ask me, "what are we to do about this South Sea Island Complex?"

Must we submit to being juggled between the Bottle Imp and the South Seas? Is there nothing we can do about it?

I wish there was something I could tell you. But I don't know. I can only tell you what my Wire Doctor told me when I wired for him.

"You've got to get this thing out of your system," said he as if it had been water in my carburetor or sand in my piston. "Get it out of your system once and for all," said he.

All I could say in answer to him was, "Yes."

"How long have you felt like this?" he asked me.

"Ever since I read Stevenson, Maugham, Conrad," I answered.

"You feel it worst in the Springs," he said.

"No, in the pit of my stomach," I told him, "and particularly just before going to the office, all day long and . . . "

"But that's pretty nearly all the time," said the Doctor.

"Yes," I said.

"Your's is a bad case," said the Wire Doctor and he thought for a long time.

"I tried to shake it off one night," I suggested.

"Yes?"

"Yes. I went to see *Rain*."

"The play?"

"Yes . . . but it didn't seem to do much good. It came out in spots all over me and I couldn't make the office next day or the next."

"I know, I know," said the Doctor brokenly.

"Say, doctor," I suddenly hunched, "don't you think you could prescribe a long south sea voyage for me, you see what I mean?"

"Yes," said the Doctor, "I see, but it will cost you so much money you won't have enough left over to pay me my fee."

At this I broke down and began to cry.

Suddenly the Doctor clicked his heels together and uttered a long drawn war-whoop:

"I have it," he cried, "I have it. I have a clue," or whatever it is Wire Doctors have.

At this I began to grow better at once.

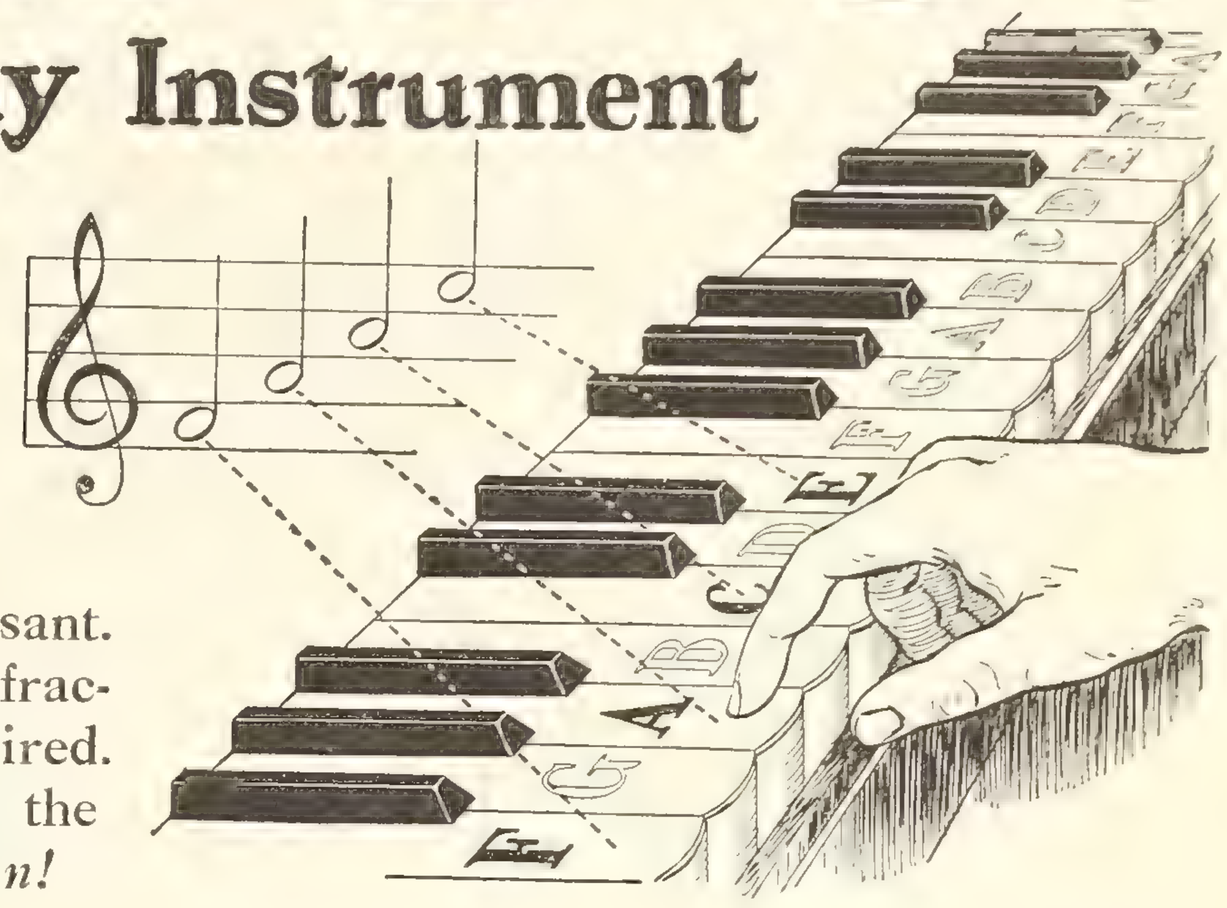
"Did you ever see a cinema?" he asked me. Learned people, you will notice always call the Movies: Cinemas.

"Yes," said I. "I've been to the Movies."

"Do you remember a picture called,

Easy as A–B–C!

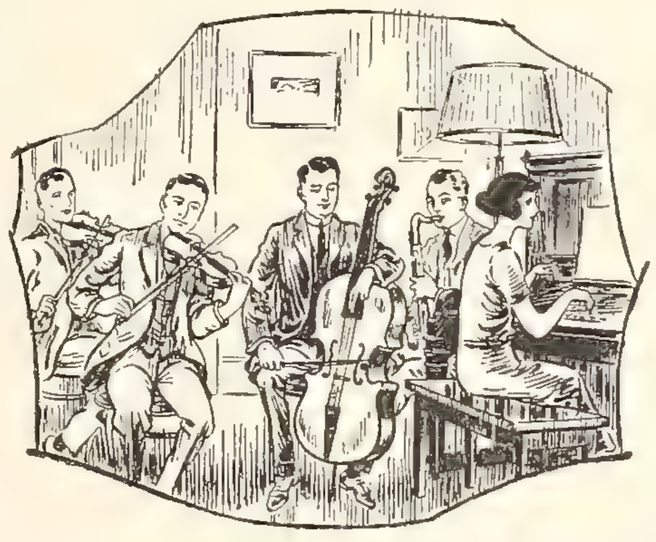
You Can Play Any Instrument In a Few Months This Delightful New Easy Way!



Quickest because natural and pleasant. Grateful students say they learn in a fraction of the time old, dull methods required. You play *direct from the notes.* And the cost averages only a *few cents a lesson!*

LEARNING music is no longer a difficult task. If you can read the alphabet, you can now quickly learn to play your favorite instrument! That's actually *true.* A delightful new method has made it positively *easy* to become a capable performer within just a few *months.* And the cost is only a *fraction* of what people used to spend on the old, slow methods!

You don't need a private teacher, this new way. You study entirely at home, in the privacy of your own room, with no one to interrupt or embarrass you. Practice a lot or a little, as you like—according to your desire to get ahead—and *enjoy every minute of it!* For, strange as it may seem, the new method, is *agreeable* as well as *rapid!*



You Needn't Know a Thing About Music to Take This Pleasant, Rapid Course

Even if you don't know one note from another now, you can easily grasp each clear, inspiring lesson of this surprising course. The things you must know are presented in such a concise, graphic way, that even a child can understand them—yet not a minute is lost on unnecessary details. You instantly "get" the real meaning of musical notation, time, automatic finger control and harmony. The lessons are delightfully *human.* You *like* them. You get ahead fast because everything you have to do is so *reasonable* and so *pleasant.* Even scale practice, the old bugaboo, is reduced to a minimum and made interesting! And almost before you realize your progress you begin playing real tunes and melodies instead of just scales. Thus the course *interests* you all the time—*inspires* you—*encourages* you.

No Tricks or Stunts—You Learn From "Regular" Music

Yes, the new way teaches you to play from *notes,* just like the best musicians do. There are no trick "numbers", no "memory stunts." When you finish the U. S. School of Music course you can pick up any piece of regular printed music and *understand* it! Think what that means! You'll be able to *read* music, popular and classic, and *play it from the notes.* You'll acquire a life-long ability to please your friends, amuse yourself, and, if you like, make money (musicians are highly paid for their pleasant work).

The Surest Way to be Popular and Have a Good Time

Do you sit "on the sidelines" at a party? Are you out of it because you can't play? Many, many people are! It's the *musician* who claims attention. If you play, you are *always in demand.* Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

Never before have you had such a chance as this to become a musician—a really good player on your chosen instrument—without the deadly drudging and expense that were such drawbacks before. At last, you can start right in and get *somewhere* quickly, cheaply, thoroughly.

How You Learn Any Instrument So Easily This Way

The amazing success of students who take the U. S. School course is largely due to a newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are *told* how a thing is done, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The admirable lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not *entirely plain,* you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply.

Whether you take up piano, violin, 'cello, organ, saxophone, or *any other* instrument you find that every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always *practical.* Little theory—plenty of *accomplishment.* That's why students of this course get ahead *twice as fast*—*three times as fast*—as those who study old-time plodding methods! Read some of the letters on this page and see for yourself. They don't guarantee that *everyone* can become a good player in three or four months; but they are written by people who didn't know any more about playing when they started the U. S. course than you do now. (Note that if you *do* know something about music now the U. S. School of Music grades you and instructs you accordingly.)

PROOF!

"I am making excellent progress on the 'cello—and owe it all to your easy lessons." **George C. Lauer, Belfast, Maine.**

"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces. I knew nothing about music when I started." **Ethel Harnishfeger, Fort Wayne, Ind.**

"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of music I wish. My friends are astonished. I now play at church and Sunday School." **Turner B. Blake, Harrisburg, Ill.**

"Your lessons are the easiest way I know of learning to play. I am delighted with them." **Mary P. Williams, Gest, Texas.**

Learn to Play by Note

Piano	'Cello
Organ	Harmony and Composition
Violin	Sight Singing
Drums and Traps	Ukulele
Banjo (Tenor 5-String or Plectrum)	Guitar
Mandolin	Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Clarinet	Harp
Flute	Cornet
Saxophone	Piccolo
Voice and Speech Culture	Trombone
Automatic Finger Control	
Piano Accordion	

Send Now for the Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course can not be told on this page. So a booklet has been printed—"Music Lessons in Your Own Home." You can have a copy absolutely *free* for the trouble of filling out the coupon below—and in the booklet you will find an offer that makes the U. S. course available to you at a *very low price.* With it will be sent a Demonstration Lesson which explains better than words how delightfully quick and easy this wonderful new method is. There is a good reason for this big reduction, as you will see on reading the booklet, but since our offer makes the cost of the lessons average only a *few cents each,* we want only people who are seriously interested to take advantage of it. If you are really anxious to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon *now—today.* Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. **U. S. School of Music, 32212 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.**

Please write name and address plainly so that there will be no difficulty in booklet reaching you.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
32212 Brunswick Building, New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:

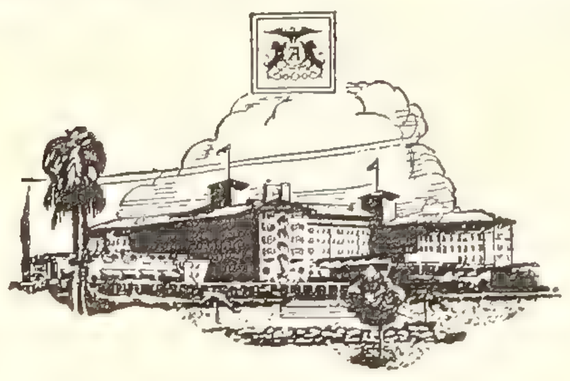
.....

Have you above instrument?.....

Name .....
(Please write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....



The Ambassador
Los Angeles

PLAN TO enjoy Southern California's glorious climate this year at this world-famous hotel.

CARL VAN VECHTEN

Famous author, writing in VANITY FAIR, says:

"The Ambassador is, I should think, one of the very best hotels in the world. The service is superlative, the food divine, the courtesy of management and employees unfailing."

In the wide range of its attractions, the Ambassador likewise excels. Superb 27-acre park, with miniature golf course and open-air plunge. Riding, hunting and all sports, including privileges of Rancho Golf Club. Motion picture theater and 25 smart shops within the hotel. Dancing nightly to the music of the famous Cocoanut Grove orchestra.

Write for Chef's Booklet of California Recipes and Information.

BEN. L. FRANK
Manager

Where the Pavement Ends?

"Yes, and I can go back to *Ebb Tide*," I came back at him.

His eyes dilated, his lips dilated, his ears dilated in his enthusiasm.

"And if I don't miss my onions," said the Doctor, "you saw a picture called, *Soul Fire*."

This was beginning to look like mind-reading, not wire-tapping.

"Yes, I saw *Soul Fire*," said I and to see if I could shake him off my trail I lied, "I liked Norma Talmadge in it very much."

"Norma Talmadge," he shrieked like a maniac, "Bessie Love you mean."

I was beginning to become alarmed for the Doctor . . . his eyes were no longer dilating, they were hanging out in his excitement.

And now, as he warmed to his subject he shot his words at me like so much machine gun fire:

"What about *Paradise* with Betty Bronson and Milton Sills, *Never the Twain Shall Meet*, with Anita Stewart and Bert Lytell, *Tell It to the Marines*, with Lon Chaney and Caramel Myers."

"Not Caramel, Carmel," I interrupted to correct him.

He ignored me: "And what'shisname Haines" . . . here he snapped his fingers, "*Aloma* with Gilda Gray and Warner Baxter . . ." he paused for breath and as he stopped, I shot in my one drive, "*Hula* with Clara Bow and Clive Brook."

"Yes," he panted.

"Let me see your tongue," I asked him.

He put it out and I saw that if he was to be saved something must be done and quickly.

I opened his vest and applied an improvised tourniquet just above the wound, between the wound and the heart to stop the circulation of blood. Next I placed him on his stomach or abdomen, removed from his mouth all foreign bodies, such as false teeth, tobacco and gum, pulled and kept the tongue forward and rubbed the parts of the body most liable to be affected such as the eyes, nose, ears, fingers and toes till the danger was well past.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"I told him."

"I'm sorry," he lisped, "I had an idea or a dream or an hallucination that I had gone to the South Seas."

"We were only talking about it," I said soothing him, "You look to me as if you had a pretty bad case of the South Seas Complex yourself," I suggested.

"I've had it ever since I was a boy," said he. "Everybody has it. Wherever you see five men together, all five of them have the blue lagoons. They'd give thier shirts to go to the South Seas."

"Oh!" he moaned, "to get away—out of it all! Away!"

"Atta boy," said I, "I've got a pass for Roxy's."

"Hurray," said the Doc., and we went off hand in hand. So another South Sea Complex was satisfied.

MORAL: A grass skirt covers a multitude of cinemas, or Keep those School Girl complexes.

Arlen—*Continued from page 31*

while he was making the rounds of all the cinema plants in search of work.

Arlen was born about twenty-seven years ago in Charlottesville, Virginia, the son of James and Mary van Mattimoré. When he was a young boy his family moved to St. Paul, Minnesota, and he was educated there. At. St. Thomas prep school he achieved local fame as a football and hockey player. He entered the University of Pennsylvania and made the freshman football team, as well as the hockey team.

The United States entered the war and Arlen tried to enlist. He was too young. He did what many other adventurous Americans did at the time—joined the British Army. Arlen enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps. He trained in England and won a lieutenant's commission. He served as a pilot in taking new planes to the front.

After the war he returned to St. Paul and planned to resume his college career at the University of Minnesota but changed his mind and entered a brokerage office in St. Paul. He also played on the hockey team of the St. Paul Athletic Club, one of the great sevens of the country. Seemingly, market quotations didn't satisfy his longing for action, for soon he quit his job and went to Duluth where, for a spell he worked as a sports writer on the News-Tribune.

About this time much was being written about the vast wealth in the Oklahoma oil fields. Arlen thought that he might as well get in on some of it but after spending five or six months in the rough and ready environs of Breckenridge, Texas, he decided that there was nothing in it for him and continued his odyssey to southern California.

Arlen worked as extra in scores of pictures but he never got a break—that is, he never was recognized as a prospective leading man by any important director or studio official until he suffered a broken leg.

Being a healthy young man Arlen had accepted, temporarily, a job in a film laboratory, and not in front of a camera. He was delivering some negative on a motorcycle when the accident occurred. It happened right in front of the casting office of the Paramount studio and the victim was carried in there. The casting director (who probably had seen him casually scores of times before) took a good look at him and was impressed by his manly appearance. It was a face fairly alive with character. The casting director gave him his first encouragement since he had come to the movie city by promising him work as extra when his leg had healed.

Arlen was given, at last, that eagerly sought document, a long term contract with a big producing organization. The company was Paramount, and, unknown to Arlen, none other than Jesse L. Lasky himself was taking an interest in his development. He was cast in a bit in, *In the Name of Love* and what little he had to do, he did well. So he was placed in juvenile leads in *Behind the Front*, *The Enchanted Hill* and *Padlocked*. His stock took a slump when he was little more than an extra in *Old Ironsides*.

Along with nearly every other juvenile in Hollywood Arlen was given a test by Director William Wellman for the role of David Armstrong in *Wings*. Fame recognized fortitude and he was chosen.

For six months, together with Charles Rogers, and the hundreds of brave United States Army pilots who cooperated in the making of the wonderful aviation scenes in *Wings*, Arlen risked his life daily. And he turned in a fine acting performance which made him one of the most eagerly sought after actors on the Paramount lot, when directors were casting their films.



"Six Months Ago All I Got Was Sympathy"

The personal story of a woman who was never really sick, yet always ailing, always too tired to enjoy life and how she made herself into a virile, vital being of super-health and strength.

"WHY Ruth, what in the world has happened to you?"

I knew what Frances Knight meant. She hadn't seen me for over a year. We were chums until she married and moved away. The last time she saw me I was on the verge of a breakdown. Now she found me the picture of health.

A year ago, yes, even six months ago, I was an object of pity. All my friends felt sorry for me. I was always tired, always weary, always despondent. My nerves were worn to a ragged edge. My head ached, my back ached, every bone in my body seemed to ache. All I got was sympathy—and advice.

Naturally I tried everything that sounded reasonable. I took tonics, pills and powders until I was a walking drug store. Still I had every ache and pain one could suffer with. I kept on growing weaker. I had no energy to dance, or join in the sports of my friends. My entire physical condition became that of an aging woman. Though I was seldom really sick enough to call a physician, yet I was always *so* tired, *so* worn out. I had to give up nearly all my social activities, because I was too weary to exert myself.

My poor physical condition was reflected in my appearance. My face was drawn and haggard. My eyes became dull and sickly-looking. My complexion was "pasty" and colorless.

Then one day I heard someone refer to me as having "one foot in the grave!" What a shock it was to hear that! How angry I felt! But my anger soon gave place to a feeling of shame that I should become an object of pity.

I decided then and there to find "the way out." How well I did can be seen by just looking at me.

My secret is simply that of Annette Kellermann's methods! I read, in a magazine, of Annette Kellermann's life—how she, who is called the world's most perfectly formed woman, was once practically a cripple; puny, ailing, always sickly.

The story of how she dragged herself out of misery and actually made of herself the lovely, healthy, beautiful woman she is, gave me new hope and new faith. I wrote to her for her book, "The Body Beautiful" which describes her methods.

To that little book, I can truthfully say, I owe the wonderful health and exuberance of spirit that is mine today. It opened my eyes to the fact that it is totally unnecessary for women to suffer as they do. I learned that every woman—unless she has a serious organic derangement—can live a life as vigorous and strong and free from pain as a man's.

Today I am practically *never* tired. I am never nervous or irritable. I never have any of the petty ailments from which so many women suffer. My step is springy, my eyes are bright, my skin is firm and clear, my body is slender and graceful. I dance again as I used to. I play tennis again as I used to. I am gloriously happy as I used to be.

And because I know that there are thousands of women who are now living as I did, because I know every one of them can actually be a *new* woman, with health and beauty such as they never knew existed, I am glad to tell them about this simple way out of their troubles.

Miss Kellermann is now anxious to give every woman the benefit of her simple, 15-minute-a-day system and invites you to write a letter or mail the coupon below for her new book, "The Body Beautiful." There is no charge or obligation. No salesman will bother you. The book will be sent free, if you will only write for it. And you can judge at your leisure whether or not you can afford to miss this opportunity to make a "new woman" of yourself, as over thirty thousand women have done.

Send for Miss Kellermann's book at once—now, while your determination to do something about yourself is strong. Just address Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 2412, 225 West 39th St., New York City.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Inc., Suite 2412
225 West 39th St., New York City

Dear Miss Kellermann:

Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in

☐ Body Building ☐ Weight Reducing

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Buy GIFTS -the modern way



WHAT YOU DO—

SEND ONE DOLLAR with your name and address, the number of the article you wish to examine and a brief note telling us something about yourself.

Simply state: (1) How long at present address, (2) Age, (3) Married or single, (4) Name of employer, (5) Nature of work and (6) How long in employ

This information will be held strictly confidential—no direct inquiries sent to employer

WHAT WE DO—

Upon arrival of your order, we will open a Ten Month Charge Account and send your selection for approval and 15 day trial. If satisfied you pay balance in 10 equal monthly payments. Otherwise, return and full amount paid will be refunded

No articles sold to persons under 20 years of age.

$57.50

S-60 AAI blue-white diamond in Ladies 18K white gold ring Butterfly design

$1 *with order* $5.65 *a month.*

$39.50

S-61 Open-work Bow-Knot design for Ladies in 18K white gold with AAI blue white diamond.

$1 *with order.* $3.85 *a month.*

It's a BULOVA Strap Watch

S-62 14K rolled gold-plate 15 jewel Bulova movement 'dust-tite cap, radium numerals and hands

$29.74—$1 *with order,* $2.87 *a month*

$45

S-63 Engagement ring with motif of Love Birds, carved in 18K white gold: AAI blue-white diamond

$1 *with order,* $4.40 *a month*

$50

S-64 The Mayflower --beautifully carved in 18K white gold with AAI blue-white diamond.

$1 *with order.* $4.90 *a month*

Strap Watch For MEN

S-65 14K green gold-filled engraved, guaranteed 16 jewel movement radium numerals and hands

$27.50—$1 *with order,* $2.65 *a month.*

$100 Brings Your Choice 10 MONTHS TO PAY

S-66 18K white gold ring for ladies set with three sparkling AAI blue white diamonds Regular $50 value $37.50—$1 *with order,* $3.65 *a month.*

S-67 An ideal gift for misses. Initial and diamond mounted on genuine onyx in 14K white gold carved mounting $18.50—$1 *with order,* $1.75 *a month*

S-68 A beautiful solitaire of a low price. 18K white gold mounting with AAI blue-white diamond $32.50—$1 *with order,* $3.15 *a month.*

S-69 A beautiful leaf and floral design in 18K white gold Dinner Ring set with three AAI blue white diamonds $39.50—$1 *with order,* $3.85 *a month.*

NOW Ready 1928 EDITION

To Any Adult—

interested in the purchase of a Diamond Watch or article of Jewelry we will send free of charge, and without obligation, this beautiful booklet illustrated in colors. You can choose your gifts at leisure in your home. Ten months to pay on everything.

A beautiful presentation case given without charge with your choice of these watch combinations.

S-70 14K solid white gold rectangular wrist watch, beautifully engraved; guaranteed 15 Jewel movement, silk grosgrain ribbon and expansion bracelet.

$27.50—$1 *with order,* $2.65 *a month*

S-71 Four blue-white diamonds and four blue sapphires in 14K solid white gold hand-engraved wrist watch complete with silk grosgrain ribbon and flexible expansion bracelet Guaranteed 15 Jewel movement.

$45.00—$1 *with order,* $4.40 *a month.*

L. W. SWEET INC.

Dept. 1957-T 1660 Broadway

NEW YORK

Lois Wilson's Fad

(*Continued from page 52*)

and she paused.

Of course seeing it was out of the question. But she described her treasures of antiquity and I was delighed with the mental picture; so much so that it occurred to me, mayhap, her fan friends would like also to know the charm that scintillates from lovely furniture. Just as of old, when Alladin rubbed his Lamp, and presto! the wish was a reality—Lord & Taylors performed the miracle and almost to a letter reproduced the lovely fantasy. "Why on earth don't they show us a picture of Lois's own room instead of this," I might hear you exclaim. Well the reason will be obvious to any house-wife when she hears that Lois's lovely room and Lois's lovely house in sunny California is going through a period of renovation and it would be several weeks before it was in a condition to be photographed, and, as SCREENLAND was going to press almost immediately, we thought up this idea which gave Lois as much pleasure as it did me.

The room itself, it seems is a most entrancing one. It has a distinct "Georgian" air. The walls are panelled and painted a chalk blue. The cheerie fireplace has an "Adamesque" appearance, being quite plain and dignified, lacking a shelf piece and having for its chief adornment a very fine Adam mirror.

Under the mirror hand are some interesting silhouettes—the one on the left being Uncle Miles himself! How intimate! The Chippendale chair at the left seems to spread a warm welcome. It is covered in rose-color silk damask, the arms being covered in a fret-work design. The legs are Gabriel. Near it is a tilt-top mahogany table that had its birth in Virginia about 1790. Let us stop to dream a minute. Who knows what famous Revolutionary General may have picked up his teacup from this very table. The unusual spinet comes from Lancaster. The reed legs are very beautiful, the piano itself is most graceful. Over this hangs a Moorland Print, an original and very choice.

A flood of sunlight comes thru the small windows, that make such lovely frames for the apple blossoms peeping thru. They are dressed in perfect harmony with the buds, a blush-rose-colored brocade edged with blue and caught back with original gilt tie-backs in the oak leaf and acorn design. An American Heppelwhite card table is at the left wall; one of the most beautifully grained pieces of red mahogany I have ever seen. The top is finished in satinwood.

The group at the lower right is distinctly Chippendale. The mirror is a very fine example of early American style, having its origin in Massachusetts. It is mahogany with gilt-edge and gold Eagle Pediment. The drop leaf table is simple but a lovely piece, very good legs with ball and claw feet.

There are innumerable other things that I would like to describe for you if space permitted, such as the Staffordshire figures, china, etc., but I must save enough space to tell you that I believe Miss Wilson should be complimented for her exquisite taste in creating the lovely vision for us.

Now is it not easy to see the joy one would get from these associations? The lore is bewitching. It has been said that "collecting" is a [illegible] which grows on one. Well, it is a pleasant one, and an imaginative mind can have a lot of fun dreaming in a room like this.



Speak French, German, Spanish or Italian in a Short Time

LEARNING to speak, read and write a foreign language may seem the most difficult of tasks.

You may feel that it is *impossible* for you to learn except after years of hard study, which you do not care to undertake.

Yet here is an *agreement* that, not only can you *learn* French, Spanish, German or Italian, in YOUR OWN HOME, by MAIL—but that you can learn it *very quickly*.

The trouble with every other method of teaching foreign languages is that your mind is cluttered up with a mass of translations, rules, exceptions to rules, grammar, and dozens of other intricate details.

The Pelman method is so different, so much simpler, so much more PRACTICAL that there is no basis of comparison.

A Striking New Idea

Here is the revolutionary new principle of the Pelman Method in a few words: In English, French, German, Spanish and Italian there is a great body of words (reaching up into the thousands) which are practically identical in all these tongues.

If you were asked to read a French, German, Spanish or Italian newspaper, you would probably give up without making the attempt. Yet, as a matter of fact, you already know a very large number of the words you would meet with. You would recognize most of them "at sight." Others you would be able to guess correctly from the way they fit in with the words you know.

Really, instead of being totally ignorant of these four languages, you already have an excellent start toward learning one or all of them!

It is this remarkable fact that lies at the basis of the wonderful success that has come to the Pelman Language Courses, wherever they have been tried.

Learn as Children Do

Just like a child learning to speak, you do not bother at first about grammar. Instead, you learn from the very first lesson how to use the language itself. When you can speak, read and understand others readily, then—and then only—you get the knowledge of grammar you need in a new, simple way.

Suppose, for example, that you have decided to learn French. (The Pelman method works just as simply with other languages.) When you open the first lesson of the Pelman method you will be surprised to see not a single word of explanation in English. But you soon realize that no English is necessary. You find that you already know enough French words to start—and you can easily discover the meaning of the unfamiliar French words by the way they "fit in" with the ones you recognize at sight.

By means of this revolutionary system, within eight to twelve weeks you will find yourself able to speak a foreign language more fluently than those who have studied it for years in the toilsome "grammar first" way.

This is no exaggeration. In England, where this wonderful new method was originated, tens of thousands of people have found that it makes foreign languages astonishingly easy to learn. In America this success was at once duplicated. This is by far the most practical and sensible way to learn French, Spanish, German and Italian.

Agreement

Every Pelman Language Course is taught under the absolute agreement that if, after completing it you are not entirely satisfied with your ability to read, speak and understand the language, your tuition will be refunded instantly upon demand.

(*Signed*) B. C. McCULLOCH,

President, The Pelman Language Institute, New York City

Send for Free Book

A free book, yours for the asking, shows you what a real cultural benefit, what a wonderful means for pleasure, it is to have another language at your command. This book actually shows you that you can read, at sight, a page of the language you decide to learn. It shows why it is possible to make the agreement that you will learn either French, Spanish, German or Italian within a short time, to your satisfaction, or it will cost you nothing. To send for this book places you under no obligation. No salesman will call on you. Mail the coupon at once.

The Pelman Language Institute

Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York

Suite L-1612, 71 West 45th St., New York City

The Pelman Language Institute
Suite L-1612, 71 West 45th St., New York City

Please send me full information about the Pelman System of Language Instruction.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

I am interested in
[ ] French [ ] Spanish [ ] German [ ] Italian

10 DAYS' TRIAL
SEND NO
MONEY



NO
NEED
FOR A
The NEW PHONOGRAPH

New PHONIC
Reproducer

makes an up-to-the-minute
Phonograph out of your old one

for only $3.85 Direct from Factory

Gives the New Tone and Volume of Latest New Phonographs

Now at last you can say goodbye to the squeaky, nasal, rasping, metallic tone of your phonograph. Now you can have the beautiful, natural, full-rounded tone of the expensive new machines which are startling the world. Yet you need not buy a new phonograph if you have an old one. The reproducer is the HEART of any phonograph—and the New PHONIC reproducer makes your old phonograph like an entirely new one. Based on the new PHONIC principle. Makes you think the orchestra or artist is in the same room.

Never Before Such Tone

Tones never before heard are clearly distinguished when the New PHONIC reproducer is used. Test it on an old record. Hear the difference yourself. Listen to the deep low notes and the delicate high notes. Hear how plainly and clearly the voice sounds. Note the natural tone of the violin and the piano, and the absence of "tinny" music. You will be amazed.

Volume Without Distortion

The New PHONIC reproducer is ideal for dancing or for home entertainments. Its volume is almost double that of the ordinary reproducer. Yet there is no distortion of sound. The new principle enables you to use even the very loudest tone needles without the ear-splitting effects of the old reproducers. The New PHONIC is always mellow and natural.

10 Days' Trial—Send No Money

You cannot realize how wonderful the New PHONIC is until you hear it. That is why we want to send it to you on 10 days' trial. Send no money now—just the coupon. Pay the postman only $3.85 plus a few pennies postage when the New PHONIC arrives. Then if you are not delighted, send it back within 10 days and your money will be refunded. The low price is made possible by dealing direct with phonograph owners. If sold in stores the price would be at least $7.50. Our price only $3.85. Over 350,000 people have dealt with us by mail. You take no risk. Mail coupon now for 10 days' trial. BE SURE TO STATE THE NAME OF PHONOGRAPH YOU OWN.

NATIONAL MUSIC LOVERS, Inc., Dept. 312
827 West 36th Street, New York.

Please send me a New PHONIC reproducer for .....I will pay the postman $3.85 (give name of Phonograph) plus few cents postage. If I am not satisfied after trial, I will return your reproducer within 10 days and you guarantee to refund my money.

(*Outside U. S. A. $4.10, cash with order.*)

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

The Christmas Guest—*Continued from page 37*

now for all those souls out on the road this night with not a bit of peat to warm their cowld bones."

"But we're hungry," spoke up Terence and then Shamus, the lanky, pale-faced twins.

"Yerra' now, no more out of ye. Just be thinkin' of our Lord carryin' the cross to Calvary. Just be thinkin' if your two hands and two feet were gripped in the cowld, hard nails that were rustin' with yere blood; just be thinkin' of all that was done and suffered for ye and it ull be aisy to bear yere own little hunger."

To her oldest she called: "Catherine, kneel there by the fire before the sugan chair and hold Joseph Patrick in your arms. He's ould enough now to be joinin' in with us . . . And you Michael, and you Shamus, and you Terence and Mary there, none of your tricks now."

Catherine knelt before the fire—two pitiful bits of clammy turf mouldering on the damp earth—and the other children followed. "And now we'll begin," said the mother. "But wait—here comes your father."

Padraig walked wearily in. Took the blessed candle from his wet pocket. Lighted it. And placed it in the window—just as the deep-toned voice of his wife began her plea to the Lady of Sorrows Whose Aid is Never Sought in Vain.

But the father couldn't follow the Rosary. Between the gaps of his beads, his tortured mind dwelt on the morrow—with no Christmas for his well-loved family. Forgetting everything else, the man made one last heart-wrung plea: "Send me food this night; food and a little somethin' for the childer, and so long as I live, and so long as they live, and so long as their childer live, we will ne'er be forgettin' the stranger who stands at our gate."

Joseph Patrick let out a thin, hungry wail.

The father groaned in misery. But the full rich tones of the mother went steadily on . . . "Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them as trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil . . . Amen."

A cold breath of wind swept through the soggy room. A head stuck itself through the half door:

"God rest all here. The fishing fleet is in and there's wurrk for us all! Come ye down to the shore Padraig, for there's all mighty to do. God rest all here!" he said heartily, stamping off into the dripping night.

And the whole family Kennedy—moved by a sudden burst of praise, crossed themselves quickly and shouted gaily after him: "God rest you kindly, too" . . . The whole family—all but the mother. She had fallen on her knees before the sugan chair:

"Glory be to You, My God, and peace on airth to min of good will." Long hidden tears were streaming down her cheeks: "We praise Thee. We bless Thee. We glorify Thee . . . O Thierna, O Thierna, O Thierna!"

And that, my friends, is how little Patrick Moynihan—aged six months, with blue eyes, red hair and two straggling teeth—little Patrick Moynihan, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, is spending the Christmas holidays of 1927 as the guest of Mr. Joseph Patrick Kennedy, President and owner of Film Booking Office, 1560 Broadway, New York City, who, legend says, is descended from the courageous and loyal Maureen Kennedy.

"And what would Joseph P. Kennedy be wanting with a six-months old child as a Christmas Guest," you'd be asking, "when he has seven children of his own at home?"

Well, thereby hangs a story.

You remember, don't you, a couple of months ago when Joseph P. Kennedy, through SCREENLAND, offered a young man a job in his office, at thirty dollars a week, with all expenses paid to New York? The job was guaranteed for eight weeks, and longer—if the lad made good.

You remember, don't you, how with high hearts many, many of you sat down and wrote to Mr. Kennedy, telling him you were just the right person for that job?

Those letters were read—every one of them. And Mr. Kennedy read many of the best ones three or four times. It was hard to decide as there were thirty excellent ones. But finally the winner was selected, because he wrote a letter full of humor, of intelligence, and of sparkling imagination that was just half a step ahead of all the others.

Now don't be unhappy. The winner wasn't you. But you still have your chance as SCREENLAND is running more of these contests and who knows but you will be the lucky one and win the grand New Year's gift for yourself.

The young lad who won the contest is . . . but let's shift our story for a few minutes.

The Managing Editor of a famous Tulsa newspaper had his financial editor on the carpet: "I tell you, John Moynihan, you're a fool."

John Moynihan, twenty four years old, red-haired and stubborn-looknig, rubbed a stocky foot against his chief's desk:

"Maybe I am. But I'm going."

"Well, you're a plain fool. A fool—that's all. To give up your home and your job on this paper where you earn twice what they offer you to go to New York on some harum-scarum movie contest. How do you know they won't kick you out after the first eight weeks. And then where will you be?"

"They're not going to kick me out after eight weeks. I've heard of this man Kennedy before. He's a square shooter. And I'm going to deliver the goods."

"Ye-ah? I know all about that. A movie magnate has as much heart as a goat. You're a blamed fool I tell you. To take a thirty dollar a week job in a publicity department. What do you know about publicity. Now be sensible. Listen to reason. Stick to what you've got. And don't be a sucker!"

But John Moynihan scarcely heard his editor. He was thinking that that's just what folks told Herbert Hoover when he was waiting on table to earn his way through college. That's what they told Charles Evans Hughes, when he was teaching in a little country school hoping for the day when he'd be a great lawyer. That's what they told the famous singer Chaliapin, too, when he was a poor, peasant boy, trying to wrest a living out of the frozen steppes of Russia without a pair of shoes to cover his feet. Fools, all of them. Well, maybe. But divine fools.

"Now listen here, Moynihan. If you won't think of yourself, think of your wife and kid. What are you going to do with them? Leave them behind? What'll they live on? If you take them with you, it'll cost a couple of hundred dollars and I've yet to see the newspaper man who saves a nickle."

A great pang shot through Moynihan's heart. He hadn't thought of that. To leave

He Clipped This Coupon



CHARLES F. WORTHEN

American Business Builders, Inc.,
Authorized Capital $500,000
Dept. 4-AA, 18 East 18 St., New York.

Send me—**without cost or obligation**—your free illustrated book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

Name Charles F. Worthen

Address 242 Third St.
Fall River Mass.



And Made $8,500 in 17 Weeks!

C. F. Worthen deserves success.

When he read our ad in the *American Magazine,* he was wise enough to answer it.

He clipped the coupon. He got our free book. He followed its instructions. Now he is out of the rut of routine work and poor pay. Now he has a splendid business of his own. Now he is making more money than he ever thought possible.

If you want to *do* what Worthen *did,* send for this remarkable book of business success. Learn the secret of his success. Use our money-making system. Begin at home. In your spare time. No capital—no experience—no special ability needed. Start now. Free book tells how.

Success Without Capital, Experience or Education

C. F. Worthen is not the only one we have put on the high road to real estate success.

Hundreds of ambitious men and women—young and old—have followed our instructions and are now reaping rich rewards—in business for themselves—independent—prosperous—happy.

Mrs. Evalynn Balster, a widowed Chicago school-teacher, with three children to support, made $5,500 *her first deal,* using our amazingly successful real estate sales system.



Real Estate is the biggest thing on earth. More than half the nation's wealth is invested in it. Ten million properties are now for sale, rent or exchange.



Own a new business of your own. Be a Real Estate Specialist. Begin now in your spare time. Our new book, giving full information and positive proof of amazing success, mailed free.

"Bill" Dakin, of Buffalo, N. Y., worked in a steel mill before he got his copy of this free book. Now he is a successful Real Estate Specialist. Owns his own business. Has a new automobile. Making more money than he ever dreamed he could.

E. G. Baum, ill and discouraged, past 50, lost his job as a bookkeeper. Sent for our free book. Made $8,000 his *first year* in real estate.

H. D. Van Houten, Passaic, N. J., formerly a grocery clerk, got our free book, followed our advice, and did a gross business of over $100,000 his *first year* in real estate.

But we have no more room here to tell you about the many remarkable stories of amazing business success that are coming to us from readers of our free book. So, send for a copy of it today. Don't be skeptical. Don't say "It's too good to be true." Don't cheat yourself. It costs nothing to learn the truth. So mail the coupon *now!*

Our Book Costs You Nothing

If you had to pay $10 for this book, and take a whole day off to read it, it would pay you to do so. But you don't have to do that. You get the book for nothing if you mail the coupon promptly. And you can read it in thirty minutes. And we guarantee that you will find it the most fascinating book of business opportunity and business success you ever read.

Get this book at once. Learn what it has done for others. Learn what it can do for you in the way of business success—independence—big earnings—cash profits.

Others who have sent for this book have revolutionized their business lives—climbed out of the rut of obscurity—built substantial businesses of their own—made more money in a *week* or a *month* than they formerly made in a *whole year* of hard work.

Perhaps this book will do as much for *you.* It costs you *nothing* to find out!

AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, INC.
Dept. 29-NN, 18 East 18 St., New York.

Mail This for Free Book!



American Business Builders, Inc.
(Authorized Capital; $500,000.00)
Dept. 29-NN, 18 East 18 St., New York.

Please send me—**without cost or obligation**—a copy of your book which shows me how to get into real estate, without capital or experience, and make more money than I ever made before.

Name.....

Address.....

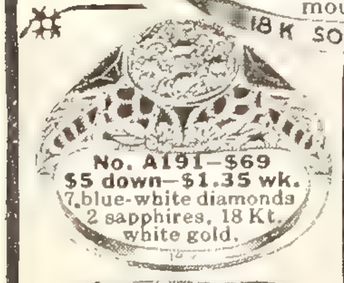
(Get this Free Book! Blame Yourself if You Don't!)

DIAMONDS
WATCHES & JEWELRY
12 Months To Pay
Pay Next Year



No. A96 — $73

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT
$3 down—$1.40 weekly
The blazing, genuine blue-white diamond is guaranteed absolutely perfect in every respect. It is attractively set off by 4 triangular French blue sapphires in this artistic, engraved 18 Kt. white gold mounting.
18 K SOLID GOLD



No. A191—$69
$5 down—$1.35 wk.
7 blue-white diamonds 2 sapphires, 18 Kt. white gold.



No. A109—$37
$1 down—75c weekly
3 genuine blue-white diamonds, 2 sapphires, 18 Kt. solid white gold hoop ring.



No. A165—$79
$7 down—$1.50 wk.
Large, blue-white diamond, 2 sapphires, 18 Kt. white gold man's ring.
18 K

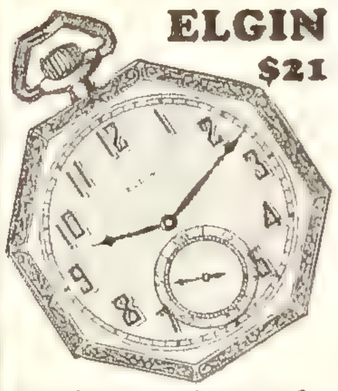
Prices Reduced For Xmas
Jewelry makes the best Xmas gift because it lasts, is useful and is most appreciated. Every article pictured here has been carefully selected for both beauty and quality. Prices have been reduced for Xmas so as to offer the biggest value for the least money. Everything has been done to make it as easy as possible to purchase your Xmas presents.

Buy From Diamond Importers
You save middleman's profits because we have been diamond importers since 1879—48 years. We sell only *blue-white diamonds*—no off color grades. Everything *guaranteed as represented.* Our *money-back-if-not-satisfied* guarantee protects your order. An old concern means safety.

Send Your Order—10 days Free Trial
Just send $1.00 deposit or the full first payment. Pay postman on delivery the additional amount, if any, to cover down payment. Pay balance in equal weekly, semi-monthly or monthly payment *beginning February.* You have 10 days to decide. If not satisfied, return and we will refund every cent you paid.

Open Confidential Credit Account
To open a charge account without delay, just give a little information about yourself and a few business references. Everything strictly confidential. No one will know what or from whom you are buying. If under age, have parents or guardian guarantee account or place order for you.

ELGIN
$21



$1 down—50c wk.
World famous Elgin jeweled, timed and regulated movement in handsome, engraved octagon white gold filled case. Latest style thin model. Reduced for Xmas.



V44 — **$19**
$1 down — **50c weekly**
Dainty 14 Kt. solid white gold, rectangular ladies' wrist watch fitted with jeweled, adjusted and regulated movement. Guaranteed for accuracy. *Free mesh bracelet.* Handsome Xmas presentation case.

BULOVA STRAP WATCH
$28.50
$1 Down
60c Weekly



No. M07—Men's most popular style. 15 jewel BULOVA movement in 14 Kt. white or green gold filled case at nationally advertised cash price. Xmas gift case.



Write for FREE Catalog
Hundreds of bargains in Diamonds, Watches, Wrist Watches, Jewelry, Toilet Sets, Tableware, etc. Beautifully illustrated. *It brings our large jewelry store right into your home.*
Buy Diamonds Like An Expert. Know grades, qualities and values before buying. Contains information other jewelers dare not tell, such as weights and grades of diamonds.

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
1540 BROADWAY, *Dept.* 2372, N.Y.

little Pat behind, and pretty slim, black-haired Margaret Ann. Why they couldn't be separated. They never had. That just couldn't happen.

"I'm going out home now to see Margaret Ann. I'll be back in an hour," Moynihan said gruffly.

Out Cheyenne Street, he tore, clutching in his pocket the simple telegram from the editor of SCREENLAND. It read: "You have won the Joseph P. Kennedy Contest. Telegraph when you can report and money will be sent for your expenses."

John Moynihan and his wife, Margaret Ann, had in the few years of their married life established a nice home. Five comfortable rooms in a beautiful apartment house, with a shiny white tiled bath, where little Pat every night splashed around in his tub with the two china tiny ducks to keep him company.

"Ssh," said Margaret Ann, as John rushed in like a fire engine. "Pat's taking his nap."

"I've won the contest—the SCREENLAND contest," John bellowed, waving the yellow telegram.

"Well, that's not to be wondered at," Margaret Ann replied, her brown eyes shining. "You wrote a wonderful letter. And you have more sense than any man your age in the world."

"Ah—quit teasing."

"I'm not teasing. It's true. Or, at least, that's what Pat and I think. When do you leave?" Margaret Ann's eyes were wet.

"God—I don't know. The contest only promised fare for one. And I can't leave you here alone with Pat. And I can't take you with me. It would take our last dime. I'll just have to turn it down."

"You're crazy. Wasn't I as good a trained nurse as there was in the State of Kentucky before I married you? And can't I go back to it now? They need a nurse up at the hospital—I heard only the other day. And I can get a room across the street for Pat and me. I can do night duty and I'll share my room with some nice trust-worthy girl who'll be glad to look after Pat to have her rent free. And once or twice each night I can slip out to see if everything is all right."

John Moynihan swallowed hard: "I won't hear of any such arrangement—you working night and day."

"But it doesn't matter about me. It's your career. Your very life, maybe—and Pat's too. For your sake, for Pat's sake, *you've got to go!*" She was crying now outright. He leaned over and took her in his arms, pressing his head against her shoulder so that she couldn't see how misted his own eyes were. "I'm happy here with you. And I'll stay with you always," he said. And then he kissed her.

How long they stayed like that, neither one knew. But after while Margaret Ann raised her head: "The telephone's ringing. I think it's been ringing for some time."

John broke away and jerked the receiver off the hook. "Well?"

It was the telephone girl from the Tulsa Tribune: "Another telegram for you, Mr. Moynihan."

"Read it to me, please."

"It's from New York. It says: 'Hope your wife and little Pat will like New York. Am telegraphing an extra hundred dollars for their expenses. Best wishes.' It's signed '*Joseph P. Kennedy.*'"

The heart of the long dead Maureen spoke again through the lips of the kindly Joseph P. Kennedy, when, thinking of his own beloved family, he said to his secretary, "They shan't be separated. Send money enough for the wife and kiddie's fare."

A Daughter of the Sawdust

Continued from page 29

typewriter keys. I have interviewed her three times. Upon each occasion the interview has ended—in hysterics. If you want to write a story about Renee Adoree give up the question and answer interview idea at once.

Now let me tell you a secret. Renee Adoree is timid. No, I didn't expect you to believe me. Right, it is a rare quality in the genus actorine. And when she is being interviewed she suddenly becomes afflicted with that feeling you and I used to have when the school teacher said, 'We'll have an examination in the second book of algebra tomorrow.'

I shall never forget a day when I watched Ruth Harriet Louise, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's woman photographer, take dramatic portraits of Renee. The little actress—and there is no woman in pictures who has a better claim to the title actress—struck expressions worthy of a Duse. The camera opened and shut. The impression was 'in the kodak' and Renee burst into a peal of giggles. 'Isn't it all too silly?' She was so afraid, you see, that we might take her seriously, that we might think her posing or trying to impress us with her art.

The sitting ended—like all of my interviews had done—in hysterics, with Renee doing the most droll French pantomimes and humming little snatches of Parisian songs and imitating pompous actors.

Du Maurier said it about Trilby—he might well have said it about Renee Adoree. She is 'bonne comrade et bonne fille.'

I have another more recent impression of Renee. After what the society editors call a whirlwind courtship the clerk issued a marriage license to one William Gill and Renee Adoree. Her friends were not surprised—they seldom are at anything that Renee does.

Gill is a big Irishman who towers above the petite Renee. Renee introduces him with a shy pride. And when he has left she says, eagerly, 'Do you like him?'

When he was out of earshot she began to giggle, "Wait until I tell you what he did the other day," she said. "I was talking over the telephone to some of my French friends. Billy, of course, couldn't understand a word and that bothered him. He left the house and returned in about an hour with an arm load of 'Easy lessons in French,' 'How to speak French in fifteen minutes a day' and a dozen or so French grammars.

"I didn't say a word but in a minute I heard him mumbling to himself, 'La plume de ma mere,' 'la plume de ma mere' and then he added in his best Irish. 'There I've got that right' and he went on to the next easy lesson. If I ever say anything about my mother's pen he's sure to know what I'm talking about."

There is so much tenderness in those great eyes, so much of sweetness and beauty in that piquant face, when I see her on the screen I am simply unable to analyse her. I cannot tell when she gives a good performance or when she gives a bad. Her

WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM—

By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a *great* driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

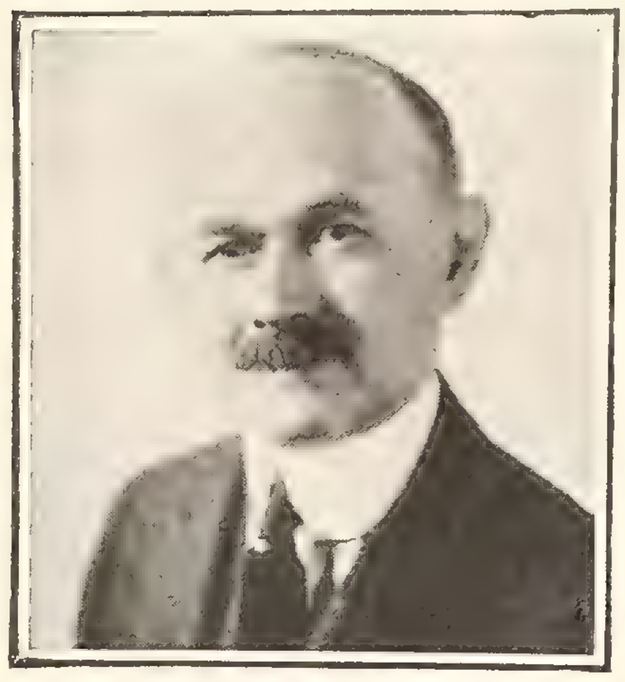
When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself, it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says,

"The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* 'take care of itself.' Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage — these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods, and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(*Signed*) BEN LINDSEY.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy successful well-rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for *you*.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are—poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness or lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting adition to your library.

Your copy is waiting for you. It is absolutely free. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it today. It costs you nothing. It obligates you to nothing, but it is absolutely sure to show you the way to success and happiness. Don't put it off and then forget about it. Don't miss a big opportunity. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 1612 71 West 45th St., New York City
Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA,
Suite 1612, 71 West 45th St., New York

I want you to show me what Pelmanism has done for over 650,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training". This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....



No need to be without music now. Here is the most compact little genuine Victrola ever made, 6½ inches high, 12½ inches wide, 13¾ inches deep. Comes in rich mahogany finish, plays all makes of records with marvelous tone quality. Our special price only $9.85. Regularly sold for $18.00. An amazing value that you can't beat anywhere. The Rialto guarantee of satisfaction given with every order. Send only $1.00 with your order and when the Victrola arrives pay the postman only $8.95 plus a few cents postage. Order yours now, as these machines are going fast.

FREE Our new 24-page instrument catalog filled with great bargains will be sent together with our latest Rainbow Record Catalog listing all the latest Victor, Columbia, Vocalion, Paramount and OKeh records.

RIALTO MUSIC HOUSE
MAIL ORDER DEPT. S
330 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

COURTEOUS AND EFFICIENT SERVICE · EXCELLENT CUISINE · 4-M HOTELS

THE 4-M HOTELS
Washington, D. C.

Operated by
MADDUX, MARSHALL, MOSS & MALLORY, INC.

ARLINGTON HOTEL
Vermont Avenue at K and 15th Streets

CAIRO HOTEL
Q Street at Sixteenth

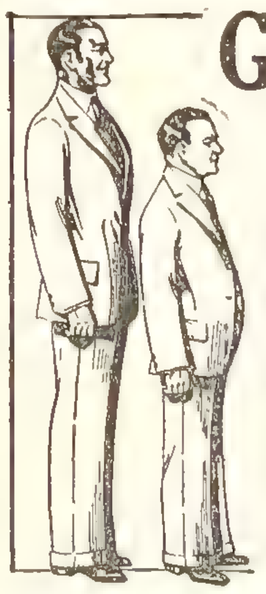
COLONIAL HOTEL
Corner 15th and M Streets

THE FAIRFAX
APARTMENT HOTEL
Massachusetts Avenue at 21st

HAMILTON HOTEL
Fourteenth Street at K

THE MARTINQUE
Sixteenth Street at M

TILDEN HALL
APARTMENT HOTEL
Connecticut Avenue at Tilden



Grow Taller

Science has found the way to add inches to your height. No need to envy and look up to the big fellows. No need to have the disadvantages of the little man. This course makes it possible for you to be on a level with your fellow men. Course is easy, inexpensive and results sure. Mail coupon for free information today!

L. GLOVER
Dept. A-47, 70 Bulkley Ave.
Sausalito, Calif.

Without any obligation to me, send me full information on how to grow taller.

Name .....
Street .....
City .....

TEN MAGAZINES for 10¢

10¢ NOW

The smartest, most interesting, entertaining and instructive Magazine in America! ***10 weeks for only 10c.*** Special introductory offer. No magazine like it. Full of important facts, pictures and the best, most popular fiction for all members of the family. Send name, address and **10c** today.
The Pathfinder, Dept. P-95 Washington, D. C.

personality is such that I just respond to the force of her charm and let it go at that. She won't talk about her art. Only once do I remember hearing her say anything about her work. By a strange fluke she was serious for a moment and I mentioned '*The Big Parade*' and the scene that impressed me so tremendously, where she and Gilbert are searching for each other and where they find each other only to part.

"That was theatricalism," she said, "my favorite scene in the picture was the one on the barrel in the old court yard, where the girl discovers that the boy has a sweetheart in America. That was real."

And that is the only comment I have ever heard her make about her work. It must be very close to her and very dear to her—this art of hers—too near and too dear to mention.

There is another picture of Renee, vivid in my mind. She, of course, attended the formal opening of '*Mr. Wu.*' The role of the Chinese girl was one that she particularly wanted to play and she had had a struggle to get it, because the great ones at the studio were afraid that she could not look Oriental enough. So the picture meant something to her, as anything that is gotten after a struggle does. However, she dreaded the opening night and the personal appearance that it necessitated. I watched her sitting in the theatre nervously pressing her right hand against her left. She felt that some comment was necessary. "I don't know why I'm so nervous," she whispered. "Silly of me, isn't it?"

When the players were introduced Renee got up and made two quick, little bows and flashed her sweet smile over the audience and won them all immediately and didn't—bless her heart—know that she had won them.

And that is one of the secrets of her charm. She doesn't know that she simply radiates sweetness and tenderness and warmth. And when you tell her something about these things she looks at you in amazement and says, "But this is Renee. You don't need to give *me* that." And what can you do with a girl like that?

The third and last interview I had with her—the one I gave up with, swearing that I'd never interview her again, that from then on it would be two girl friends having a chat—she was making a wardrobe test for '*Rose Marie.*' I've never seen her look lovelier. Renee, I must say is not the sort of girl who can wear anything and get away with it. In an exotic evening gown with the ubiquitous peacock motif and the long slinky train she is all wrong and she would tell you that she just looked silly. But in '*Rose Marie*' she wears the uniform of the North West Mounted Police. You know the story, of course, the little waif who is adopted by these big Canadian he-men, and becomes a perfect hoyden in their midst.

Renee looked a perfect darling in that trim uniform and the high boots and military belt, and when I told her that I had given up the interview idea, she glowed in her own shy way over the prospects of the picture. I believe she's more enthusiastic over it than anything she's done since '*The Big Parade.*'

Renee will tell you that she wants to do comedy, that of course she's nothing but a comedienne at heart, because, like so many people who really feel deeply, she's afraid that you might get a peek into that heart of hers, which is all tenderness and love and sweetness. But the fact is that she loves those dramatic scenes, and those tender scenes better than the comedy which she tells you she yearns to do, but because she loves them so much she can't talk about them. She's afraid of being thought 'silly' or sentimental and of course she is the most sentimental person in the world.

When anyone is in trouble it's Renee who is called upon. She doesn't sympathize with words. She's afraid of letting herself go and getting 'silly,' so she makes a face at the troubled one and tells her that she's just a goof and immediately sets out to rectify the trouble.

Her whole attitude is the reverse English on the poor clown who wants to do great dramatic things. Renee does them and insists upon being a clown, but this is merely a gesture on her part to keep you from taking her seriously and maybe laughing at her and also to keep you from thinking that she is as sweet and tender and foolishly, delightfully soft hearted as she really is.

Renee has faults, I suppose, although I'm loath to admit them, but she has no faults in her heart and in her soul, of that you may rest assured.

And here is the result of three interviews that failed miserably as such. And when Renee reads this she will say I'm just a 'goof' and must be getting weak minded, for which she wouldn't blame me much having had three interviews with her.

But here it is for what it is worth, just a little peep into the most tender, most loving heart in Hollywood.

Old Stuff — *Continued from page 17*

room when he, Harold is all dressed up for the theatre. The dog shows his appreciation by jumping all over his master and mussing him all up. Then Harold has to change his clothes or go as he is. Just try that over with your own dog in your own house and see how far you'll get especially with the Little Woman. Mildred Davis doesn't mind. Maybe she's a little genius herself. Incidentally, Harold has a mild mania for wearing white shirts, black ties and black patent leather shoes. If that is genius, make the most of it. It sounds like common sense to me.

John Barrymore is America's greatest legitimate actor, they say; so he's probably a genius. When he plays Hamlet, the snobs and the mobs turn out to applaud him. He's always in demand socially and professionally. He's a lion, is John. And yet he is said to be devoted to a pet monkey, which has a special room to itself in John's home. Now just suppose the man next door to you kept a monkey! Wouldn't the town talk, though? It talks anyway; but that would give it something to talk about.

Genius isn't what it used to be. You can hardly tell a genius from a human being these days. John Gilbert is supposed to be a genius. And temperamental—! He talks back to his bosses and pans his own pictures in public. He hates to have his portrait taken and often flatly refuses to pose. He says to the police of Beverly Hills: "Come on and arrest me!" (P. S. They did.) John has all the ear-marks of out-and-out genius. But it's too bad. John's a little too regular to be a real genius. He remembers the very first fan letter he ever got—years ago, too—and can even quote some of it. I know, because I wrote it.

Along about the time Lillian Gish was being hailed as the Duse of the screen after her wonderful acting in the D. W. Griffith pictures, I spent a week-end at her home. Not only was her acting attracting atten-

FREE TRIAL



GROWS HAIR

Amazing New Electrical Discovery!

Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out. No matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff—stop falling hair—and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

Famous Surgeon's Discovery

All observant men have noticed that their *beard* grows faster in hot weather than in cold. What causes that?

Simply this: heat rays *of a certain kind* that stimulate and vitalize the hair-growing tissue.

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving, invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues, and so RESTORE HAIR in all but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

Called Dermo-Ray

Because of his scientific conservatism, and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case-records — with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now, for the first time, has he permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

Infra-Red Rays Reach the Roots

In 9 out of 10 so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair-tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the *surface skin—never get to the roots.*

Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red Ray penetrates more deeply through human tissue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair-root and electrically, almost magically *revitalizes* it. Hair literally "sprouts" as a result.

Send No Money

You can use DERMO-RAY in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing, Infra-red Rays vitalize your scalp while you rest or read—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

In four weeks you will be free forever from the social and business embarrassment of baldness—or you pay nothing.

Complete facts about this astounding new scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence, and details of special trial offer, will be sent free, if you mail the coupon below. To forever end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW!

FREE TRIAL OFFER

THE LARSON INSTITUTE,
216 N. Wabash Ave. Dept. 131
Chicago, Ill.

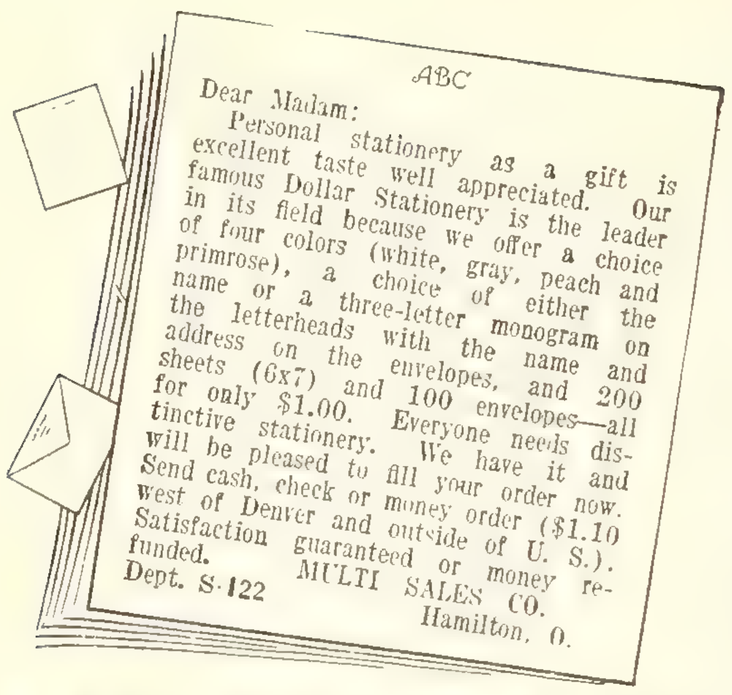
Send me at once, without obligation, full particulars — in plain envelope — of your 30-day Free Trial of DERMO-RAY.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____



Sore Eyes
Gone Forever

For 132 years Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water has been relieving sufferers from eye strain, pink eye, granulated lids, red eyes and other disorders. For 132 years this celebrated formula has been endorsed and recommended by druggists and physicians. Thousands upon thousands of people have used it with remarkable results. If you suffer from any of these distressing ills, get a bottle of this famous medicine to-day and banish eye troubles forever. At all good druggists or send 35 cents for 50 treatments. J. L. THOMPSON SONS & CO., 163-H River Street, Troy, N. Y.

DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

LIQUOR OR DRUG HABIT Cured Forever or No Pay.

Full treatment sent on trial. Can be given secretly in privacy of home. Guaranteed to banish forever all desire for whiskey, gin, wine, home brew, moonshine, opium, morphine, heroin, paregoric, and laudanum. Costs $2.00 if cures, nothing if fails. Save him from Poison.

STANDARD LABORATORIES
Sta. N-31 BALTIMORE, MD.

DIRECT FROM THE WORLD'S MOVIE CAPITAL



LOVE LURE
"Perfume of Ecstasy"

An exotic allure designed to fascinate young and old, and cause them to surrender to its subtle, mystic charm. An enchanting irresistible aroma. Our $5.00 size only $1.00 postpaid ($1.25 C.O.D.) with instructions for use and how to make the one you want love you.

RUEL CO., Dept. C, P. O. Box 610, Hollywood, Calif.

12 BEAUTY TREATMENTS FREE!
Look 10 Years Younger
In Less Than 10 Minutes



Wrinkles, blackheads, pimples vanish as if by magic. Proof in ten minutes. Just send me your name and address for FREE treatments.



P. J. DE FELICE
Dept. B, 38 Myrtle St., Lawrence, Mass.

PIMPLES

Blackheads, Redspots, Oily or Shiny Skin, Enlarged Pores, Eruptions and *other blemishes* cleared quickly. Results will amaze you. Don't give up hope now. End your Skin Troubles. Thousands of Stubborn Cases overcome after all other methods failed. Let me prove it. *Send no money.* Simply your name and address for "Free Book". See for yourself what I have done for others. Write. The Book is **absolutely Free.**

DOROTHY RAY, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 739, CHICAGO

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS FREE

All the latest poses, 25 photos, postcard size, (including 75 FREE miniature pictures), only 1.00 or send 10c for photo of your favorite. Complete list FREE.

Film Stars Portrait Co., Dept. C 424, So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

tion, but she was doubling as a director for her sister Dorothy. Yes, it looked as if the girl was a genius, all right. And then Lillian, all gentle charm and graciousness, came into the guest room to bid me good-night. And she wore a nice, old-fashioned flannel night-gown! The tragedy queen in flannels was still the tragedy queen, however. Once a genius, always a genius.

When King Vidor burst upon the world as the precocious boy director of *The Big Parade* people began to twitter about genius and inspiration and everything, with never a word about the nine-tenths perspiration. Young Mr. Vidor made good in a big way, and he lived up to his reputation. We all heard how he directs by thought transmission or something. He's quiet and forceful. At that, you might have had your doubts about his being a genius, he's such a nice-looking young man. But there's his complex, which honestly proved that Vidor is a real, live genius. It's no laughing matter with him. It's just this: he can't bear to go up in tall buildings. If he's in a hotel, his rooms must be on the ground floor or the second. It is no pose, but a serious fact in his life. He's been psycho-analyzed and all that sort of thing, and it didn't do a bit of good. In spite of this, or maybe because of it, *The Crowd* is bound to be a great picture.

Mrs. Vidor—Eleanor Boardman—is a perfectly delicious young woman. She has real brains and uses 'em. And the kind of a sense of humor that can poke fun at itself. That doesn't sound much like genius, does it? Genius and a sense of humor don't always go together. But Miss Boardman has some of the eccentricities of genius, just the same. She's original. Just as an example, take the subject of food. When she's at home, she hasn't much time to experiment. She's too busy rushing off to the studio. She eats what's set before her and doesn't complain. Her housekeeper orders the meals and Eleanor is satisfied. But when she is in New York, for instance, she just lets herself go. Give Eleanor a restaurant menu, and her head, and you'd be surprised at the things that Santa Claus—I mean the waiter—will bring. At lunch she's very apt to order all the delectable things she hasn't happened to have for a long time. It doesn't matter if it's three different kinds of soup, or pie, or salad. She's been known to make a meal of corn on the cob, and nothing else. Take a look at her work in *The Crowd* and see if it doesn't check up with the idiosyncrasies that only a genius could have.

Although from her work on the screen you might never suspect it, it's my humble opinion that if an exciting mind crammed with original, refreshing ideas means anything, Dorothy Gish comes pretty near being a pocket-edition genius. If only a little of Dorothy's imagination could be registered for the screen, she would be a sensation. But somehow, it's all lost. And the fact that she has never quite got over as a film personality doesn't alter my conviction that in the littlest Gish the movies have a unique feminine figure. Figure? Well, that may have something to do with it. Dorothy excels in portrayals of eager youth. And there may be something to a report we hear that if Dorothy were slimmer she would have bigger and better parts. Be that as it may her passion for doughnuts remains the same. I saw her the other day in a pastry shop, not long after I heard that she was not going to play *The Constant Nymph* in England after all. "I'm buying more double chins," said Dorothy. Maybe that's the answer. But she seemed very happy about it. Dollars to doughnuts she's a genius in disguise.

Of course, if we're going in for food, two-thirds of the people in the world are downright geniuses. Take Irving Thalberg, often called the boy wonder because of his rare executive ability. Irving is a bear-cat for candy. He eats it up. There's Norma Talmadge, Mrs. Joe Schenck, who has money enough to corner the caviar market. Norma is said to be the only person who ever ordered a ham sandwich at the Ritz.

And I'm sure you know Connie Talmadge's eccentricity. It's husbands. Connie collects husbands as casually as other girls collect compliments. If Connie has only had two husbands it's because she has had to make pictures once in a while and so has only been able to devote her spare time to it. Give her a chance. And give Buster Collier another chance, too, while you're at it.

When George O'Brien entered a fashionable hotel dining-room without a hair-cut and almost without a shave, the feminine diners nudged one another and whispered: "There's that adorable George O'Brien!" It was a Saturday night when all New York was all dressed up and out with its best girl. George had his trainer with him; and, of course, I knew that the long hair was required for the picture George was making. But the femmes didn't know it, and it was all right with them how he looked. Just let their own boy-friends try it, though.

Because Greta Garbo doesn't talk much English, confining her remarks to a simple: "I go now," she has a reputation as a genius second to none in Hollywood. The girl whom Jack Gilbert is said to love so desperately that he will rush her to the altar any time she makes up her mind to add "Yes" to her scanty vocabulary, has half-closed dreamy eyes, long lashes, and slow gestures; and sometimes that's all Hollywood needs to make a genius. Well, Garbo may not be a genius but apparently she is good company. And any girl who can bring 'em to the box-office as fast as Greta does, can be just as much of a genius as she wants to, and nobody will be the wiser.

Geniuses are supposed to be born, not made. Charlie Chaplin was one, right along; but it was a long time before we found it out. Charlie had been amusing the small boys of the world for years before a New York newspaper writer and a famous stage actress declared that he was an artiste—with an e; don't forget that e. The papers and magazines began to yell "Genius!" at Charlie; but it was all right because the small boys never knew the difference; and even if they had, they would never have held it against Charlie.

Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference between the idiosyncrasies of genius and the foibles of ordinary folks. In either case, they're interesting. Louise Brooks loves to own jewels but never wears them. She keeps them locked up. Claire Windsor earns a tidy sum every week but she makes all her own silk underwear on a portable sewing-machine that goes wherever she goes. Billie Dove owns two ducks and had a special pool built for them. Lya de Putti likes any dish with onions in it. Tommy Meighan scorns cigarette cases and carries his smokes in the original wrapper. Mary Pickford has never danced with any man but Douglas Fairbanks.

Don't you wish you were a genius?

You can now own a Typewriter!

only $3.00 down and it's yours

Be up-to-date—know the pleasure and convenience of having one in your own home. You'll be amazed at the uses every one in your household will find for this real Underwood typewriter. Every member of the family will use and enjoy it! Don't send a cent—but do get our big special offer—our valuable book on typewriters and typewriting—FREE.



Any One Can Learn to Operate a Typewriter

You can learn to write on this standard-keyboard machine in one day; it's so simple that even a child can use it. A week after the expressman has brought it, you'd feel LOST without it. A trial will PROVE it—and doesn't cost you a penny!

SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER

We don't want a penny now. Nor any money at all unless this proves the typewriter bargain of your life. The trial is FREE. If you buy, our easy terms make it a pleasure to pay. There's no excuse now, for not owning a typewriter—and the finest make! We include all tools, a cover, etc., all complete, all ready to write. Write us now. Deal direct; we are the largest factory of the kind.

Our plan gives you the opportunity of a thorough trial before you buy. You run no risk whatever. You start to pay for your typewriter AFTER you have found it the only machine for you! But get the facts before this lot of machines is all in use. Clip the information coupon before you turn the page. It will pay you! Note the very useful book you will receive free! Write for full particulars at once.

The Greatest Typewriter Offer Ever Made

If you know typewriters, you know the perfect work and the ease and speed of a Shipman Ward rebuilt Underwood typewriter. New machines are guaranteed for only one year; WE GUARANTEE EVERY ONE OF OUR MACHINES FOR FIVE YEARS! If you have never owned a typewriter, start with the finest! You can try this one at our risk. But, the time to act is NOW. Don't miss out on this present bargain offer whereby you can get this genuine Underwood at a big savings. Don't do longer without the convenience of a typewriter.

FREE! Get our catalogue free; lowest prices and terms. A manual free, too; valuable instruction for learning rapid typing, useful pointers for all who use a typewriter, business forms, social correspondence, work for others, etc.

Clip Coupon NOW!



MAIL TODAY!

Shipman Ward Manufacturing Company,
2049 Shipman Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me your big Free Trial Plan and Typewriter Book, together with your special offer on prices, terms, free course in Touch Typewriting and also how I can make money with this typewriter, without obligation. This is not an order.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....City.....State.....

YOU'RE NEXT

Now Watch Your Muscles GROW!



BEFORE:
This boy looks pretty hopeless, doesn't he? I'll bet he hated to step out on the beach in a bathing suit, and he had to stand a lot of bullying from the other boys in the gang.



30 DAYS LATER
Here's a real man! Just look at the way those muscles have developed in 30 days of Titus Training. That's going some, isn't it?



60 DAYS LATER
Every muscle in his body developed to giant size. You'd never recognize him as the same lad. Need I urge YOU to mail the coupon?

ONE—two—three! Just like that, the boy you see above changed from a puny weakling into a physical GIANT! Looks like magic, doesn't it? But that's just an example of what Titus Training has done for thousands upon thousands of men.

I've taken fellows of every size and condition and I've transformed them almost overnight into perfect specimens of manhood! I've been doing it for years. I've earned my reputation as the father of Physical Culture by mail on just such results as you see in the illustrations. "Miracles worked in Muscle"—that's what people call them.

In 30 Days I'll Increase Your Muscles By INCHES

Yes sir, that's all I want—30 days—and just 20 or 30 minutes a day. In that short time I'll make you over from head to foot. I'll put layer after layer of muscle all over your body till they stand out like iron bands. And they'll be panther muscles, friend—muscles as live as spring steel—with the speed of lightning and the power of a battering ram. Those are the kind of muscles that make champions, the kind of muscles that will make you laugh at men twice your size. Boy, you'll get the thrill of a lifetime!

FREE! Amazing Book of Muscle Building Facts

Tear off that coupon! Mail it today! It will bring you FREE the greatest book you've ever seen—a book filled with astounding photographs of men rebuilt—a book packed full of Titus's own secrets of making muscles GROW. No cost or obligation—just rush the coupon to Dept. V-121.

The One and Only TITUS 105 E. 13th St. New York City

TITUS, Dept. V-121
105 E. 13th St., New York, N. Y.

Dear Professor Titus: Sure I'd like to have your book. Send it free.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

His Mail Comes from Odd Corners

Continued from page 22

a never-ceasing conflict with his better looking subaltern, Sergeant Quirt, for the favor of the fair.

Victor McLaglen's career in life has been as colorful as that of any fictitious marine or any man who sought oblivion and possible, or rather probable, death in the French Foreign Legion. Unlike the latter the Marines do not harbor murderers, cutthroats, purse-snatchers and other social outcasts, but rather are they gentlemen rankers all, soldiers of fortune seeking adventure in the remote corners of the world, indifferent as to where the fight is staged as long as they may participate therein. As such Victor McLaglen is the ideal marine in the moving picture as he would be in real life in the corps headed by Major General John Lejeune. His entire life has been of the stuff of which these soldiers of the sea or sailors of the land are made. Soldier in the Boer and the World wars, professional pugilist, fighting Jack Johnson, the champion, in his prime for six gruelling rounds, silver prospector in Cobalt, Canada, sideshow wrestler with a circus, in a gold rush to Kalgoorlie, Australia, vaudeville performer, wanderer over the face of the earth knowing almost every corner of the world as you and I know our own city, town or village; these are the things that served as an apprenticeship for Victor McLaglen's entry into the moving picture world, that world of lights and shadows trying to reproduce on the silver screen life in its various manifestations.

It is hardly to be wondered at that his portrayal of the hard-boiled sergeant—and the captain—of marines is realistic and well able to stand comparison with Louis Wolheim's interpretation of the same part in Arthur Hopkins' stage version. And that was a moot point when the inevitable picturization was announced. How would the performance on the screen of the ex-provost marshal of Mesopotamia—after the rescue of bottled up General Townsend at Kut-el-Amara—compare with that on the speaking stage of the ex-instructor of mathematics at Cornell? McLaglen emerged from the test certainly without discredit; from the point of view of many in the high places of authority as producers and critics and from those in lowlier places who had seen both the play and the picture.

Accepting the popular conception, Victor McLaglen is a typical minister's son. It is not surprising, then, to discover that his father for many years was a bishop of Cleremont, a diocese of the Church of England in South Africa. This father had been born in that country of Dutch and English parentage and was related to many prominent families there. He was a cousin to the famous General DeWitt, of Boer war fame. The son, Victor, came into the world in a suburb of London but spent his early boyhood in South Africa in Cleremont where his father held the aforementioned bishopric.

The McLaglen family were all potential grenadier guardsmen; the father was more than six feet tall, and his wife of more than average height. The seven children, six boys and one girl, were all over six feet. Victor himself towers six feet, three inches. Veritably a family of giants.

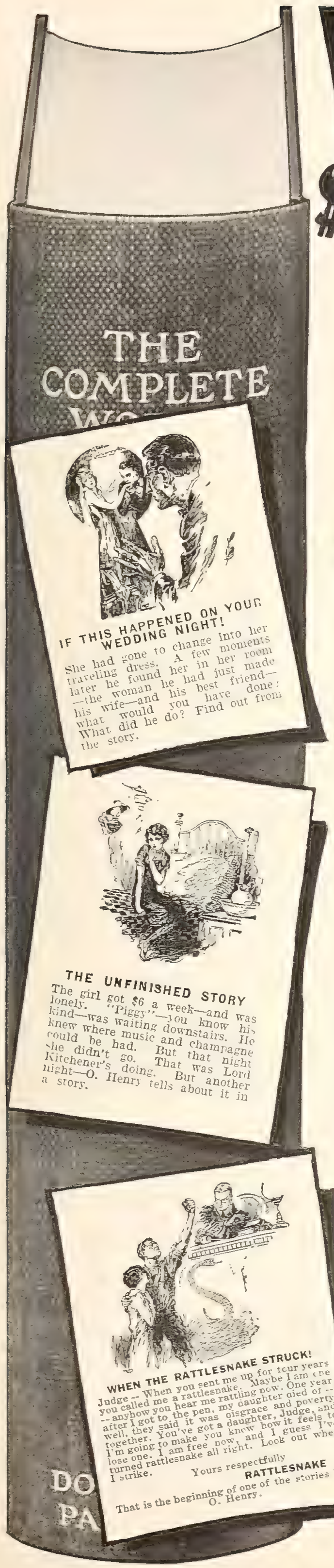
When the Boer war broke the future moving picture star was living in England. He was only fourteen but when his brother Fred enlisted and started almost immediately for South Africa the kid begged to be permitted to enter some branch of the service that would make it possible for him to accompany this brother. His father refused, so young McLaglen ran away from home and enlisted in London. Despite his youth he was at that time more than six feet tall. The recruiting sergeant assigned him to the Life Guards, one of their requisites being that all members must be more than six feet tall. He served in the Guards for three years at Windsor, the home of the king and queen. Finally his father purchased his release because he was still under age.

Three years in the army and being kept in England had increased his desire to travel as his brothers had done, they by this time being scattered all over the globe. Alluring, seductive steamship posters made Victor decide on Canada as the scene for his migration into the unknown. Arrived there McLaglen worked for a while in the dominion as a farm hand in Ontario. News of a silver lode discovery in Cobalt determined him to throw up his ten dollar a month job as a farm hand and join the rush to the silver mines.

Having no money for transportation the emigré did odd jobs in various towns and thus gradually worked his way toward the promised land. Ultimately he arrived in Cobalt. There he joined a prospecting party and spent the following spring and summer searching for silver. When the party finally struck the precious metal McLaglen discovered that it meant nothing to him because he had failed to sign a contract for his work with the outfit and he was deliberately cheated out of his share. Because judicial machinery was lacking there was no chance of redress on his part so Victor left the prospectors and returned alone to Cobalt.

Back at the starting point of the expedition the Londoner built himself a log cabin on the shores of Lake Timiskaming. There he spent a winter characterized by the most frugal sort of living, as the exchequer was low, waiting for the coming of spring. He was marking time until he could return to do some silver prospecting on his own. It was because the funds had reached such a low point that around Christmas time Mac decided to try the prize ring as a medium of raising some much-needed money. This idea was inspired by his having done a lot of wrestling and boxing when a member of the Life Guards at Windsor Castle.

Logically the Mecca for thousands of fortune hunters from all parts of the world because of the discovery of the silver deposits, Cobalt had become filled with amusement-hungry men. Among these was a Frenchman named Paul LeFebre, with some fame as a wrestler. He and Victor wrestled, charging two dollars a head for admission to their match. They collected five hundred dollars which they split. Shortly after this McLaglen met and defeated a German named Fred Schneider. These two international victories over the French and the German established the reputation of the ex-Life Guard and he became the favorite of the camp's sporting fraternity. He then fought all comers and won all his matches. An end to his wrestling career in Cobalt came when the town burned down. He consequently had to seek other fields where he could display his prowess.



Would You Pay $2.98 for Everything O. HENRY Ever Wrote?

SUPPOSE you were offered O. Henry's Complete Works—every one of the superb tales he wrote, each carrying its human tale of love, irony, sympathy and humor, each a story that lifts you out of humdrum existence, enlivening your mind and tugging at your heart—all of his 273 short stories for a little more than one cent apiece, wouldn't you grasp that opportunity?

O. Henry's masterful pen probes deep into the tangle of life, lays bare its beauty, its nearness, its glory and sordidness. Chorus girls and clubmen, shop-girls and gamblers, aristocrats and beggars stalk through his pungent pages each bearing a compelling tale that amazes you with its reality. Tragedy and comedy; soul-searing drama and laughter-provoking humor—these are the vital chords that O. Henry struck with every word he wrote. Truly he was an epicure of authors, selecting for you a delicious feast of works!

Now in ONE Volume

The opportunity is now here for you to get O. Henry's Complete Works, all his 273 stories, together with critical essays and biography in *one single volume for only $2.98!* In the past the complete works of O. Henry were published in as many as 18 volumes, costing as much as $27.00. But this splendid volume, printed in large, clear, easy-to-read type on superfine paper, handsomely bound in the finest cloth, containing over 1395 pages, completely indexed, sells for only $2.98.

If you wish a copy mail the coupon below. When the book arrives pay the postman $2.98 plus the small carrying charge. And then if you are not completely satisfied in every way return it within ten days and we will gladly refund your money. As there are only a limited number of these books we urge you to ACT AT ONCE. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. H-120a, Garden City, N. Y.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC.
Garden City, New York, Dept. H-120a.

Please send me the complete works of O. Henry, containing 273 stories, in one volume. I will pay the postman $2.98 plus carrying charges. You are to return my money at once if I return the book within a week after its receipt.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

RAMACO WAVE OIL
Saves and preseves the
PERMANENT WAVE
Send for Generous Sample
CLIP THIS ADVT. 25¢



A delightful, non sticky, crystallized hairdressing to bring out the natural, permanent or marcel wave by simply combing thru the hair and setting with the fingers. Holds the wave indefinitely.
USED BY NEW YORK'S BEST hairdressers for over 25 years. If your hairdresser cannot supply you send $1. direct for large home size jar, or 25c for generous sample. A real toilet necessity for smart women.
B. RAY MANUFACTURING CO.
419 West 42nd St. New York

Be a Camera Man
Earn up to $250 a Week



Here's YOUR chance to get into the movies! Big pay jobs open to camera men. You can quickly qualify. Fascinating work. Also big opportunities in Portrait, Commercial and News Photography.
No Experience Needed
We'll start you in Professional Photography and give you a real Professional Motion Picture Camera or View Camera FREE. Famous experts teach you by mail. Or come to our great New York Studios. Easy to learn.
Send for FREE BOOK
No obligation. Big illustrated Booklet and JOB CHART tell you about wonderful opportunities in all branches of Photography, everywhere. Write TODAY.
New York Institute of Photography
Dept. 60 10 West 33rd St., New York

Life's Secrets!



Amazing new book, "Safe Counsel," just out, tells you the things you want to know straight from the shoulder. Gives advice to newly married. Explains anatomy of reproductive organs, impotence, laws of Sex Life, mistakes to avoid, diseases, pregnancy, etc. Contains 9 startling sections: 1-Science of Eugenics, 2-Love, 3-Marriage, 4-Childbirth, 5-Family Life, 6-Sexual Science, 7-Diseases and Disorders, 8 Health and Hygiene, 9-Story of Life. In all, 104 chapters, 77 illustrations, 512 pages. Examine at our risk. Mailed in a plain wrapper.
Send No Money
Write for your copy today. Don't send a cent. Pay postman only $1.98, plus postage on arrival. Money refunded if not satisfactory. FRANKLIN ASSOCIATION
Dept. 7308, 186 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.



RESHAPE your NOSE
to beautiful proportions—while you sleep!



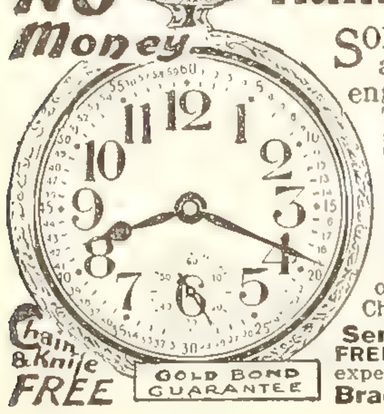
ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER
is SAFE, painless, comfortable. Speedy, permanent results guaranteed. Doctors praise it. No metal to harm you. Small cost.
Write for FREE BOOKLET
Gold Medal Won 1923



ANITA CO., Dept. N-69, Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

PIMPLES
Cleared up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.
E.S. GIVENS, 411 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Send NO Money
Railroad Special!



SOLID GOLD effect case guaranteed 25 years. Richly engraved. Locomotive crown. Time-keeper dial. Railroad back. Accuracy guaranteed by 100 yr. old Million Dollar Factory. Why pay $20 to $30 for your next watch? Order NOW. Pay Bargain Sale price of only—$3.87 and postage on arrival. Waldemar Knife and Chain to match, FREE.
Send No Money. Send postal today. FREE TRIAL. Wear 10 days at our expense. Money back if not delighted.
Bradley, BX7, Newton, MASS.

His reputation as a wrestler and boxer had spread by this time throughout Canada so he found many matches. Several sections of Ontario and Quebec saw some of the most spectacular of these. Ultimately he was dubbed Champion of Western Canada.

At Winnipeg he was joined by his brother Fred, the one he had tried to trail with to the Boer war in South Africa. This one of the fighting McLaglens had also gained some considerable measure of fame for himself as a fighter, later enhanced in the United States, through the bouts he fought under the name "Fred McKay." He suggested to Vic that he, the kid, unquestionably could stay the stipulated time with a side-show wrestler named Duval and win the twenty-five dollars offered for such an accomplishment. Victor took his advice and won the twenty-five. Later he succeeded Duval when the latter resigned his job and for a season toured the country wrestling all-comers. He also displayed his muscular development and physical prowess. One night he wrestled the eleven members of a football team in the town where the show was appearing and threw the entire outfit in the stipulated one hour's time.

Next McLaglen joined the J. W. Parker carnival and wild animal show. Teaming up with Duval, the wrestler whom he had supplanted the previous season, they put on a double act. Duval did a physical culture and weight-lifting act; McLaglen met all-comers in four-round wrestling matches offering twenty-five dollars to the man who could stay the limit. This meant wrestling every night as, lacking local aspirants for the money offered by McLaglen, there was always some member of the carnival crew who was ambitious to win the twenty-five. Few, indeed, were the times when the prize money had to be paid out.

With the break-up of the circus at Colfax, Washington, Messrs. McLaglen and Duval started a business men's gymnasium in that town. Boxing, wrestling and any other sort of exercise that would keep the Colfax males in physical condition were taught by the two ex-troupers. Then when they tired of that rather eventless tho profitable existence, the two athletes secured booking over the Pantages circuit. They toured for a long time as the Romano Brothers from Australia, doing a physical culture act for the edification of their patrons. Finally the partnership was dissolved and McLaglen went back to boxing. Under the management of Biddy Bishop, sporting editor of the Tacoma News, the peripatetic Victor fought many victorious fights around that section of the north-west. In Vancouver was his greatest feat. He fought a six-round, no-decision bout with Jack Johnson just after the negro had won the championship from Tommy Burns and before he displaced Jim Jeffries from the heavy-weight throne. That bout will afford an excellent idea of how good a pugilist the future Captain Flagg of *What Price Glory* was in his hey-day. He was no chocolate soldier fighter in the ring but an honest-to-glory scrapper. Partly because of Vic's success in standing off Johnson for six rounds and not getting knocked out himself he teamed up with his brother Arthur and once more toured the vaudeville circuits.

This vaudeville incursion proved to be quite profitable. Because the money worried them both and also because they wished to see more of the world the two brothers cancelled future bookings and sailed for Hawaii. From there they went to the Fiji Islands, Tahiti and Australia. They arrived on the latter continent just before the gold rush to Kalgoorlie started. What more natural than that the McLaglen brothers should join the hegira? They did and nearly died of thirst and starvation in the Australian desert before they decided to quit and leave the golconda to others.

From Australia they journeyed to Ceylon, then Bombay and on to Africa. They had toured the latter continent and arrived in Capetown when they got their first news of the world war. They left immediately for London to enlist. This was in the latter part of August, 1914. Arriving in London they found the four other brothers also there for the same purpose. Leo, an older brother, had arrived from China where he was working a gold claim; Lewis and Clifford from South America and Fred from Canada. Within a few days all of the six foot—and over—brothers had enlisted and been despatched to different sections of the British front in Flanders and France. All of them returned from the war except Fred who was killed in East Africa.

Victor was given a commission as lieutenant because of his previous service in the Life Guards. First he did recruiting in Trafalgar Square, London. He enrolled six hundred men in front of Lord Nelson's monument. Then he was sent to Mesopotamia with the Royal Irish Fusileers. Later with Cheshire regiment he was in several strenuous engagements with the Turks and Arabs at Sheik Saad, Judalia and Sind. He was for several months with the relief forces during the attempt—finally successful—to succor and release General Allenby and his forces bottled up in Kut-el-Amara. As a result of his bravery and efficiency as an officer in these engagements McLaglen was promoted to a captaincy. He also was made assistant provost marshal to Sheik Saad. This was virtually becoming chief of police over between forty and fifty thousand men. As one of his numerous duties was ridding the district of spies—mostly Arabs—many of whom were caught and adjudged guilty, Captain McLaglen's firing squad was kept decidedly busy lining the condemned up outside the city's walls.

Promotion to be provost marshal of Bagdad followed. Several times he was attacked and twice knifed by natives sentenced by his court for breach of peace. Once he almost died through poisoned dates given by an Arab who had served ninety days in the British prison after conviction in the provost marshal's court.

In the city of Bagdad he discovered one of the native boys with a natural talent for boxing. McLaglen trained and developed him and at the conclusion of the war took him back with him to England. This Arab fought several bouts in England, returned to Bagdad and then once more to London where he now is. He is a member of the National Sporting club but with no perceptible future as a member of the boxing fraternity although Vic thought at one time he had the makings of a champion.

After the Arabian nights—and days—Victor McLaglen returned to England. He tried the fighting game thinking that possibly it was his vocation. He had been too long away from it, however, and had grown too old. He gave up the idea of the big purses which he had visualized. Then diplomacy as a profession came to him. He knew the colonies, had linguistic ability and knowledge and had known and dealt with all types of men in all corners of the world; all these things were bound to help him and be of the greatest possible advantage in the

WHY GO TO BED WITH YOUR FACE GREASY WITH CLEANSING CREAM?

WHY APPEAR ON THE STREET WITH A SHINY NOSE?



NEW and Amazing Cream—EFACE—reaches all three skin layers, the foundation of beauty.

Last month, perhaps, you were excusable, not this month since "Eface", used by actresses and dancers for beautifying their faces and bodies, has become available to the general public.

"Eface" is excellent as a powder base—ideal as a cleanser—and absolutely eliminates blackheads. It's new, revolutionary and wonderful!

Sheer, Low-Necked, sleeveless evening gowns—the new sleeveless tennis togs—and bathing costumes just about to burst into Summer popularity—demand that your body be exquisitely white, soft, and lovely.

You'll find Eface is miraculous as a cleansing and whitening cream—and even more wonderful as a powder base.

Petropalm Corporation, Dept. A.H. 21 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed one dollar for which send a tube of EFACE.

Name.....*Address*.....

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent

The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction of the Academy furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting.
The training is educative and practical, developing Poise, Personality and Expressional Power, of value to those in professional life and to the layman.

Midwinter Term Opens Jan. 16th
Extension Dramatic Courses in co-operation with
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
Free Catalog describing all Courses from
Room 253-L, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

Goitre Can Be Cured

Dr. Rock, the eminent goitre specialist has treated goitre for nearly a quarter of a century and within the last year has made a remarkable discovery which has aroused intense interest. Every reader of this paper who suffers of goitre should write at once for his free book in 2 colors which tells of this new discovery and also how to treat goitre at home without danger or discomfort. Absolutely free—just write. Dr. Rock, Drawer 300, Box 737, Milwaukee, Wis.

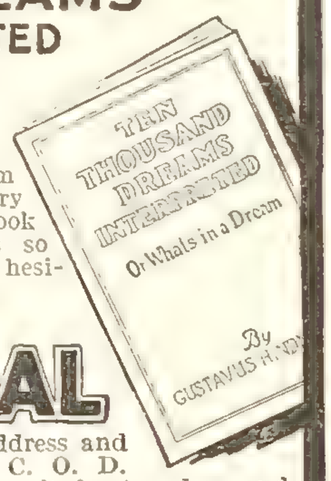


Wealth, Love, Happiness, everything our hearts desire come to us in our dreams. Sorrow, pain, misery, intense suffering are ours in the dream world. Each dream portrays a hidden secret we should know. Dreams give us a bearing on our present and future lives. They guide and warn us against danger. No dream should be allowed to pass by without being interpreted. History tells us that Napoleon, Goethe, Joseph, Shakespeare, Joan of Arc and countless others had their dreams interpreted to guard against the future.

WHAT HAS FATE IN STORE FOR YOU

Will your dreams bring you happiness, will they bring you wealth, are you to journey into foreign lands? Will your dreams protect you from many dangers that may beset you? Forewarned is forearmed. If you are prepared you will be able to recognize happiness and impending dangers when you see them. Freud and Ellis, two great psychologists have made remarkable discoveries connecting dreams and sex.

10,000 DREAMS INTERPERTED



The above is the name of a remarkable book of dreams and symbols. It gives a full explanation and meaning for every dream a person could have. Every home should have this book for daily reference. It is so wonderful that we do not hesitate to send it on

FREE TRIAL

Just send your name and address and the book will be sent you C. O. D. for $2.48 plus postage. Keep it for ten days and then if you are not thoroughly satisfied you may return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

For your own welfare and so the dreams of the future will not remain a mystery, send today for the book, Ten Thousand Dreams Interpreted.

OCCULT PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 101
108 Dudley St., Boston, Mass.

diplomatic corps. One post in Arabia in particular he had in mind. But fate or destiny or what you will interfered with this dream.

One day at the National Sporting club he was approached by an English motion picture producer. The latter saw in McLaglen just the type he needed for *The Call of the Road,* a picture he was about to put into production. The soldier of two wars and many wanderings succumbed to the offer and thus made his moving picture debut. The picture, incidentally, became a great success in England, but not because of the debutante's histrionic gifts. Before it had been released the new screen actor met at the Oxford-Cambridge boat race J. Stuart Blackton, the American pioneer producer. As a result of this meeting Mac played the leading male role opposite Lady Diana Manners in Blackton's production, *The Glorious Adventure.* The titled English woman is possibly best known in this country for her portrayal of the nun in Morris Gest's stage spectacle *The Miracle.* McLaglen's role in *The Glorious Adventure* was that of a convict and murderer married to the heroine in prison who is released when the great fire of London destroys the prison. It was a romance of the sixteenth century and important because it showed that McLaglen had the acting possibilities realized and proved later in this country.

During the next four years the soldier of fortune was starred or featured in a number of English productions, the most notable being *The Romany* and *The Sailor Tramp.*

Then came the not-to-be-ignored call from the United States. Stuart Blackton was responsible for that because he wanted McLaglen for *The Beloved Brute.* Followed the heavy role in Charles Ray's Percy. He enacted a somewhat similar role later for Fox in *The Hunted Woman* nearly losing his life in the filming of that picture at Yuma dam. He was one of the curious trio in *The Unholy Three,* Lon Chaney being another of the triumvirate. The Fox picture *The Fighting Heart* and Frank Lloyd's *Winds of Chance* followed. His performance in the latter picture won him a First National contract. With that company he played the heavy in Milton Sills' *Men of Steel* and James Hogan's *The Isle of Retribution.* He really arrived in the Winfield Sheehan-Raoul Walsh directed picture version of *What Price Glory.* And in that Anderson-Stallings war play he did arrive beyond any question.

One interesting thing about this performance as showing the world-wide influence and distribution of successful films is afforded by the communications that McLaglen had received from all over the world. Companions of his world wanderings, of the circus, vaudeville stage, gold and silver rushes, of the prize fight and wrestling rings, companions in arms in the Boer and world wars; hundreds of these having seen him on the screen as "Captain Flagg" have written to him after all these years. He logically, because of his own experience, regards the movies as the greatest possible means of establishing connections with friends and acquaintances in whatever corner of the world they may be hiding away.

Many of them are still pursuing the nomadic life that was his own before the movies claimed him and limited his perigrinations to locations for pictures. But he has settled down in Hollywood with a wife and two children, a boy and a girl aged five and four respectively. He did go back to London last year when his mother died and the family foregathered from various points of the compass. But the erstwhile soldier-of-fortune who went where his fancy listed does so no more, the philandering English soldier philanders no more. The Missus sees to that. Victor's is a well ordered and orderly life now and his possible yearning for adventure is limited to what the scenarist and director provide him with for transferral to the celluloid. Wherein his own life as a soldier of fortune resembles that of the amorous Captain Flagg of the screen Victor is understandably reticent. But inasmuch as travelers and soldiers since time immemorial have fascinated and won the fair sex—it is fair to assume that Victor McLaglen was not always worsted in duels with flesh and blood Corporals or Sergeant Quirts for the favor of the fair.

And what of the future? He will next be seen probably in *Mother Machree* as a Giant of Kilkenny. And of greater interest than that will be his playing of the toreador Escamillio in *Carmen.* But it will not be the Carmen we have been accustomed to; the role of the cigarette girl will be subordinated to that of the bullfighter. And he will be no petted darling of Rondo Madrid or Seville, but a rough-neck, brutal he-man toreador, a sort of Spanish Captain Flagg. It is a tale re-written to fit the McLaglen personality and thus will possess, at least, the merit of originality of a much-done theme. Victor's own first glimpse of a bull fight, curious considering his world travels—came when he went to Mexico City to screen the ring sequences. Rafael Ballejo was his teacher in the art and he proved to be a most apt pupil.

F. W. Murnau, the brilliant German director of *The Last Laugh, Variety* and *Sunrise* paid McLaglen the supreme tribute when he said: *There* is the one man I'll take my hat off to as an actor. Praise, indeed, from Sir Hubert.



Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost fishing for gold in the sea.

"Comment ca va?" she said, with a laugh



—and I astounded her with my reply

PEGGY took great delight in jollying me.

One day, when I was calling on her, she greeted me in French. "Comment ça va?" she said.

"Now, Peg," I warned, with a grin, "no French. You know I can't understand it."

Peggy chuckled. "Oh, yes, I keep forgetting," she apologized.

It was a habit with Peggy to break frequently into French. Sometimes I half suspected she did this intentionally, because she knew it embarrassed me.

"You know, Bob," remarked Peggy, after we had chatted awhile, "it's a pity you didn't take French at school."

I nodded, feeling rather small. "Yes, I wish I had taken French, Peg. I didn't realize when I was in school the value of learning a foreign language. I didn't realize how much it would help me—in business and in social life, I certainly feel like an outsider nowadays among some of my friends who do speak French."

There was a pause. "I suppose it's too late to learn now," I added, looking at her questioningly.

Peggy shrugged her shoulders. "Yes, I suppose so," she agreed.

We chatted a while longer. Finally I rose to go.

"Good-bye," I said, as I was leaving.

"Au revoir," replied Peggy, with a faint smile.

* * *

A Big Surprise

Several months passed before I saw Peggy again. Once more she greeted me with her usual, "Comment ça va?" She was not prepared for my reply.

"Je me porte très bien," I answered, in perfect French.

Peggy's eyes opened wide. I rattled on in French—talked about the weather—the latest shows, anything I could think of. To Peggy's amazement, I talked only in French.

Finally I said in English, "Don't you agree with me, Peg?"

"Peggy's face was a blank. "Wh-where on earth did you learn to speak French?" she gasped.

I laughed. "Remember the last time I was here, Peg? . . . Well, after I left I began thinking. I realized that a foreign language is part of every cultured person's education. I determined I would learn French. But how, was a problem. I didn't have time to go to school. I couldn't afford to engage a private teacher. I didn't know what to do . . .

"But one day I heard a fellow at the office talking about a marvelous new way to learn French! I asked him about it.

"He told me that it was a course by mail—a course of lessons that you studied at home.

"I was disappointed. I laughed at the idea of learning a language by mail. 'Impossible!' I exclaimed.

"But he protested that it was not at all impossible. He told me how his sister had taken the course—how she had actually learned to speak French in a short time.

How I Learned French Without a Teacher

"Well, I sent for the course . . . Have you ever heard of the Hugo Language Institute, Peg?"

Peggy nodded. "It's located in London, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied, "it's one of the oldest, most conservative language institutes in the world. They recently made a remarkable achievement in the teaching of languages. They put their expert knowledge of language instruction—their years of experience in teaching French—the secrets of their quick, accurate method—into a set of printed lessons—*lessons which anyone can study at home.*

"The course is really wonderful, Peg . . . It's called the 'At-Sight' method. It's utterly different from the old-fashioned methods. Just think—only a short time ago I didn't know a word of French. Now I can speak French—read French books and magazines—understand spoken French and use French phrases in conversation!

"And I only studied a few minutes a day! No tiresome exercises to do—no boresome classroom drills. It was real fun learning. Everything was so clear—simple—easy. Honestly, Peg, the Hugo 'At-Sight' French Course is a wonderful accomplishment in language instruction!"

This story is typical. You, too, can now learn French at home—quickly, easily, pleasantly—just as thousands of others are doing by the celebrated Hugo "At-Sight" Method. Twenty-four fascinating lessons, carefully planned. The most ingenious method of learning French ever discovered. Whole generations of language-teaching experience in all the leading European cities are behind this French course.

Try It 5 Days FREE

The wonderful thing about this simplified Hugo method is that it makes you *your own teacher.* At home—in minutes that might otherwise be wasted—you learn, phrase by phrase, sentence by sentence, to speak the language correctly and well.

We shall be glad to send you the complete course FREE FOR 5 DAYS so that you may see it and judge it for yourself. Within the free examination period you have the privilege of returning the course, without cost of obligation, or keeping it as your own and sending only $2 as a first payment, and thereafter $2 a month until the full price of $12 has been paid.

You are the judge. Simply return the course within 5 days if you are not fascinated and delighted with it. If you act promptly, a valuable French-English Dictionary, containing 45,000 words, will be included without additional cost.

We urge you to clip and mail this coupon today. Doubleday, Page & Co., Dept. F-8012, Garden City, New York.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Dept. F-8012
American Representatives of Hugo's Language Institute of London,
Garden City, New York.

Please send me the Hugo "French-At-Sight" Course, in 24 lessons, for free examination and include the French-English Dictionary. Within 5 days I will either return the course and dictionary or send you $2 at that time and $2 each month thereafter until $12 has been paid.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Reference or Occupation .....

5% discount for cash with order.

"Les Resultats Sont Absolument Merveilleux"

Wrote One Happy Woman

You can preserve or regain a youthfully slender figure easily through this really delightful and simple treatment. Removes superfluous flesh without violent exercise, dieting or dangerous drugs. Simply a course of luxurious perfumed baths taken in your own home. Popular among French leaders of fashion. Introduced to America by a woman of social prominence. For sale by druggists, department stores, hairdressers, beauty specialists, etc. If your dealer does not carry Clarks Thinning Salt we will gladly supply you direct.



Sample Sufficient for a treatment 10c

Interesting Booklet "The Charming Figure" sent on request.

THE ORIENT CO.
North Wales, Penna.

(CLARKS THINNING SALTS)

SEL AMAIGRISSANT CLARKS

On sale at such stores as Altman, Stern, Gimbel, Macy, Park & Tilford in New York; Jordan Marsh & Co., Boston; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Strawbridge & Clothier, and Evans, Philadelphia; Halle Bros. Co., The May Co., Cleveland; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; D. H. Holmes Co., New Orleans; S. Kann Sons Co., Washington.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of SCREENLAND, published MONTHLY at NEW YORK, N. Y., for October 1, 1927. State of New York, County of NEW YORK, ss. Before me, a NOTARY in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared WALTER G. SPRINGER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the PUBLISHER of SCREENLAND and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, WALTER G. SPRINGER, 49 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Editor, ELIOT KEEN, 49 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Managing Editor, ELIOT KEEN, 49 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Business Manager, V. M. RABUFFO, 49 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of the total amount of stock should be given) THE MAGAZINE BUILDERS, INC., 49 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; WALTER G. SPRINGER, 49 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; E. E. ADAMS, 49 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; ELIOT KEEN, 49 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. WALTER G. SPRINGER, Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of Oct., 1927. (SEAL) GEORGE W. KAY, Notary Public, Bronx County. Bronx Co. Clk's No. 24, Reg. No. 2968. N. Y. Clk's No. 295, Reg. No. 9262. Commission expires March 30, 1929.

On Bebe's Beach---*Continued from page 47*

had just been married, after being in love for many years, and they seemed ideally happy.

"If love is true, it is worth the test of time," Pauline told Patsy with a quiet, sweet sort of conviction. Pauline is one of the sweetest girls in pictures, with a great deal of quiet depth. No wonder she is such a good actress!

James Kirkwood, clad in his bathing suit, seemed seized with a sudden yen for a life on the bounding main, even in a small way, and, grabbing Bebe's canoe, he got it through the waves with the help of Charlie Paddock, who donned a bathing suit and left off ping-ponging for the purpose. Lila Lee wasn't there, as she was entertaining some of her family at the home of herself and Jim next door, but their small son was there, a lively little husky of whom his dad is quite inordinately proud.

"Doesn't Blanche Sweet look just cute and young in that blue gingham frock!" exclaimed Patsy. "What a sensible dress for the beach!"

At these peach parties, you dress as you please. Some of the girls wore little silk afternoon frocks, but most of them were in sport clothes, some plain, some elaborate.

Blanche and I went out onto the veranda, where there is a comfy swing hammock, and discussed the latest books. Blanche is an avid reader, and knows every new book that comes out, it seems to me.

As we were chatting, Kirkwood and Charlie Paddock returned from their sea voyage, and Charlie began doing some handsprings and other of his athletic stunts in Bebe's beach yard. Of course Micky Neilan had to have his joke——

"Hey, there, Charlie!" he shouted. "More exercise and less liquor!"

Which is very funny to us who know Charlie well, since ginger ale is the strongest drink his palate knows, and he doesn't even think well of coffee and tea!

Louise Brooks sat gazing pensively out to sea from a front window.

"She must be watching for Eddie Sutherland's return!" exclaimed Patsy jokingly. Eddie has gone to Europe, you know.

When it grew really dark, we all gathered in the house for a buffet supper, and there was a cosy fire in the big fireplace. Some of the hardier spirits took their food out to the patio, which is a charming place with a big fountain, made cheerful with its yellow paint and blue stencilling, and very picturesque, but a little cool of an evening.

Mrs. Daniels, Bebe's mother, had to rush off to visit a friend who was ill, but she left us to the tender mercies of Mr. and Mrs. Billy Sunday, Jr., who acted as assistant host and hostess with Bebe. The Sundays, Jr., proved charming people, with absolutely no evangelical tendencies so far as our party was concerned at least.

Presently cards were introduced, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn popped in, along with Marcel de Sano, to take places at the card tables.

We all voted Bebe the ideal hostess as we raced homeward in Syl's wonderful Lincoln car.

"DANCING out of doors is the newest fad, I see," remarked Patsy, as we neared the home of Louis B. Mayer, which is very near Bebe Daniels' beach home. We had come out with Eduardo Raquello, that very handsome young actor lately arrived in this country, and as we approached the house, despite the tall garden wall, we caught glimpses of the gaities beyond in the wide, paved terrace, which serves as a ping-pong and swimming pool in the daytime, but which at night is likely to be turned into a dance room.

Here, too, are bright colored swing-hammocks and comfortable, low wicker chairs, where those who don't care to dance can sit and chat in the cheerful light of the many colored Chinese lanterns which serve to dim the bright electrics.

The party was being given for Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, who have since been married.

Norma always is exquisite, but now in her happiness she is lovelier than ever, with a radiant sort of beauty and sweetness that are delightful to behold.

"'A rare and radiant maiden,'" quoted Eduardo, who was thrown into transports of Latin enthusiasm at Norma's appearance, and who even went so far as to quote English poetry to express it.

Louis B. Mayer and his beautiful wife always manage to make everybody happy without being in the least bustling about it. And their two pretty daughters, Irene and Edith, are gracious and full of charm.

When Patsy went off to dance with Irving, Norma told me that she did believe in love at first sight. She told me in a jokingly sweet sort of way how she first met Irving.

"One day I went into the office at the studio," explained Norma, "and out of the door of a private office popped a handsome, boyish looking young man. I thought he was the office boy! Then I found out who he was. He didn't find it out until two years later, but as a matter of fact I did fall in love with him at the very moment that he emerged from that door."

"Supposing he had been an office boy," I suggested.

"Oh, well, all great men are office boys to begin with," smiled Norma, "and I should simply have waited for him."

I didn't have a chance to ask Irving his side of the love-at-first-sight idea, but I'm sure he must have felt the same way about Norma, if, indeed, he had not already fallen in love with her on the screen, which I strongly suspect he had done before ever meeting her at all.

Harry Rapf and Mrs. Rapf were dancing, and so were King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman—the latter, by the way, wearing a new and sweeter expression with the hovering of the stork—and Mary Astor and Ralph Graves, Patricia Howard and Syl Stokes and many others, fox-trotted gaily.

Robert Leonard as usual was playing cards, but Gertrude danced a little with Eduardo Raquello—who could refuse him? —and when she had finished we had a little chat. Gertrude said that she didn't like cards because you couldn't exercise your sense of humor!

May McAvoy was there with her blond wig, dancing with Maurice Clary, to whom she is supposed to be engaged, and who is a very delightful man. And there were Sylvia Thalberg, Mrs. Thalberg, B. P. Schulberg, Marjorie Daw, Edwin Earle, and just dozens of others.

We heard somebody playing the piano beautifully in the drawing room, and peeped in to see Fritz Feld at the instrument. Feld has been playing in "The Miracle," but has given up the stage for pictures.

We had arrived late, so didn't see Mr.

Here is YOUR High School Education!



Let these twelve books fill your spare time with pleasure and entertainment as they prepare you easily and quickly in your own home for bigger pay, broader culture, and both social and business success.

Examine them FREE!

DID you miss your chance to go to high school? You need no longer be handicapped! Now you can have your high school education—in your spare time at home. An amazingly easy, new plan has been developed—as simple as a-b-c, as fascinating as a game! No tedious study—no laborious lessons! Just a few minutes of pleasant reading a day. Every high school subject is covered in the most entertaining and effective way—*By Questions and Answers.*

In little time, with little effort, you can acquire the equivalent of a FOUR-YEAR High School Training—a training fulfilling the requirements of the State Board of Regents and the College Entrance Examination Board.

The Surest Way to Earn More Money

Without a high school education you cannot hope to get far in life. The better positions, the bigger salaries, are barred from you. Why chain yourself to a low-pay, blind-alley job, when a few minutes of pleasant reading a day will open the door to BIG opportunities?

A high school education is the surest way to increase your earning power. It gives you culture, enables you to meet and know educated, worth-while people.

How often have you said, "I wish I had gone to high school"? Now your wish is answered. Now, with less effort than you ever thought possible, you can learn every subject taught in high school—learn it just as it is taught in the classroom—by the question and answer method. These twelve handy volumes, the famous "Blue Books," quickly give you a command of English, History, Literature, French and all the other subjects every educated person should know.

12,000 High School Teachers Use These Books

Principals, teachers, and students the country over recognize the merit of these practical books—use them in their school work. Students preparing for college entrance find them invaluable.

Each book covers one subject—boiled down, presented in a delightfully easy series of questions and answers. This is the oldest teaching method known—and recognized today as the most effective. It is the simplest, most interesting, livest way to acquire knowledge.

With these twelve books in your hands, you have at your command twelve expert instructors, each one teaching you in your own home exactly as if you were attending a modern million-dollar high school. Approximately 625 days' attendance, or 3,840 hours, required for a four-year high school diploma, are condensed into these compact, convenient, comprehensive volumes. You save time and money.

Certificate Awarded

By answering the examination questions that supplement these books, you can qualify for a High School Certificate. This Certificate stamps you as an educated man or woman. It is invaluable to you in applying for a position or gaining advancement with your present firm.

Greatest Bargain in Brain Power Ever Offered!

Never before has there been such a bargain in education. Never before has it been possible to obtain a high school education in so easy and rapid a way, and at so little cost. The price of these twelve handy volumes, embracing a complete high school education, is actually less than you probably fritter away in spending money in a couple of weeks. By taking advantage of this sensational offer, your high school education costs you a total of only $15.85, payable on easy monthly terms.

FREE EXAMINATION
Send No Money

Before you pay a penny, see for yourself how easy it is to acquire high school training this new, easy way. The coupon will bring you the twelve famous Blue Books to examine free. Keep them and enjoy them for 5 days. Then decide. You take absolutely no risk; you assume no obligation by mailing the coupon. You miss a wonderful opportunity by NOT doing so. Tear it off now, before you turn the page.

HIGH SCHOOL HOME STUDY BUREAU
Dept. 4312
31 Union Sq.
New York City

HIGH SCHOOL HOME STUDY BUREAU, Dept. 4312
31 Union Square, New York City.

Gentlemen: You may send me, for FREE EXAMINATION, the 12 famous Blue Books, containing the equivalent of a four-year High School Education. Within 5 days I will either return the books or remit $3.85 as first payment and then $4 a month for three months, a total of $15.85. (Note: If you prefer to take advantage of the 10% cash discount, remit $14.27 after examination.)

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

SUBJECTS COVERED

- Biology
- Ancient History
- American History
- Elementary Algebra
- Physics
- Modern History
- Literature
- Economics
- French
- Latin
- Spanish
- English Grammar

Can YOU Answer These Questions?

Who was Marie Antoinette?
How can a man be elected President though he receives a million votes less than his opponent?
Why is the sky blue?
Is this sentence correct? He doesn't feel good.
Who was Homer?
By what rule of economics does Charlie Chaplin earn more money than President Coolidge?
Can you say, "Good morning," in Spanish? "Good night," in French?
Who said, "Give me liberty or give me death?"
Which freezes quickest,—water, mercury, alcohol?
Do fish sleep?
What is a pentameter?
Who wrote Virginibus Puerisque?
What nation first divided time into months, weeks, hours, minutes and seconds.
Where was the Pantheon?
Why is glass transparent?

A Christmas Suggestion!!!

Now is the time to be thinking of that old question, "What shall I give for Christmas?" We suggest books. Something which is enjoyed by everyone. Many of these books have been made into movies, which gave us some of our greatest SCREEN SUCCESSES.

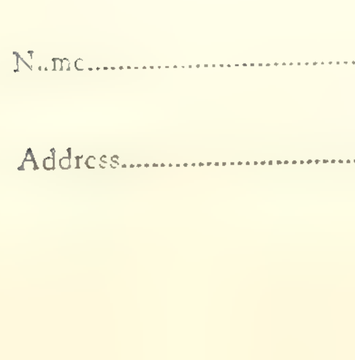
Order any one for $1.00 or 6 for $5.00



LA BOHEME
An appealing story based on the famous opera



RESURRECTION
Tolstoy's genius at its best



BEN HUR
The book which was translated into every language!

The King of Kings
Beau Geste
Resurrection
Ben-Hur
Bardelys the Magnificent
Seventh Heaven
Sea Hawk
Scarlet Letter
Stella Dallas
Old Ironsides
Moby Dick (Sea Beast)
Scaramouche
Cobra
La Boheme
Brewster's Millions
Chickie
The Covered Wagon
The Flirt
The Fool
Gigolo
Janice Meredith
The Leather Pushers
Little Old New York
Main Street
Michael Stroghoff
Monsieur Beaucaire
One Minute to Play
The Three Musketeers
The Sea Wolf
The River's End
The Vanishing American
The Turmoil



THE KING OF KINGS
Carries a message of the highest spiritual appeal



SCARLET LETTER
Hawthorne's Masterpiece



BEAU GESTE
A remarkable story of the French Foreign Legion

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE (Book Dept.) Desk 5
49 West 45th Street, New York City.

I enclose $.....for which please send me .....

Name.....

Address.....

Mayer do his famous diving and swimming stunts, nor Claire Windsor and Norma in their bathing suits. And as it was a bit cold for swimming in the evening, nobody went in.

"I'm glad the Mayers are staying down at the beach all winter, and I do hope they won't forget to ask us to their next party," observed Patsy as under the moonlight we sped homeward in Eduardo Raquello's comfy car.

SPEAKING of outdoor parties——

Who would ever miss one of Lois Weber's? I ask you!

Lois Weber and her husband, Capt. Gantz, dwell in a beautiful house built in the Spanish style, on their great ranch, "El Dorado," an hour's ride from Los Angeles.

"Is it a sit-down or a grab-it-off luncheon?" I inquired of Patsy.

"Oh, a grab-it-off luncheon, I think," responded Patsy.

"Then it won't matter a bit to our hostess if we are a little bit late," I said.

But the affair turned out to be a barbecue, and we found all the guests gathered together at long tables under the great trees when we arrived. Beef had been barbecued, and proved delicious, but there was also turkey and many kinds of salads. Lois and the Captain didn't depend entirely on their servants, but kept circulating to see that all their guests were being properly served.

Leatrice Joy, brown as a berry from much tennis playing, sat next me, and was telling me how delighted she is at looking forward to her trip to New Orleans, her native city, which she has not visited since she became a moving picture star. But she said that she knew her visit would be saddened to a certain extent by the havoc wrought by the terrible floods in the south. Some of her old family friends' fortunes and estates suffered heavily.

Jean Hersholt's young son sat next me, and was looking forward to riding a horse and swimming in the pool later in the afternoon. He is a fine looking youngster, and may later adopt the stage or screen, but just at present he has his mind on play and school.

Svend Gade, the director, and his wife talked German with Hersholt and his wife, off at one end of the table.

Claire Windsor exhibited her gold-and-white loveliness in a new sport outfit, and chatted charmingly with all the men that gathered about her like bees around a honey-pot, as per usual.

Priscilla Dean brought her current aviator, and is looking slim and charming these days. She is preparing to take a flyer into vaudeville. We were rather surprised to hear that Priscilla is getting a divorce from Wheeler Oakman. She had told us one day——

"I'm not going to get a divorce, because I'm afraid I should be foolish enough to get married again!" she declared.

We hear that Wheeler is going to marry a stage actress.

Bill Boyd and his wife, Eleanor Faire, were there, and Gretta Tuttle.

Mitchell Lyson brought his lovely wife, and Lenore Coffey came with her nice husband.

Joseph Schildkraut and Elise Bartlett were there, and later went swimming in the swimming pool, a great reservoir on a knoll. Elise is a fine swimmer, and challenged all the men. Joseph and Elise had brought their small dogs, which were so immaculately clean that nobody minded

their going into the swimming pool.

Indoors you played bridge if you liked, or you listened to Mrs. Joseph Cawthorn, who used to be Queenie Vassar, sing some of her charming songs. Poor Joe was away up at Lake Arrowhead, she explained, being dragged around behind a speed boat in the interests of picture art.

It was simply impossible for anybody to tear himself away until the sun began to set, when we all said a regretful farewell to our beloved host and hostess.

"A Corned-beef and Cabbage Party!" Gertrude Olmsted called to me over the telephone. "Will you and Patsy come over to our house?"

"Will we," demanded Patsy when I told her. "Say, I'd rather be dead than not go!"

Bob Leonard and Gertrude met us at the door of their charming house in Hollywood, where we found a very starry party indeed assembled.

Charlotte Greenwood, the musical comedy star, who has lately gone into pictures and is playing *Baby Mine*, was there, and so were Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, so that one was sure of being immensely amused. And there were Charlotte's husband, Martin Broones, who writes songs, Hedda Hopper, David Mir, Count de Segurola, and Jack Conway, with his lovely young wife who is so pretty it is fun just to sit and watch her, Dorothy Warner and others.

Marie Dressler recited a funny little poem of her own about the lone private soldier in Washington amid a city full of lieutenants, who died for his country wearing himself out saluting his superior officers! Miss Greenwood sang, but Polly Moran refused to sing because Count De Segurola wouldn't sing with her! Of course you know he was a former grand opera star.

"And having a good voice, he thought he would go into pictures!" remarked Patsy.

The Count in fact wouldn't sing at all, but did recite an amusing little poem, quite low-brow for a Count and a grand opera singer.

There is a big pipe-organ in the house, and presently we heard its rich tones. Dorothy Warner, we were told, was playing it. The organ is off in a room by itself.

The corned-beef-and-cabbage supper was served in honor of *Bringing Up Father*, in which Polly, Marie and Gertrude had worked, with Jack Conway directing.

In front of the dining room door was a huge sign,—"Bob's Place,—The Biggest Schooner in Town."

After which we weren't surprised to be served near-beer with our corned-beef.

The dessert was a French apple pie, which Gertrude had made herself.

"I wanted to add a little touch of French refinement to the vulgar Irish corned-beef," explained Gertrude drolly.

Whether it was the near-beer or what, Marie Dressler and the Count decided after dinner that they were engaged. Marie said that she thought the title "Countess Marie" sounded very well, and that she was sure the dear King of Spain would be glad when he heard about it.

"Gertrude is as clever and sweet as she is pretty," declared Patsy as we left. "Bob must be very happy."

And happy Bob surely looked as, putting his arm around his lovely wife, he smiled farewell to us from his hospitable doorway.

"Winifred Hart seems like a new person these days, doesn't she?" demanded Patsy. "Even if she didn't want a divorce and her freedom,—and I'm sure she would much prefer to have made up with her husband,—her freedom seems to have refreshed her and to have done her good."

We had climbed the slope to Winifred's lovely new home in Hollywood, where Winifred was giving a house-warming party.

Our hostess met us at the door, and we fairly gasped at the appearance she made. She wore a black velvet and lace gown, tight-fitting in the bodice, and the costume set off her blond beauty exquisitely. She looked radiantly pretty and sweet,—prettier indeed than in the old days when she was Winifred Westover, before sorrow and motherhood came to her. She is going to return to pictures you know.

Barton Hepburn, the young New York millionaire whom D. W. Griffith brought west to go into pictures, but who has had some misunderstanding with United Artists, —"just imagine being able to afford to have a misunderstanding with United Artists!" exclaimed Patsy in an aside to me,—had brought us, and we found a nice group of people gathered in the drawing room.

Mrs. Jack Ford, Pauline Starke and Jack White were discussing Europe and Pauline was telling us how surprised she was to find that though you get no soap in your Paris hotel, you do find a dressing gown laid out for you in the bath-room. She told us how she liked London better than Paris, and how she had taken snap-shots of some of the handsome guards at the Tower of London, and thought they should all be in pictures. She didn't tell them so because she didn't like to put the notion into their heads and maybe have them resign their jobs and come to Hollywood, where, of course, she would feel awfully responsible for them.

Of course we all asked about little Bill Hart, who was naturally at that hour, asleep; but Winifred told us that he is still faithful to little Thomasina Mix, Tom Mix's small daughter, even though Thomasina did lately reproach him for being too fat, whereupon he tearfully went on a hunger strike, and had to be paddled before he would take nourishment again.

I am telling you about a party that occurred just before the death of Carmel Myers' mother, since which time Carmel has seen almost no one. Carmel came with Eduardo Raquello, and that was the last time I saw poor Carmel in gay spirits. Since that time, following the death of her mother, she seems completely crushed.

A Hawaiian orchestra played on the landing of the staircase, and speaking of that reminded a group of us of different sorts of national music, leading naturally to discussing the many different nationalities represented in the studios.

Mary Ford told us about the Archduke Leopold, who is working in her husband's current picture, and whom everbody calls "Archie," not knowing just how to address him.

Lovely little Ethel Shannon was there with her husband, Joe Jackson. Ethel has retired from pictures, much preferring to be a happy wife to a gladiator in the picture business, which everybody has to be these days in order to get and remain on top.

Winifred was assisted in entertaining us by her nice mamma, and we were served with a buffet supper, after which everybody either played bridge or danced.

"Everybody had a gorgeous time, and I'm sure Winifred will become one of Hollywood's most popular hostesses," declared Patsy as we left at ever so much o'clock that night.

Falling Hair Dandruff Itching Scalp

are Signs of Approaching

BALDNESS



The Result of Neglect

Nature has ways of warning us when certain parts of our body are sick or under-nourished. In the case of our hair the **danger signals** are itching scalp—dandruff—and falling hair. If neglected, these conditions will result in thin, lifeless hair—and eventual baldness.

Curable *through* Home Treatment

Professor Maurice Scholder, the internationally renowned specialist on ailments of hair and scalp, who has heretofore treated patients only at his Clinic, now offers a course of Home Treatment to any sufferer who is unable to come to his Clinic. Professor Scholder's Home Treatment System is based on the principle of individual analysis, diagnosis and prescription. In other words, each case is individually treated and analyzed. This diagnosis and prescription, together with his secret formulas and individual treatment, account for his uniform success in stopping loss of hair, and actually growing strong, new hair, in cases where less gifted and less experienced practitioners have failed completely.



Professor Maurice Scholder

The newspapers in this country and abroad have proclaimed Professor Scholder as the marvel of his profession. Now, in his advancing years, Professor Scholder is not content to call a halt to the accomplishments of a long and honorable career. He is retiring gradually from treating patients at his Clinic and is devoting three days a week to treating patients by his Home Treatment System. His successful cures are numbered in the thousands and among his grateful patients are men and women of highest prominence.

Send a Sample of Your Hair for Analysis FREE



Pres. Roosevelt
One of Prof. Scholder's many famous patients

Professor Scholder will accept no case that is incurable. To enable him to determine the condition of your hair, send a few of your hairs (*ordinary combings will do*) in an envelope with this coupon. You may also add any details which you think will help Professor Scholder with your case. He will then subject your hair to his laboratory tests and send you a report as soon as the analysis is completed. There is no charge made for this analysis and report.

FREE ANALYSIS COUPON:

PROFESSOR MAURICE SCHOLDER, D.G. Sc-12
The Professor Scholder Institute, Inc.
101 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Professor Scholder:
I am enclosing a few specimens of my hair for your analysis with the understanding that you will tell me what to do to save my hair and restore its growth. This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

OPPORTUNITIES

Rate 20c a Word — Forms Close 10th — Two Months Preceding Issue

HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE — Excellent paying work. Write NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, 169 East 83rd Street, New York.

MEN WANTING OUTDOOR WORK, qualify for forest ranger position. Start $125 month, cabin and vacation; patrol the forests, protect the game; give tourists information. Write Mokane, Dept. M-40, Denver, Colo.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN, Get Forest Ranger job; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; permanent, hunt, fish, trap. For details write Norton 280, Temple Court, Denver, Colo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

ADDRESSING—home, spare time. Good pay. Enclose stamped addressed envelope. Adverer, 1262G—Calif. St., San Francisco.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—WE START YOU IN BUSINESS and help you succeed. No capital or experience needed. Spare or full time. You can earn $50-$100 weekly. Write Madison Products, 564 Broadway, New York.

STRANGE BATTERY COMPOUND charges discharged batteries instantly. Eliminates rentals. Gives new life and pep. Big Profits. Gallon free. Mickman Co., St. Paul, Minn.

"SUPERKEEN! AMAZING NEW PATENTED Magnetic Blade Sharpener! Sharpens All Razor Blades Instantly, Magically. By Powerful Magnetic Force! New! Absolutely different! Sensational Demonstration! Whirlwind Seller! Write for Pocket Sample!" Superkeen, Dept. B-16, Salisbury, N. C.

BOY & GIRL AGENTS WANTED

BOYS & GIRLS EARN CHRISTMAS MONEY. Sell 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals for 10c each. When sold send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. No Work—Just Fun. St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 198-S, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SONG AND POEM WRITERS

SONG POEM WRITERS, address Hibbeler, D14, 2104 N. Keystone Av., Chicago.

SONG POEM WRITERS. Address, Monarch, 236 West 55th St., Dept. 102, New York.

SONGWRITERS: Submit poems. Expert Preliminary-Publication services. Brennen, Dept. N—1658 Broadway, New York.

WRITERS

$1250 FOR A PHOTOPLAY STORY by an unknown writer and sold thru our Sales Dept. We revise copyright and market. Located in the heart of Motion Picture Industry, we know the demand. Established 1917. Send manuscript for free criticism. Booklet on request. Universal Scenario Company.
204 Western & Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR offers Criticism, Sales Service, Collaboration, Coaching. (Recommended by Editors.) Laurence D'Orsay, Box 2602-E, San Francisco.

FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL REGISTERED BULL PUPS $15. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas.

BEAUTIFUL ALL WHITE POLICE PUPS for sale. Arthur Anson, Mose, No. Dak.

GIRL PICTURES

75c ART PICTURES AND BATHING BEAUTIES — 25c. (Coin) Money refunded if dissatisfied. Photo Sales Co., 3242 Richton. Suite 500, Detroit, Mich.

OZARKS—10 acres near White River and proposed lake; $100, $5 monthly. Albert Zimmerman, 1802 N. 5th, Kansas City, Kansas.

INTEREST TO WOMEN

GUARANTEED HEMSTITCHING and Picoting Attachment. Fits any sewing machine. 60c prepaid or C. O. D. Circulars free. LaFlesh Hemstitching Co., Dept. 45, Sedalia, Mo.

PERSONAL

WRINKLES? You Need Parisian Beauty Masks. Paris shop secret. Easily applied. 8 treatments $1. Garley Siegel, Lawton, Michigan.

HOW TO LOVE AND BE LOVED. Send for free description of book and photo of author. Zeta Company, Federal Building, Box 2642, Los Angeles, Calif.

MISCELLANEOUS

LAND FREE if planted to bananas. Bananas bear a full crop the second year. $5.00 monthly will plant five acres, which should pay $1,500 profit annually. Reliable Companies will cultivate and market your bananas for ⅓. Bananas ripen every day and you get your check every 90 days. For particulars address Jantha Plantation Co., Empire Building, Block 1002, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT cured or no pay. $1.50 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., N-7, Baltimore, Md.

SECRET SERVICE BADGE, Credentials and Year's Membership $2. Money back if not satisfied. Continental Secret Service System, Box 81E, Waukegan, Ill.

DANCING

HERMANN & DEMUTH
SCHOOL OF ACROBATICS
1658 Broadway, New York — Phone Circle 10319

DON LENO Assisted by **MARIE LOUISE**
ESTABLISHED 1905
Teaches Ballroom, Charleston, Tango, Stage, Toe, Classic and Technique. Strictly Private. Formerly dancing master of Maude Adams and "A Kiss for Cinderella." Tango same as taught to Rudolph Valentino by DON LENO, also teacher of Mae Murray, Lillian Lorraine, Paula Edwards, Norman Trevor, T. Roy Barnes, Herman Timberg, Jimmy Hussey and others. Students prepared for musical comedy, drama, vaudeville. Positions secured for graduates. Booklets on request.
117 WEST 48th ST. Bryant 1194 NEW YORK

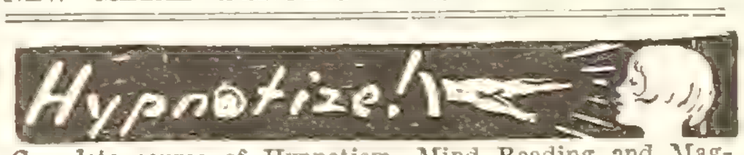
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sadler's
DANCING ACADEMY
Individual instruction in social and modern dancing from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. — Classes every evening
Booklet on request Phone Academy 1581
2786 BROADWAY (near 107th St.) NEW YORK CITY

DANCING TEAMS
Have your Dances routined, improved, perfected by
FRED LE QUORNE
Professional Dancer and Creator of new routines, Argentine Tangos, Parisien Apache Adagios, Novelty Waltzes, Whirlwinds and Tap Dances.
Amateur Teams Developed, managed and placed.
Phone and let us talk it over.
LE QUORNE STUDIOS
1658 BROADWAY Room 603 CIRCLE 7933

MACHAIRA New York's well known professional Tango dancer. Connected with the best society clubs and theatrical circles. Original Argentine Tango and Waltz for ballroom and stage, Spanish, Adagios, Grecian, Russian, Apache, and Oriental. Acts staged and produced, routines perfected. Positions procured. Social evening classes, including Tango; special classes for girls. Personal artistic instruction.
Tel. Susquehanna 7330 B'dway and 77th St.

CHICAGO

Professional Stage Dancing
HOME STUDY COURSES: Buck and Wing, Soft Shoe, Waltz Clog. $1 Each. 3 for $2. Send M. O., stamps, check, currency. ..HARVEY THOMAS, 59 E. Van Buren St., Chicago. Tap dancing 10 lessons $10. NEW METAL DANCING TIPS, $1.00 PER PAIR.



Complete course of Hypnotism, Mind Reading and Magnetic Healing 25 fascinating lessons. How to become an expert, hypnotize at a glance, make others obey your wishes, overcome bad habits and enemies, gain in power, wealth, love. Simple, easy system. Equals $20 course; now only $1. Send stamps, cash; no more to pay.



SECRETS OF FASCINATION
"Mental Influence" a new easy course of 12 practical lessons, shows how to develop the irresistible charm and force, which wins friends, popularity, love and success. Explains Secrets of Fascination, Personal Magnetism, Hypnotism, Influencing Others far away, Resisting the influence of others $1.10 complete. Send stamps, cash or M.O. Guaranteed. Educator Press, Fuller Bldg., Jersey City N. J., Dept. B-4812

What's Doing in Times Square

(*Continued from page 10*)

on the entrance from across the street just the same and picked out a few that happened to be in New York and were not fight enthusiasts. They are mentioned elsewhere in these pages, Screen News from Broadway, I think, so I won't repeat. But nobody was sorry they were there and everyone had a good old cry because the hero couldn't marry the heroine.

At the Sam Harris, William Fox offered *Sunrise* to a large and much impressed audience. The Movie-tone, the best instrument so far among the talking pictures held something closely approaching a sensation. Usually the 'talkies' preceding the feature become so tedious that the spectator is worn out before the picture appears. Not so with Movie-tone. Their programs show an intelligent and well thought out campaign. The *Sunrise* program opened with a view of the Vatican choir whose pure voices were so well projected that during some bits one could swear the boys were singing to you without the medium of a mechanical instrument. It was absolutely beautiful. Then appeared an enormous close-up of the face of Mussolini. A most remarkable face and a most remarkable picture. He gave a short but friendly address, preceded by Ambassador Fletcher, in both Italian and somewhat broken English. With that program, when the picture appeared, one was stimulated and in a mood to appreciate it.

When you come to think of it, Times Square takes on something of the Fourth Dimension. You could go to a picture every single night and not cover all the offerings, and before you finish some have gone on the road to make room for newer ones, so you never get to the end of seeing them and are never satiated—and now there is a new theatre to help you out when months afterward you find you have missed a picture you most wanted to see. It is the little 55th Street Cinema and there you can go in quiet and comfort as I did, and catch one of your favorite pictures after all hope was gone of ever seeing it.

Delight Evans' Reviews

(*Continued from page 45*)

The Garden of Allah

Welcome to our Garden! Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovich will be there to greet you, having provided all sorts of diversion to keep you entertained. Whether your name is Maud or not, you will enjoy yourself, I'm sure. So gather dates while you may, etc.

You may have read the book by Robert Hichens, or you may not. In either case, Rex Ingram's picturization will please you, for it is a thing of real beauty and glamor. *The Garden of Allah* means the vast Sahara Desert—now you know. That old davil desert stirs up a swell sand-storm for your amusement, while the particular Sara of the Sahara, the beautiful Alice Terry, is put through all her emotional paces, ably aided by Mr. Petrovich—that handsome Serbian you will remember from *The Magician*. He's the Boris Androvsky of the Hichens tale; and very, very good he is, too. It's a thankless part he has to play—one of those strong, silent men who just can't seem to make up his mind what he wants. But Ivan the not-so-terrible pulls himself through and almost convinces you

that his character is worth-while. The whole story is based on the quest for spiritual satisfaction, and thus leads the audience into a religious maze of monasteries and Meccas. Director Ingram knows the way out, however; and depsite the leisurely enfoldment of the plot, succeeds in holding your interest to the very end. While *The Garden of Allah* is not what you'd call an oasis in the desert of movies, it is nevertheless a fascinating picture, as Ingram's pictures always are.

It's a long, long way from Hollywood to the Sahara. *The Garden of Allah* illustrates the artistic difference. No stock movie sets here. Just Mr. Ingram and Mrs. Nature, at their best. Some of the desert scenes are breathlessly beautiful. In theme, treatment, and acting Ingram's productions are European. I'm not saying I'd like to see one very often. Too much caviar never did agree with me. But once in a while there's nothing like it. Oh you desert moon!

Screen News from Broadway

(*Continued from page 6*)

British First National. She'll be back in a month or so. You remember Betty was reported engaged to Ronnie Colman not so long ago. But there wasn't a word of truth in it—not a word.

* * *

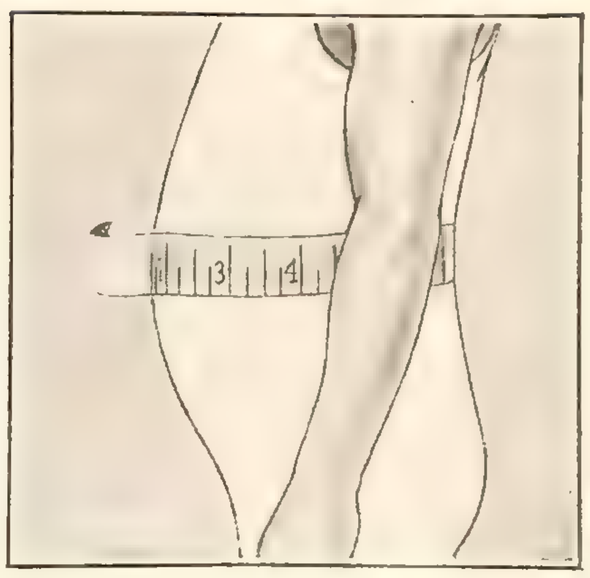
After almost a year in Hollywood, Johnny Hines came back for a vacation, with his director-brother, Charlie Hines, and the producer of his pictures, Charles C. Burr. Johnny journeyed eastward to see the new shows, confer on future stories, and to say hello to all his friends. The comedian is enthusiastic over his new find, a youngster from the extra ranks named Edna May. He gave her a bit as a comic telephone operator in his latest, *Home-Made*, and Edna put it over so well that Hines and Burr signed her to a contract, and the lucky kid will be Johnny's new leading lady. They say she's a combination of Bessie Love and Laura La Plante with a piquancy all her own. Watch for her.

* * *

Among others in our midst were Dorothy Devore, the dashing little star of Educational Comedies; and Buck Jones, the big gun-and-sombrero man from the Fox lot. To even things up, Ann Christy finished her work in Harold Lloyd's New York comedy and left for California, stopping en route to visit in Logansport, Indiana, her home town.

* * *

That little cut-up, Eddie Cantor, is back on Broadway in Ziegfeld's new Follies; and of course all of Eddie's movie friends hasten to the New Amsterdam to watch him work. Eddie has a fast line, including some cracks at the famous folk of the film world—but all in fun. He talks about Elinor's "It," and among other remarks states his feelings when kissed by Clara Bow—for camera purposes. "And when Clara kisses you—oh, boy—you know you've been osculated!" Madame Glyn herself was in the audience one night and smiled good-naturedly at Cantor's references to her famous discovery. And by the way—the new prima donna of the Follies, a lovely girl named Irene Delroy, is going to make a picture in New York soon, playing the part of Betsy Ross. Look out for Irene. You'll like her.





Free Proof That WAISTLINE FAT *Can Be Quickly Reduced*

—without drugs, diets or exercises

INSTEAD of wasting your time—instead of risking your health by weakening diets, exhausting exercises and pill-taking, in an effort to get rid of bulging waistline fat—try the popular Weil Reducing Belt for 10 days—at our expense.

Made of scientifically treated rubber, it causes a gentle, unnoticed massage action as it comes in contact with flabby flesh. So that with every move you make unwanted fat is being moulded away—*and kept away for good*—and at a fraction of the price charged by expert masseurs.

Look Thinner Instantly

Take your waist measurement before and after this Free 10-Day Trial. Note the difference in inches. Feel the improvement in your general condition. According to the terms of our absolute guarantee, you must be thoroughly satisfied with the results secured—or you pay nothing.

Coupon Brings Free Details

Write us at once and you will receive our Special 10-Day Trial Offer—a detailed description of this most successful reducing method, the principles of which are highly endorsed by leading physicians and professional athletes everywhere. For the sake of your health and appearance take advantage of this offer at once. Send no money. Write now. The Weil Company, 3912 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY,
3912 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

The Breakers

ATLANTIC CITY
NEW JERSEY

Where you may expect...

Comfortable Beds
Good Meals
Smiling Service
Pleasant Surroundings
Reasonable Rates

JOEL HILLMAN
President

JULIAN HILLMAN
Vice President & Manager



Teach Children To Use Cuticura

Soothes and Heals Rashes and Irritations

Cuticura Soap Keeps the Skin Clear



BE AN ARTIST

WE CAN TEACH YOU DRAWING in your own home during your spare time. Thirty-five years of successful teaching proves our ability. Artists receive large salaries.

Write today for Art Year Book

SCHOOL of APPLIED ART
Room 3 BATTLE CREEK MICH.



The Shade Paris is Raving Over!



Phantom LIPSTICK Red

Mary Philbin says: "The Phantom Red Lipstick and Rouge are the finest I ever used. The 'Phantom Brow' is wonderful!"

Waterproof — Stays on!

A perfect color, blending with any complexion. Send this adv. and 12c. for Beautiful sample MIDGET LIPSTICK. Another 12c, brings generous sample of PHANTOM BROW for eye lashes and brow.

Carlyle Laboratories
54 Dey St. (35) N. Y. C.

No Joke to Be Bald



Grow New Hair Quick

Let Me Prove It to You Free

See what I did to my own head. If you are under 45 and loss of hair was not caused by burns or scars, I'll do the same thing for you or pay me nothing. No Apparatus. My home treatment is simple, quick and inexpensive.

Send No Money—Just your name and address and I will mail you photographs, names and addresses of men and women who have actually grown hair by using my treatment. If you are bald or getting bald—if your hair is falling out WRITE NOW—A POSTAL WILL DO!

VREELANDS, 4449 Euclid-Windsor Bldg. CLEVELAND, OHIO

LATEST STYLE WRIST WATCH
Direct from Switzerland



This fully guaranteed dainty Ladies' Watch cannot be manufactured in America for less than $12.00. Beautifully engraved case and dial. Send No Money. Pay on delivery $3.99 plus postage. "Federal." U. S. Swiss Agents, 561 Broadway, New York City, Dept. L-34



MAKE MORE MONEY CANDYMAKING AT HOME

BIG PROFITS being made by men and women with our WORLD'S SPECIALITY CANDIES new method; no expensive equipment or machinery. System operated anywhere, kitchen, shop or factory. Simplified home study course. Learn today, earn tomorrow We furnish supplies; few dollars start you. Write today for proof of students' success. Free booklet explains.

Liberty Candy & Supply Co. DEPT. B 355 So. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Superfluous HAIR all GONE



Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injury to the skin in the privacy of your own home.

Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet

We Teach Beauty Culture

D. J. MAHLER CO., 232-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.





A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 184, 70 5th Ave., New York

BASHFUL?



"Shame on you!" Are you *nervous, embarrassed* in company of the other sex? Stop being *shy* of strangers. Conquer the terrible *fear* of your superiors. Be cheerful and confident of your future! Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. Send 25c. for this amazing book.



RICHARD BLACKSTONE
H-11 Flatiron Bldg. New York

KNOW YOUR FUTURE PROSPECTS!

Let the Science of Astrology guide you to Success and Happiness in Money, Love, Business, Health. Send for FREE details that explain all. A large excellent Reading of your character given absolutely FREE . . . no obligation. Write NOW! Send 4c in stamps for return postage. Give BIRTHDATE.

ASTROL SCIENCE INSTITUTE, Desk 60
G. P. O. Box 72, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The reason you haven't seen Hope Hampton on the screen lately is My Golden Girl, an operetta with Hope as the star. Miss Hampton has been studying voice culture for a long time, and now she blossoms forth as a full-fledged prima donna. Her warblings are well worth hearing, while her glorious red hair and exquisite coloring, never completely captured by the movie camera, are having their fling. In fact, Hope is a huge success as a musical comedy queen.

Making Wyoming — *Continued from page 35*

reservation, though the grave yards, where the dead are buried in their bed — the four posters sticking up through the ground. The spot where their sun dances are held is not far away. This is a grove of trees, the branches meeting in the center, with one large tree in the very middle of the enclosure, to which they tie themselves with long ropes and weave in and out in a manner reminiscent of maypole dances. Years ago they lacerated themselves in their religious ecstasy. Now this is taboo—the white man's law—yet they still dance for three days and nights, stopping only for rest but allowing no food or water to pass their lips.

Wyoming, the story was written as well as directed by W. S. Van Dyke. It is a melodrama, of course, but it is far from being hokum. The Indian characters are handled as they are, some of them friendly, others cruel. McCoy, a cavalry lieutenant, stationed at the army post, proves himself not only a very good actor, but a dashing romantic figure. He was so overjoyed to be working in Wyoming, right among the Indians, bringing them to the screen as they really are. He is, as always, technical director as well as star.

Dorothy's role of Samantha Farrell is no weak-kneed, weepy part. We first see her as the leader of an immigrant caravan attempting to cross the plains to the best lands farther on. And her predominant characteristic in the story is defiance. The story is good to begin with and the local color, the fact that it was made in Wyoming and not on the back lot of the studio, makes it ring true.

Dorothy always dressed in her room at the hotel, in the quaint costume of 1880 and when she stood waiting for the car she blended into the main street of Lander and seemed to completely fit into her surroundings.

We hoped to stay on a few days after the picture finished. The company was remaining to do another picture there with Marjorie Daw in the feminine lead and Dorothy and I wanted to see what Wyoming looked like when you didn't have to get up at five o'clock in the morning, but one afternoon a telegram arrived calling Dorothy back to work at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios as soon as the picture was completed.

There are a lot of things about Wyoming that you wouldn't believe if you saw in a movie. But you must believe them since they're so and Tim McCoy's dream is reality. *Wyoming* has been filmed. The Indians are shown as they are. The color, the atmosphere, the sweep of Wyoming forms the background for a picture that is not 'just another western.'

New Screenplays --- *Continued from page 51*

Shanghaied

What I want Santa Claus to bring me is a picture with Ralph Ince playing triplets. I'll hang up six or seven stockings, one for each reel, and if Santa doesn't bring me what I want, it won't be because I haven't used my sox appeal.

I went to see *Shanghaied*, hoping to find Ralph Ince in a triplet role, but, of course, there was no Santa Claus outside the theatre. A little too early, I suppose. But I'll get my wish yet—out of the stockings by Christmas.

Patsy Ruth Miller has been directed in the past by some of our biggest Comedy and Tragedy Men from Los Angeles. Under Ralph Ince's direction (for he directs as well as stars in the picture) she gives the best performance of her career. Pass the laurel to Mr. Ince, will you, Jeems?

Big hearted, Ralph Ince. In *Shanghaied* he let Patsy Ruth Miller be the shanghaied one. Lor' bless ye, I mind the days when a woman had no more chance o' gittin' herself shanghaied in one o' them movies than a one legged man has o' bein' a Mack Sennett girl. Yes sir, them actor fellers had to git themselves shanghaied or they'd pick up their make-up boxes and go home. A *woman* shanghaied? Lor' bless ye, the fillum companies had waitin' lists o' men beggin' to play them parts!

It just shows you how times will change.

You can imagine that *Shanghaied* is none of this drawing room two-lumps-and-cream business. Ralph Ince's drawing room is always one of the more open Open Spaces sort. He is Skipper Haley here, a seagoing strong arm expert. And Patsy Ruth Miller is a dancer in a San Francisco waterfront cafe. The skipper, never a man for the amenities, shanghaies her for revenge.

In this case revenge is sweet.

(P. S.—Do you like gun metal hose, Santa? Or shall I hang up something nice in champagne or peach blow?)

Alias the Lone Wolf

Lois Wilson always wanted to play a part in which she did not have to wear a sunbonnet. She has her chance in *Alias the Lone Wolf* and makes the most of the opportunity. Partly, I suppose, out of sheer gratefulness and partly, I know, because she could be herself, she turns out an excellent piece of work.

Bert Lytell continues his *Lone Wolf* adventures. The international jewel thieves are at it again and Bert, in the best Louis Joseph Vance style, matches wits and secret passageways with them.

You never fully appreciate what jewelry has to do with matrimony until you go to the movies. And when I say jewelry I do not mean engagement rings. I mean gleaming ropes of sapphires, bracelets of rubies and trinkets like that. Whenever, in the movies, I see a sweet young thing in possession of such precious stones I know the crooks are going to catch up with her, and that a handsome male is going to step in and protect her. The next step after protection is proposal.

But I'm all for anything that leads to

sweet love and rousing adventure. When you get love and adventure as you do in *Alias the Lone Wolf* they're cheap even at the price of ropes of rubies and sacks of sapphires.

Cruise of the Hellion

Little groups of serious thinkers will soon be building bigger and better platforms for the presidential campaign. As for me, my platform will continue to be: Let Tom Santschi Get the Girl! I'm going to fight it out along that line if it takes all my typewriter ribbon.

In *The Cruise of the Hellion* Tom puts up another fight for the girl—Edna Murphy this time—only to come out on the losing end again. Did I say *another* fight? I meant to say a half dozen more fights. An enterprising young hero couldn't go out on deck without running into the captain or the first mate spoiling for combat.

Even though Tom Santschi did not get the girl, it's a good picture. And even though it hurts, I'll admit that Donald Keith deserved the girl after all the punishment he took to win her.

More old friends to greet you here, Sheldon Lewis and Francis Ford. They wear well in their parts, these old friends.

The *Hellion* was well named. When they ran out of places to fight on board her they took to water and under sea battle—when the gold was thrown overboard. You certainly get your money's worth for a ringside seat at this 'Battle of the Century.'

Times Do Not Change in Hollywood

Continued from page 21

I was directing Will Rogers on the Roach lot at the time, so I rounded up about fifteen girls and asked for volunteers. When I told them what the 'part' was most of them turned up their noses, and then when I added that the two-night job carried no salary they gave me the merrie-ha-ha. Two girls, however, came forward and said they would be glad to help out in *any* way. They were Martha Sleeper and Fay Wray! And look where Martha and Fay have landed.

Five years ago when I was on the Lasky lot there were probably fifty stenographers who had started in at $18 a week—all with identical chances for advancement. There were three of them, however, who because of certain qualities were destined to rise to extraordinary heights. They were Dorothy Arzner, Ethel Doherty and Louise Long. After carefully studying the ladder they decided that the first rung up was labeled Cutting Room, and so within a few months they had left the luxury of fine offices and entered those stuffy boxes where miles upon miles of celluloid ribbons are cut down to their required length of some five or ten thousand feet. It is the most bewildering job in motion pictures.

But these three girls had no intention of remaining cutters even though they achieved the ultimate salary of seventy-five dollars a week, so after they had learned their stuff they went to the studio manager and asked permission to act as script girls on the pictures they were to cut.

"But how can you sit on the set all day checking continuity and then cut the picture?" asked the studio manager.

"We'll cut nights and Sundays," they answered.

"Well, that's oak with me," came back the S. M., "but you don't draw two salaries for it."

And that was 'oak' with the girls. All they wanted was a chance to learn how pictures were made.

For five years this went on. Then they went to the bat with their demands and the studio simply could not refuse them their chances.

Dorothy Arzner, choosing a 'man's job,' was given a picture to direct—*Fashions for Women*, with Esther Ralston and immediately made good. She is now one of the only two women directors in motion pictures—and one of the youngest directors of either sex.

Ethel and Louise choose the story department where they tackled continuities, the most highly technical branch of the industry, and their records have been marvels of achievement.

Ethel wrote the scripts for *The Vanishing American, Behind the Front, The Runaway* and *Mantrap*. Louise in collaboration with another writer, wrote the original story and the continuity of *The Campus Flirt*, and the two girls, teamed together, have written *Stranded in Paris, Figures Don't Lie* and *Rough-house Rosie*.

Their salaries? Four or five hundred dollars a week—maybe more.

There are at present on the Lasky lot probably one hundred stenographers and among them no doubt there are other Ethels, Louises and Dorothys.

No, times have not changed in Hollywood.

The Stage Coach---*Continued from page 57*

League Club discusses something else except the party Vincent Astor threw last night, and the value of the refunded Liberty Loan bonds.

What we are trying to say is that circumstances alter cases. Had we never read Charles Dickens, and we had seen the slow-moving first act of *Pickwick*, it is probable that we would have taken our hat in one hand, our female companion in the other, and walked into a speakeasy to try and forget it all. The play moves as slowly as the traffic between 42nd and 59th streets in New York.

But we have read Dickens. We have laughed and cried with the old codger, almost forgotten these days. And so we stayed. It wasn't a thrilling evening, perhaps, but it was a sentimental one. And if you've ever loved Pickwick and Sam Weller, it is just possible that you too may go and spend a duty evening looking over the old family album. Here they are, old chromos come to not-exactly-life, but done in wax works. If, however, Dickens is nothing to you but an old maid's cuss word, stay away. This is only for us old fogies. Flaming youth will have a better time in the neighborhood movie, where Greta Garbo is giving a complete demonstration of it.

"Burlesque"

Burlesque, on the other hand, is a show that you don't have to know your Dickens



Needed in Aviation!

DO you love adventure? Do you want to make big money? Although aviation is still in its infancy there is a crying demand for men with courage, nerve, and self-reliance—ambitious men who are looking for a new field. For those who qualify there will be thousands of highly paid jobs.

Amazing Opportunity in the Airplane Industry

Yes, as yet, aviation is in its infancy, but now is the time to get in. In the automobile industry and in the moving picture business hundreds of men got rich by getting in at the start. They made their success before others woke up.

Think how much aviation has progressed in the last few years. Commercial air lines have already proved themselves successful both in Europe and America. Great men predict that in the near future there will be air-freight lines—organizations as large as our railroads are today. AVIATION IS NEW. It clamors for every young man.

PICK YOUR JOB!

- Airplane Instructor
- Airplane Engineer
- Airplane Repairman
- Airplane Assembler
- Airplane Mechanician
- Airplane Inspector
- Airplane Builder
- Airplane Salesman
- Exhibition Manager
- Airplane Contractor
- Airplane Motor Expert
- Airplane Designer

Be an Aviation Expert

The study of aviation is as fascinating as the actual work. Only one hour of spare time a day at home and we teach you the basic training. You will find every lesson packed full of interest. Student S. F. McNaughton, Chicago, says, "Your lessons are like a romance, and what is more, after one reading the student gets a thorough understanding." Men who have had actual experience guide you carefully through your training. They select the lessons, lectures, blueprints, and bulletins. Once you start you can't get enough of it. Here are some real jobs. Which one do you want? Aeronautical Instructor, Aeronautical Engineer, Aeronautical Contractor, Aeroplane Salesman, Aeroplane Repairman, Aeroplane Mechanician, Aeroplane Inspector, Aeroplane Assembler, Aeroplane Builder.

Big Aviation Book FREE

Send coupon below for our new FREE book just out entitled, *Opportunities in the Airplane Industry*. It is interesting and instructive. Get yours before edition is exhausted.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF AVIATION
Dept. 6329 3601 Michigan Avenue Chicago

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF AVIATION
Dept. 6329, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Without any obligation send me your free book *Opportunities in the Airplane Industry*, also information about your Home Study Course in Practical Aeronautics.

Name..... *Age*.....

Address .....

City..... *State*.....

Only $2.00

for this

Encyclopedia of MOTION PICTURE FOLKS

CHARLES DONALD FOX
has compiled



. . . always at your hand the things you'd like to know about your favorites.

Real, romantic and authentic accounts of 242 stars—illustrated.

It is written in a brief concise manner, and will improve your "talking knowledge" of the stars —and who isn't talking about them these days?

Fill out the coupon below and MAIL IT TODAY!

Screenland Book Dept. Desk 5
49 West 45th Street
New York City.

Gentlemen:

I enclose $2.00 in full payment for my copy of FAMOUS FILM FOLKS.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

to enjoy. It is almost as pungent as *Broadway*, and, in fact it is reminiscent of that swell show without being an imitation. As a matter of fact, it combines some of the best features of *Broadway* and *The Spider*. And as those who memorize our every word will recall, we gushed over both of those shows.

But what's right is right and we might as well tell you now that *Burlesque* doesn't quite measure up to the standard of *Broadway*. It has its weak moments, whereas the Jed Harris production looked as impregnable as the Yankees in the World Series.

It tells the story of life behind the burlesque footlights. The hero is a typical ham, tremendously much of a boob, some God-given dancing and comic talents keeping him from the harm that a functionless brain had in store. And—oh, yes, there was The Wife. The Wife in this instance happened to be Barbara Stanwyck, whom we fell in love with when she first met our eye in *The Noose*. The Wife is one of those boobs—and the world apparently is full of them—who keeps on loving when the party of the first part has ceased to honor and obey her. She pushes him up from the tank-towns to the golden lights of Broadway.

Inevitably, she loses him as the lights blind him. Just as inevitably, when the lights have forgotten him, she comes back to help him work out his salvation. Forget the footlights, and it's an old story and a banal one. But Hal Skelly as the boob and Miss Stanwyck as the wife give you unforgettable moments.

High praise has been lavished on the second act curtain, when Skelly, thinking he has lost his wife forever, goes on a glorious bat and does a grand dance, exiting off-stage for applause. We withhold our salutations from what seems to us after all only a cold-blooded working out of an effective moment. We present the salutations to the end of the third act, where in a lovely and deliciously underplayed moment, the curtain comes down with no fanfare. And the old heartstrings—or at any rate, those we have —are touched as no noise and tumult could ever touch them. See *Burlesque* is what we are trying to say.

Ask Me---Continued from page 4

10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. Ronald is now playing in *Leatherface* for Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Culver City, Cal. Do the stars care anything about the letters they receive? Yes—in one prolonged loud yes!

Fern Ray. If there were more at home or abroad like you, my job would be an easy one, and here is my sincere "Thank you." You want to know if Pola Negri ever had a part in any comedy? Several of Pola's films had comedy touches, placing them in the light comedy class. *Forbidden Paradise* was a comedy of this type—or more of a comedy-drama, perhaps.

April Fool. Well, don't let any one else fool you. No, a screen test cannot be taken from a photograph—no foolin' there. You need a camera. Click-click! Thanks and many more thanks for the request to see my picture in SCREENLAND, but I don't want my friends to think less of me, but more—well, it's a subject I haven't the face to joke about. You ask for Clara Bow's age and address and that is something I can give you and not ruin any good photographer's camera. Clara is 22 years old and you can write her at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

K. S. S. Parkersburg, W. Va. Jean Arthur played the leading woman in *The Poor Nut* with Jack Mulhall, for First National. She has appeared opposite Monty Banks in *Horseshoes*, co-featured with William Collier, Jr., in *Broken Gates;* also with Charles Delaney in *Husband Hunters.*

Gerry, Hastings, Mich. You can reach Elinor Faire and William Boyd at Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. I have heard that Bill is going to take a vacation from pictures and will appear on the stage in "Jarnegan" by Jim Tully, a story of movie life. You are the lucky lady, to have both pictures and letters from Alberta and Adamae Vaughn—but don't break the spell, by wanting too much. You are right, the dears are busy, very busy, trying to earn the silent applause of their public — and their salaries. So the Vaughn sisters told you to ask me how old they were? That's too cute for words! Now you can write right back and ask them!

Helene of Milwaukee. Now, that's a promise—if I answer just half of your questions, you'll pin your faith on me—and let the answer *men* just try to get that medal away from me! John Patrick can be reached at Warner Bros. Studios, Los Angeles, Cal. The principal characters in *Lovers* are Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro and Edward Martindel. The blonde German girl in *Tin Hats,* who was George Cooper's girl friend, is Eileen Sedgwick.

L. R., Greensboro, N. C. Please kiss and make up with the girl friend, Lee. You were both wrong—Olive Borden is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. You saw Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon in *The New Commandment.* Lars Hanson is a rather recent star. He played in *The Scarlet Letter* with Lillian Gish. He also played in *Captain Salvation.* Eddie Polo is back now with a circus. Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw in *Upstage.*

Kay of Dayton, Ohio. Red Grange's first film was *One Minute to Play* for FBO. He is not making a picture right now. SCREENLAND will let you know when he stars to work again. Oh, Kay?

D. J. F., Texas. I hope it isn't too late for the address of Billy Sullivan. I'm sorry I can't help you order the picture of Billy —but I can tell you where to write, and you can ask him yourself. Are you sure your boy friend won't care or be jealous when he views his counter-part? Well, I'm game if you are. If I never hear from you again, I'll know he cared a lot. Address Billy Sullivan, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

C. C., El Darado, Ark. You want a brief history of Madge Bellamy, is that it? Madge was born in Hillsboro, Texas, June 30, 1903. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her hair is blonde and her eyes, they are brown, and married? —she is not! She is working at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Billy L. of Alabama. Spoken like a true Southern gentlemen. "Give me SCREENLAND or give me death!" Better take SCREENLAND, Billy. After that calm explosion you deserve some reward, and how. You can reach James Murray at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Hollywood, Cal. He has a fine part in *The Crowd* with Eleanor Boardman. Josephine Dunn was the pretty blonde girl in *Swim Girl, Swim* with Bebe Daniels and James Hall. Write to Josephine at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Nita Naldi has been absent from Hollywood for some time. When she comes back from Europe, we may see her on the screen again.

A. H. S. of Ill. Lost! Somewhere in Illinois, the Movie Fans Friendship Club. Any one seen that club? Sorry, but we no longer have a Fan Club Department.

H. B. W., New York. Now that the ice is broken, step lively, there are others that may want to fall in. William Haines was born Jan. 1, 1900. He is 6 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. His hair and eyes are brown. *West Point* is his latest film. Richard Dix is about 32 years old and is not engaged to Lois Wilson.

Two Chums, Reading, Mass. Now here come two nice talented, ambitious girls who want a director! Just try and *get* a director! My dears, there are hundreds of girls in Hollywood, waiting for a chance just to *look* at a director. George O'Brien and Virginia Valli are playing in *East Side, West Side.* Laura La Plante's latest film is *Thanks for the Buggy Ride.*

Miss Eunice, S. Dakota. Of course, I'll give you the information, just as I do the rest of the folks. Thanks for the grand words of praise. Try that line again, I'll fall for it. Larry Gray played opposite Bebe Daniels in *The Palm Beach Girl.* No one in pictures by the name of Naomi as far as I know. There used to be Noami Childers, now retired, who married the director, Luther Reed.

Alice of Chicago. You might write to First National Publicity Dept., 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. They may be able to furnish you with a picture of the late Barbara La Marr.

Nestie W., Hempstead, N. Y. Will the History class now please take their ringside seats? Norma Talmadge was born in 1897, her sister Connie in 1900. Alice Terry in 1896. Ronald Colman in 1891. Tony Moreno in 1888. Dick Barthelmess was born in 1895. And how old is Miss Vee Dee? Yes, how old is she or am I? Write to the SCREENLAND Circulation Dept. for old issues of the magazine.

Dot of Fox Lake. I know you'll make a dash for your best gild-edged stationery when I tell you how to address Polly Moran. Yes, Polly is in the movies—very much so. She was a howling success in *The Callahans and Murphys.* Write to her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and Douglas Fairbanks, all at United Artists, Hollywood, Cal. John Gilbert can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Miss D., Pimpl, Wis. At last you are going to know who the handsome young man is who played opposite Constance Talmadge in *The Duchess of Buffalo.* Tullio Carminati was the lucky feller. Watch for him in "*Honeymoon Hate,*" playing opposite Florence Vidor. You deserve a noble decoration, Dickie; your letter is the first I've had in a long time with only one question. Come again.

Mildred, Sincerely. Your appreciation means much to this hard working girl—and girls have to stick together, take my word for it, whether we deal out fan information or turn those pan-cakes in a famous refreshment palace. Lya de Putti has made two recent Universal films—*The Midnight Rose* and *Buck Privates.* You can address her, Drawer B, Post-office, Hollywood, Cal. Lya went to Germany to make one picture there, but she will probably be back in Hollywood by the time you read this. Hollywood is "Home" to Lya now.

Anna of Newark, N. J. Mary Brian played opposite Bill Haines in *Brown of Harvard* and you can address her at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Betty Bronson is free-lancing now. Her latest is co-starring with Monte Blue for Warner Bros. William Haines, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. Lloyd Hughes is with First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Monte Blue, at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Harold Lloyd can be reached at 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Mona B. Do you still want to exchange pictures of Billie Haines for some of Virginia Lee Corbin? If so, write to me; I have a bidder.

B. I. M. of Rochester. Any kin to the famous Min and Andy? Constance Talmadge is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She is 3 inches taller than her famous sister Norma. Alice Terry is 5 feet 6 in. tall, and weighs 130 pounds. Lya de Putti is not quite 5 feet tall and weighs 108 pounds. Esther Ralston is 5 feet 5 in. tall and weighs 125 pounds. Class in weights and measures, pass out now! Oh, Min!

Ambitious Dreamer. No, I wouldn't throw a wet blanket on your burning ambition to be a picture producer or director. Having given your case care and much thought, and with that future several cold million dollars in the offing, which will be yours some sweet day, I honestly think I'd try to struggle along on my present fine salary. And you have everything in the wide, wide world to make you happy. Take a few days off and try to crash the gates of Hollywood, for the answer to this age-old problem, and may all the good luck in the world go with you. Ruth Lee Taylor has been selected to play Lorelei in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.*

Lydia L. of Melrose Park. Score one for Jackie Coogan! He is now playing in *Buttons* for Metrto-Goldwyn-Mayer. You can write to him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

May Flowers, N. H. Look out, you dropped one! And you have been knocking at my office door all this time? A thousand pardons, Alfred — step in but make it snappy, and please don't step on the flowers. Reed Howes played with Clara Bow in *Rough House Rosie* for Paramount. He is married and is in his early twenties. You can reach him at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

James of Houstan, Tex. You know your stars, all right, and your choice couldn't be



A FULL YEAR TO PAY

Royal's liberal terms make buying easy. Just send **$1** with your order and your selection comes to you on **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.** Pay postman only **$1** more on delivery. After free trial, pay balance in 12 easy, equal monthly payments. **Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or your money back.** Written guarantee bond with every purchase.

FREE! TO ADULTS —Royal's latest "**BOOK OF GEMS**" illustrated catalog. Write now for your copy.

All Dealings Strictly Confidential. Order today with absolute confidence. Wear while paying.

GUARANTEED SAVINGS

NO RED TAPE NO DELAY

AH3—Extraordinary value; attractively hand engraved **18k solid white gold** lady's ring; set with genuine radiant blue white diamond. Special **$22.50.** $1.71 a month.

AH11—Exquisite new creation! A dazzling cluster of **7** fiery, genuine blue white diamonds set to resemble a $750.00 solitaire; **18k solid white gold** lady's ring. **$49.75.** $3.98 a month.

ORDER EARLY

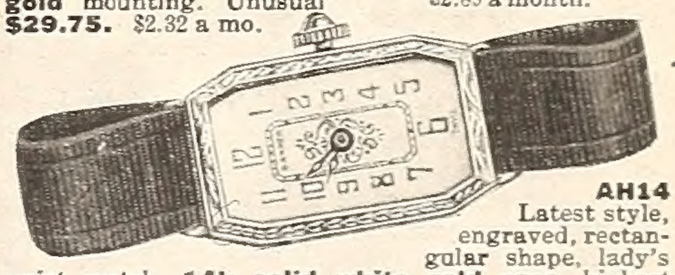
AH7 — Ultra fashionable lady's ring, **18k solid white gold;** finest genuine blue white diamond in patented octagon top; looks like ¾ct. **$79.50.** $6.46 a month.

AH6 — Flashing, genuine blue white diamond set in **18k solid white gold** lady's mounting of newest hand pierced basket design. Feature price **$48.50.** $3.87 a month.

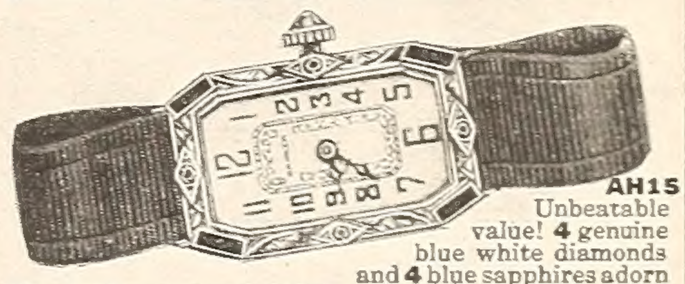
Established 1895

AH4 — Exquisite. Latest style lady's dinner ring; **3** genuine blue white diamonds; richly engraved and pierced **18k solid white gold** mounting. Unusual **$29.75.** $2.32 a mo.

AH10—Striking value! **3** fiery genuine blue white diamonds; new style, richly hand pierced **18k solid white gold** lady's mounting. Specially priced. **$36.75.** $2.89 a month.



AH14 Latest style, engraved, rectangular shape, lady's wrist watch, **14k solid white gold case,** highest grade 15 jewel, ruby and sapphire movement; lifetime guarantee. **$22.00.** $1.67 a month.



AH15 Unbeatable value! **4** genuine blue white diamonds and **4** blue sapphires adorn this richly engraved lady's wrist watch; **14k solid white gold case;** finest quality 15 jewel movement. Lifetime guarantee. **$39.75.** $3.15 a month.

GUARANTEED TIME-KEEPERS



AH17 Newest model **Waltham** or **Elgin** nationally famous, gentleman's strap watch. 20 year guaranteed green gold filled case; radium dial, dependable time-keeper. Specially priced **$24.50.** $1.87 a month.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

ADDRESS DEPT. 1898-170. BROADWAY, N.Y.

Breaking Into the Movies

Edited by
CHARLES REED JONES

Written by the Stars Themselves

Colleen Moore ~ in "Breaking in as an Extra"

Here is the first and only authoritative book on the opportunities that await you in the motion picture studios. The screen's outstanding stars, directors, cameramen and technical experts have cooperated to tell you the success you may hope for in Hollywood.

Reginald Denny ~ on "Taking the Breaks"

Whether you aspire to screen fame and fortune as a star or a scenario writer, "BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES" provides exactly the expert advice that you need.

Thousands of aspirants to screen fame fail miserably every year because their misguided efforts can lead them to nothing but failure.

New workers, however, are needed constantly in every phase of motion picture production. Splendid opportunities await the few who are qualified for success.

Louise Fazenda ~ on "The Comedienne"

But it is futile to journey to Hollywood if you lack the essential qualifications. And it is quite as futile, having these qualities, if you do not know the ropes.

"BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES" is the **text book** of the motion picture industry. It outlines the qualities that spell success in screendom . . . the successful stars and directors **themselves** tell you how to capitalize your ability.

It is a beautiful, full-size volume—one that you will be proud to own.

Every writer, the leader of his own field, has endeavored to show you the short cut to success, offering in a brief, interesting article the knowledge that has come to him through long years of experience.

Also articles by ~ Alan Dwan Harry Langdon, Lya De Putti

You can buy this remarkable book at any book, stationery, or department store, for only $1.75 or prepaid from the publishers for $1.85. Address:
THE UNICORN PRESS, Dept. M,
5 East 57th Street, New York,
N. Y.

H. H. Van Loan, Ken Maynard, Lois Wilson and many others



THE UNICORN PRESS Dept. S
5 E. 57th Street, New York

Please send me —— copies of "Breaking Into the Movies." I enclose $——

Name.....

Address.....



Helen Cox, of Christie Comedies, showing what the well dressed Sheba will wear this season.

improved by the galaxy itself. And you want to know about Clara Bow, too. She is 22 years old and was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. George Loane Tucker directed *The Miracle Man.* Theodore Roberts has been a very sick man, but is recovering slowly and hopes to be back on the lot again, with the same old cigar. SCREENLAND will let you know all about it. We have all missed "the grand old man."

L. A. B. Wilson, Pa. You can address Victor Seastrom, the director at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. He directed Lillian Gish in *The Scarlet Letter.*

A Friend from Cebu, Philippine Isles. You haven't made any trouble. I am delighted to give you the addresses you asked for. You can reach Rod La Rocque and Joseph Schildkraut at Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Lola Todd at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Lya de Putti can be addressed, Drawer B. Post office, Hollywood, Cal. Natacha Rambova is on the stage now. Drop us a line again.

Marion S. Los Angeles. Write to Paramount Publicity Dept. Hollywood, Cal., describing the particular photograph of Warner Baxter that you want, or better still, enclose a clipping of it, and perhaps they will be able to supply you with a copy. Warner's wife is Winifred Bryson, who gave up a promising screen career when she married. Yes, Warner's acting is indeed finished, if by that you mean polished. He is now playing in *The Coward* for F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Heavenly Eyes, from Missouri. Look this way, I want to see 'em. You can't fool me, and I have never even passed through your state. But you are my friend and like my department so much, we won't get cross-eyed over the frequent ha-ha's from your pointed pen. If you write to Virginia Lee Corbin and Edna Murphy, address them at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Mo. November 1, 1904, and educated in Los Angeles, Cal.

M. H. Y. Bellevue, Pa. Your favorite, Neil Hamilton, would be glad to know how firm a place he has in your movie affections—sure, he would! Why don't you write to him and he may send you a picture. He was born in Lynn, Mass. He is now playing in *The Arm of the Law* at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. He played opposite Esther Ralston in *The Ten Modern Commandments* and was one of the three brothers in *Beau Geste.*

Grace D. P., Detroit. That's right, old faithful; just watch my smoke! You can count on me; I may be a little slow, but through no fault of my own—lack of space and countless letters are my alibi. Are you sure you have Buck Jones' correct address? Write to him at Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, Charles De Roche played in *The Ten Commandments,* but he is now in vaudeville. He was born in France and is about 30 years old. He uses his own name. He has brown eyes and hair. As far as I know, he is not married. If your are interested in Roches, there is John Roche who is playing in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Colleen Moore really has one blue and one brown eye but she has dark brown hair and not red hair as someone told you. Colleen's real name is Kathleen Morrison, until she married John McCormick.

Dot, Grand Rapids, Mich. Lon Chaney appeared in *Tell it to the Marines* without makeup, except a uniform. Yes, Delight Evans reviewed the film in the March issue of SCREENLAND. Clarence Brown directed *Flesh and the Devil.* Louise Brooks was born in Wichita, Kansas, about 20 years ago. Oh, no, Louise isn't as serious as she looks in some of her pictures. Her smile is dazzling. You are a sensible girl—content to go to the movies but not wanting to jump into 'em.



MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash will bring back the golden hue to naturally blonde hair that has become darkened. It will also transform black or brown hair to beautiful auburn or chestnut tints, and if lighter or golden shades are desired, applications are repeated until the result is achieved.

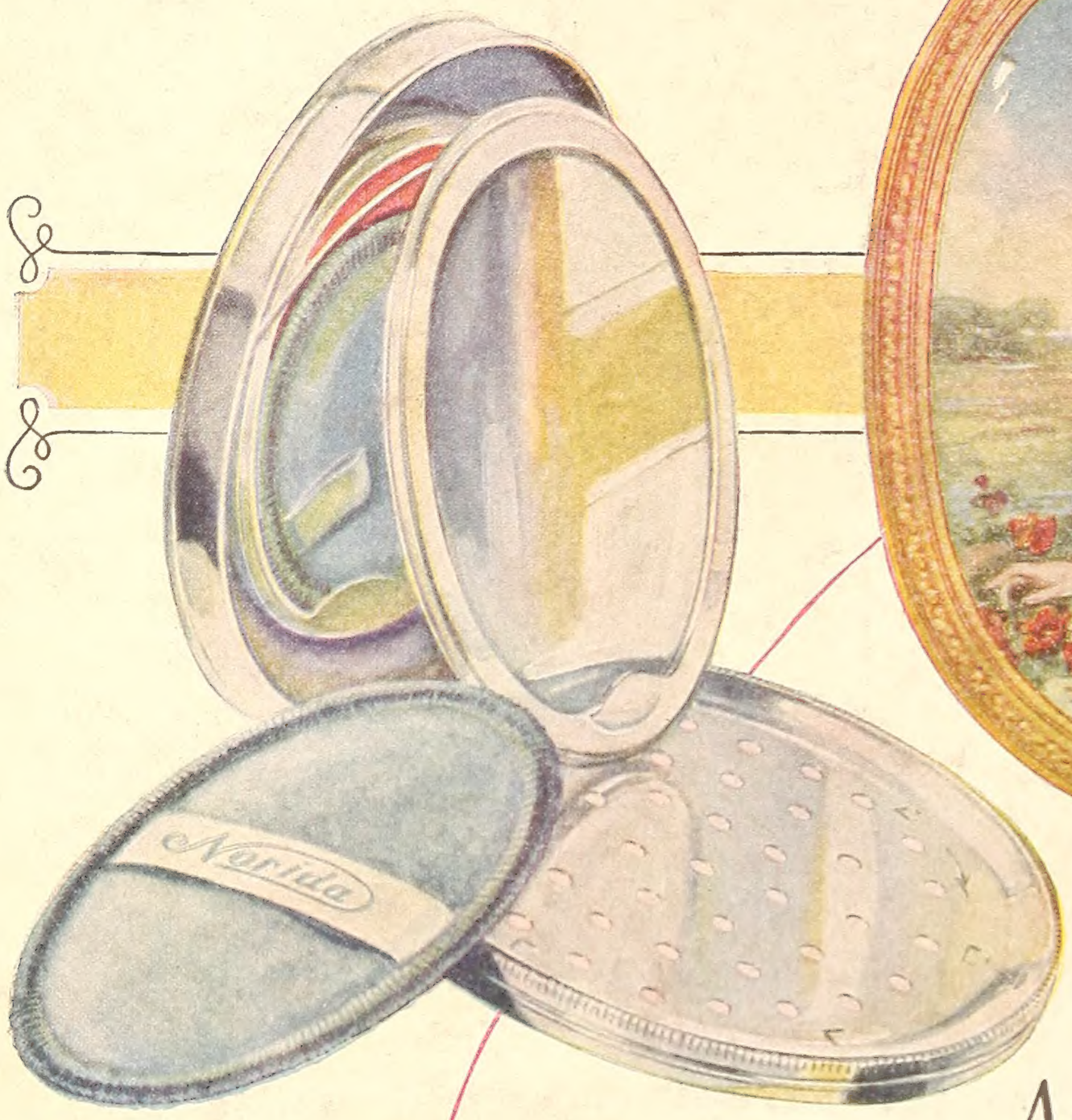
The method of producing these charming colorful tints requires no degree of skill. Results are secured quickly, easily and safely, and are not affected by washing or shampooing. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash has been a favorite with French hairdressers in New York for over thirty years.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

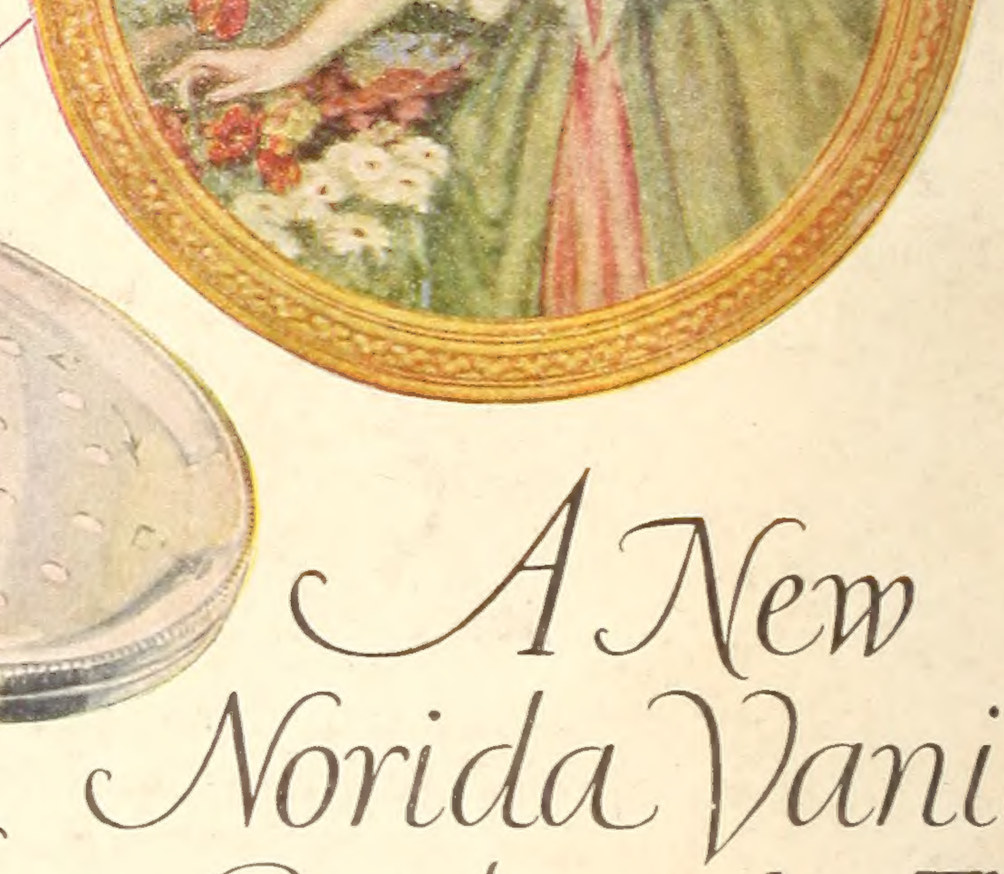
"The Care and Treatment of the Hair", an unusually well written booklet on the subject, can be secured free. Fill in coupon and mail to Chas. Marchand Co., Candler Bldg., New York City.

Name .....

Address .....



A New Norida Vanitie for Loose Powder—and so Thin!



Norida, the sensation of yesterday! The new, *Thin* Norida—doubly the sensation of today! All the wonderful features retained—plus, the new, patented bottom that opens at the touch of a tiny spring. Refill it—then snap it shut! As precious as your loveliest jewels — this *Thin-as-a-Watch* Norida! Securely enclosing your favorite loose powder—yielding the desired amount at the slightest turn of the silvered powder plate—always safe from sifting or spilling. Truly, the most ingenious and useful vanitie in the world.

Priced, $1.50 to $2.50—Single and Double Gold and Silver—filled with Norida Fleur Sauvage (Wildflower) Poudre and Rouge.

At All Toilet Goods Counters



Easy to Refill

Cannot Spill



Norida typifies beauty at its best—every exquisite aid to womanly charm! Fragrant with the parfum of Wildflowers that make Norida preparations irresistible! Talc, as soft as a fleecy cloud; face powder of velvety texture; the thinnest of compacts; flattering rouge; luxurious bath powder in a patented, non-spilling container. A wonderful combination of high quality and moderate prices — two major factors that have made Norida the favorite toiletries on two continents!

At All Toilet Goods Counters

NORIDA PARFUMERIE

PARIS NEW YORK CHICAGO

Norida